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AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

VII.—HUNTING IN THE SOTIK

OUR next camp was in the middle of the vast plains, by some limestone springs, at one end of a line of dark acacias. There were rocky koppies two or three miles off on either hand. From the tents, and white-topped wagons, we could see the game grazing on the open flats, or among the scattered wizened thorns. The skies were overcast, and the nights cool; in the evenings the camp fires blazed in front of the tents, and after supper we gathered round them, talking, or sitting silently, or listening to Kermit strumming on his mandolin.

The day after reaching this camp we rode out, hoping to get either rhino or giraffe; we needed additional specimens of both for the naturalists, who especially wanted cow giraffes. It was cloudy and cool, and the common game was shy; though we needed meat, I could not get within fair range of the wildebeest, hartebeest, topi, or big gazelle; however I killed a couple of tommies, one by a good shot, the other running, after I had missed him in rather scandalous fashion while he was standing.

An hour or two after leaving the tents we made out on the sky line a couple of miles to our left some objects which scrutiny showed to be giraffe. After coming within a mile the others halted and I rode ahead on the tranquil sorrel, heading for a point toward which the giraffe were walking; stalking was an impossibility, and I was prepared either to manœuvre for a shot on foot, or to ride them, as circumstances might determine. I carried the little Springfield, being desirous of testing the small, solid, sharp-pointed army bullet on the big beasts. As I rode, a wildebeest bull played around me within two hundred yards, prancing, flourishing his tail, tossing his head and uttering his grunting bellow; it almost seemed as if he knew I would not shoot at him, or as if for the moment he had been infected with the absurd tameness which the giraffe showed.

There were seven giraffes, a medium-sized bull, four cows, and two young ones; and, funnily enough, the young ones were by far the shyest and most suspicious. I did not want to kill a bull unless it was exceptionally large; whereas I did want two cows and a young one, for the Museum. When quarter of a mile away I dismounted, threw the reins over Tranquillity's head—whereat the good placid old fellow at once began grazing—and walked diagonally toward the biggest cow, which was ahead of

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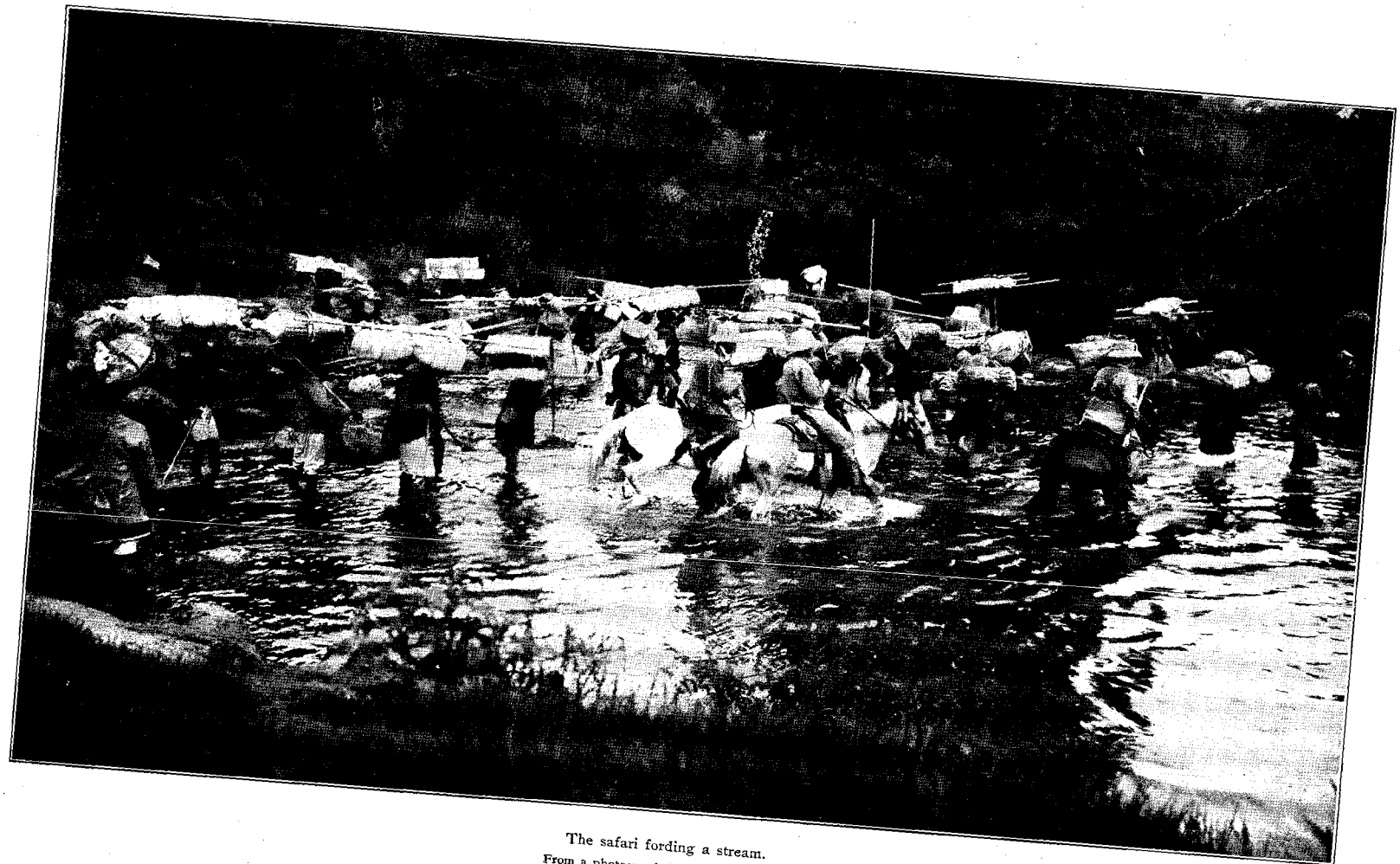

The safari fording a stream.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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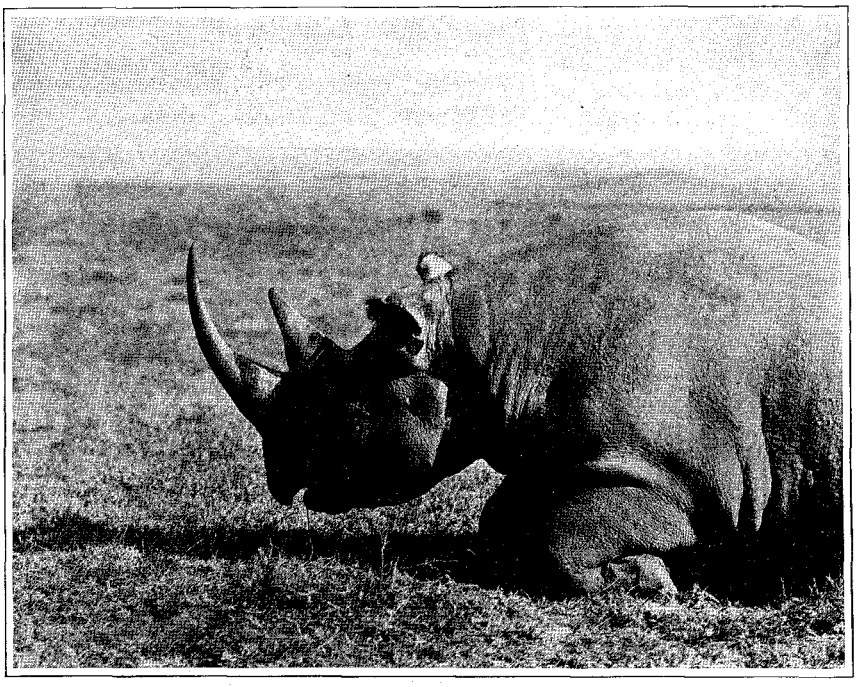
the others. The tall, handsome ungainly creatures were nothing like as shy as the smaller game had shown themselves that morning, and of course they offered such big targets that three hundred yards was a fair range for them. At two hundred and sixty yards I fired at the big cow as she stood almost facing me, twisting and curling her tail. The bullet struck fair and she was off at a hurried, clumsy gallop. I gave her another bullet, but it was not necessary, and down she went. The second cow, a fine young heifer, was now cantering across my front, and with two more shots I got her; the sharp-pointed bullets penetrating well, and not splitting into fragments, but seeming to cause a rending shock.



Mr. Roosevelt's rhino.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

I met with much more difficulty in trying to kill the young one I needed. I walked and trotted a mile after the herd. The old ones showed little alarm, standing again and again to look at me. Finally I shot one of the two young ones, at four hundred and ten long paces, while a cow stood much nearer, and the bull only three hundred yards off. But this was not all. The four survivors did not leave even after such an experience, but stayed in the plain, not far off, for several hours, and thereby gave Kermit a chance to do something much better worth while than shooting them. His shoulder was sore, and he did not wish to use a rifle, and so was devoting himself to his camera, which one of his men always carried. With this, after the exercise of much patience, he finally managed to take a number of pictures of the giraffe, getting within fifty yards of the bull.

Nor were the giraffe the only animals that showed a tameness bordering on stupidity. Soon afterward we made out three rhino, a mile away. They were out in the bare plain, alternately grazing and enjoying a noontide rest; the bull by himself, the cow with her calf a quarter of a mile off. There was not a scrap of cover, but we walked up wind to within a hundred and fifty yards of the bull. Even then he did not seem to see us, but the tick birds, which were clinging to his back and sides, gave the alarm, and he trotted to and fro, uncertain

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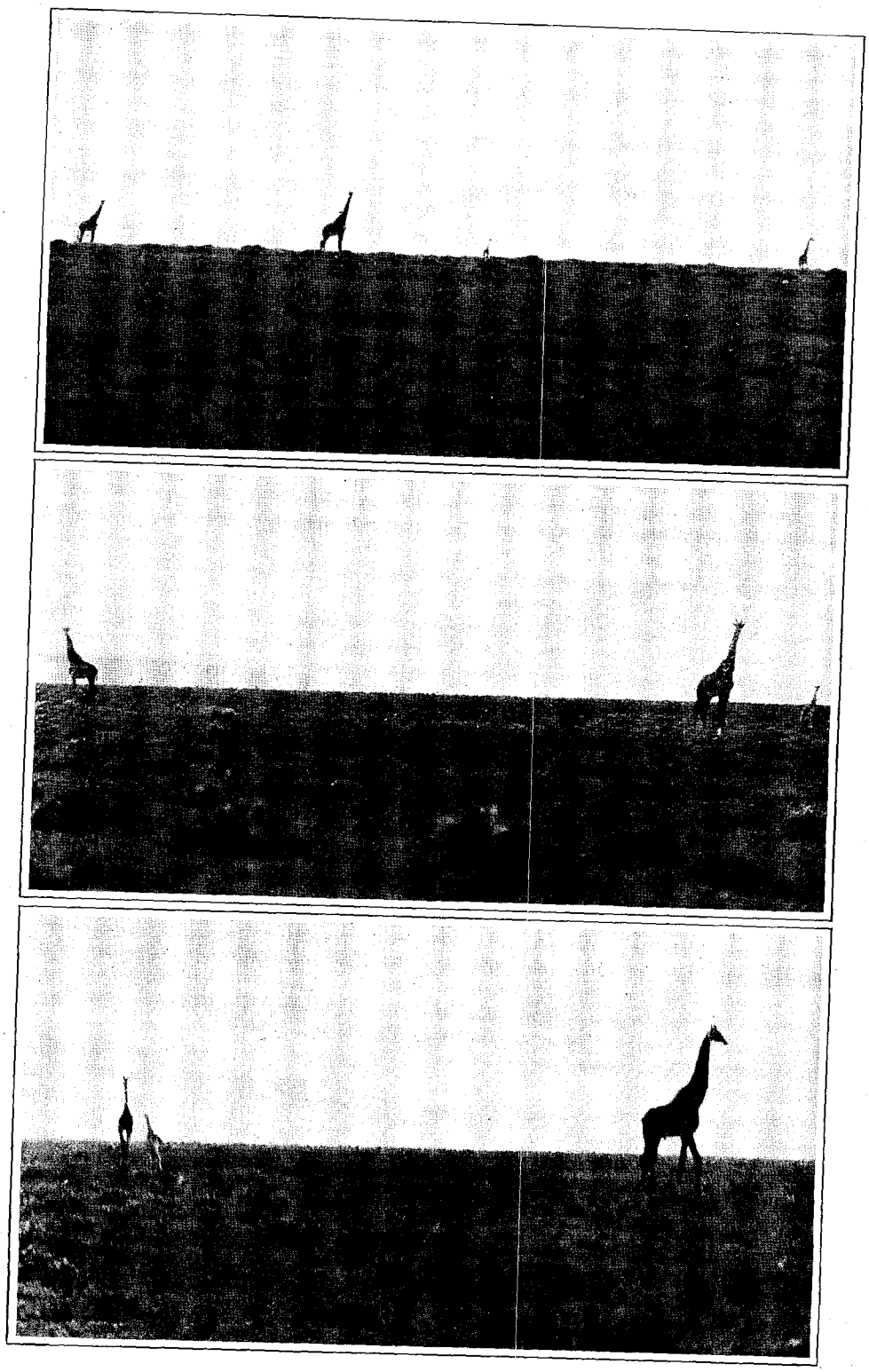

Giraffe at *home*.—Page 387.

From photographs by Kermit Roosevelt.

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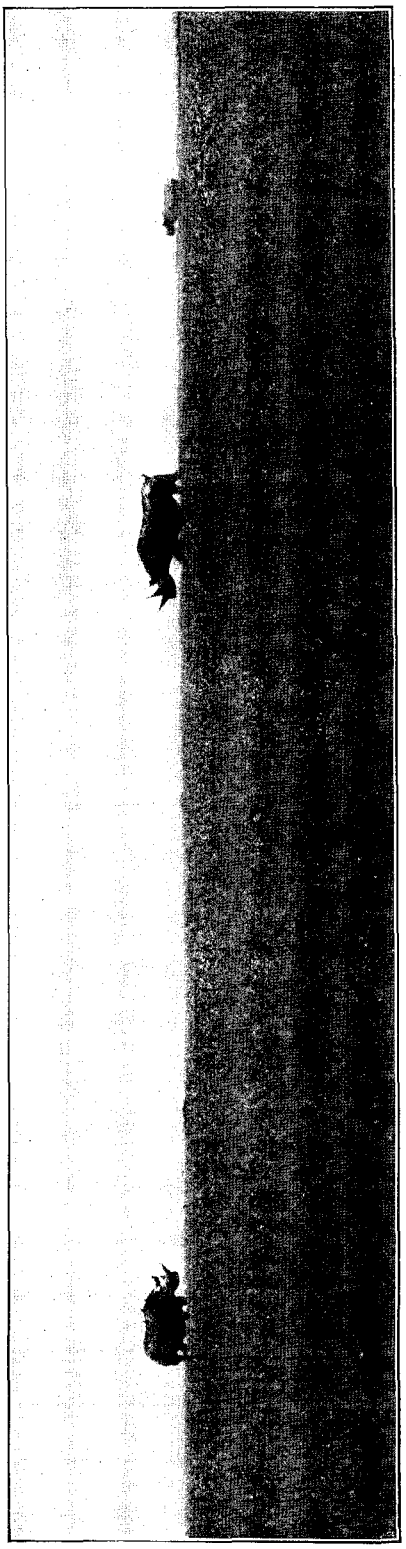
as to the cause of the disturbance. If Heller had not had his hands full with the giraffes I might have shot the bull rhino; but his horn and bulk of body, though fair, were not remarkable, and I did not molest him. He went toward the cow, which left her calf and advanced toward him in distinctly bellicose style; then she recognized him, her calf trotted up, and the three animals stood together, tossing their heads, and evidently trying to make out what was near them. But we were down wind, and they do not see well, with their little twinkling pig's eyes. We were anxious not to be charged by the cow and calf, as her horn was very poor, and it would have been unpleasant to be obliged to shoot her; and so we drew off.

Next day, when Kermit and I were out alone with our gun bearers we saw another rhino, a bull, with a stubby horn. This rhino, like the others of the neighborhood, was enjoying his noonday rest, in the open, miles from cover. "Look at him," said Kermit, "standing there in the middle of the African plain, deep in prehistoric thought." Indeed the rhinoceros does seem like a survival from the elder world that has vanished; he was in place in the pliocene; he would not have been out of place in the miocene; but nowadays he can only exist at all in regions that have lagged behind, while the rest of the world, for good or for evil, has gone forward. Like other beasts rhinos differ in habits in different places. This prehensile lipped species is everywhere a browser feeding on the twigs and leaves of the bushes and low trees; but in their stomachs I have found long grass stems mixed with the twig tips and leaves of stunted bush. In some regions they live entirely in rather thick bush; whereas on the plains over which we were hunting the animals haunted the open by preference, feeding through thin bush, where they were visible miles away, and usually taking their rest, either standing or lying, out on the absolutely bare plains. They drank at the small shallow rain pools, seemingly once every twenty-four hours; and I saw one going to water at noon, and others just at dark; and their hours for feeding and resting were also irregular, though they were apt to lie down or stand motionless during the middle of the day. Doubtless in very hot weather they prefer to rest under a tree; but we were hunting in cool weather, dur-



A rhino family. Tick birds can be seen on the male's back (on the left).
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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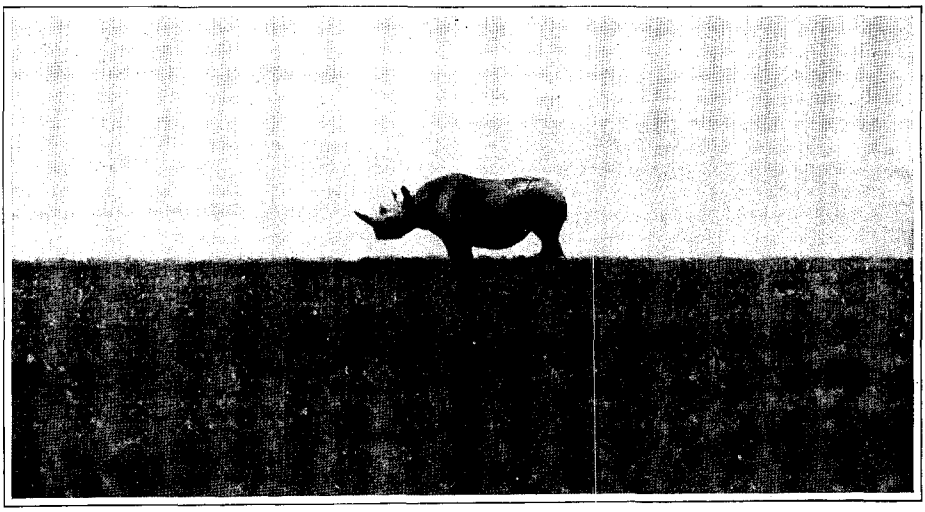
Rhino and young.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

ing which they paid no heed whatever to the sun. Their sight is very bad, their scent and hearing acute.

On this day Kermit was shooting from his left shoulder, and did very well, killing a fine Roberts' gazelle, and three topi; I also shot a topi bull, as Heller wished a good series for the National Museum. The topi and wildebeest I shot were all killed at long range, the average distance for the first shot being over three hundred and fifty yards; and in the Sotik, where hunters were few, the game seemed if anything shyer than on the Athi plains, where hunters were many. But there were wide and inexplicable differences in this respect among the animals of the same species. One day I wished to get a doe tommy for the Museum; I saw scores, but they were all too shy to let me approach within shot; yet four times I passed within eighty yards of bucks of the same species which paid hardly any heed to me. Another time I walked for five minutes alongside a big party of Roberts' gazelles, within a hundred and fifty yards, trying in vain to pick out a buck



"In the middle of the African plain, deep in prehistoric thought."—Page 389.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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worth shooting; half an hour afterward I came on another party which contained such a buck, but they would not let me get within a quarter of a mile.

Wildebeest are usually the shyest of all game. Each herd has its own recognized beat, to which it ordinarily keeps. Near this camp, there was a herd almost always to be found somewhere near the southern end of a big hill two miles east of us; while a solitary bull was invariably seen around the base of a small hill a couple of miles south-west of us. The latter was usually in contentedly. Around this camp the topi were as common as hartebeest; they might be found singly, or in small parties, perhaps merely of a bull, a cow, and a calf; or they might be mixed with zebra, wildebeest and hartebeest. Like the hartebeest, but less frequently, they would mount ant-hills to get a better look over the country. The wildebeest were extraordinarily tenacious of life, and the hartebeest and topi only less so. After wounded individuals of all three kinds I more than once had sharp runs on horseback. On one occasion I

Rhino surveying the safari.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

the company of a mixed herd of Roberts' and Thomson's gazelles. Here, as everywhere, we found the different species of game associating freely with one another. One little party interested us much. It consisted of two Roberts' bucks, two Roberts' does, and one Thomson's doe, which was evidently a *maîtresse femme*, of strongly individualized character. The four big gazelles had completely surrendered their judgment to that of the little tommy doe. She was the acknowledged leader; when she started they started and followed in whatever direction she led; when she stopped they stopped; if she found a given piece of pasture good, upon it they grazed

wounded a wildebeest bull a couple of miles from camp; I was riding my zebra-shaped brown pony, who galloped well; and after a sharp run through the bush I overhauled the wildebeest; but when I jumped off, the pony bolted for camp, and as he disappeared in one direction my game disappeared in the other.

At last a day came when I saw a rhino with a big body and a good horn. We had been riding for a couple of hours; the game was all around us. Two giraffes stared at us with silly curiosity rather than alarm; twice I was within range of the bigger one. At last Bakhari, the gun bearer, pointed to a gray mass on the plain, and a glance

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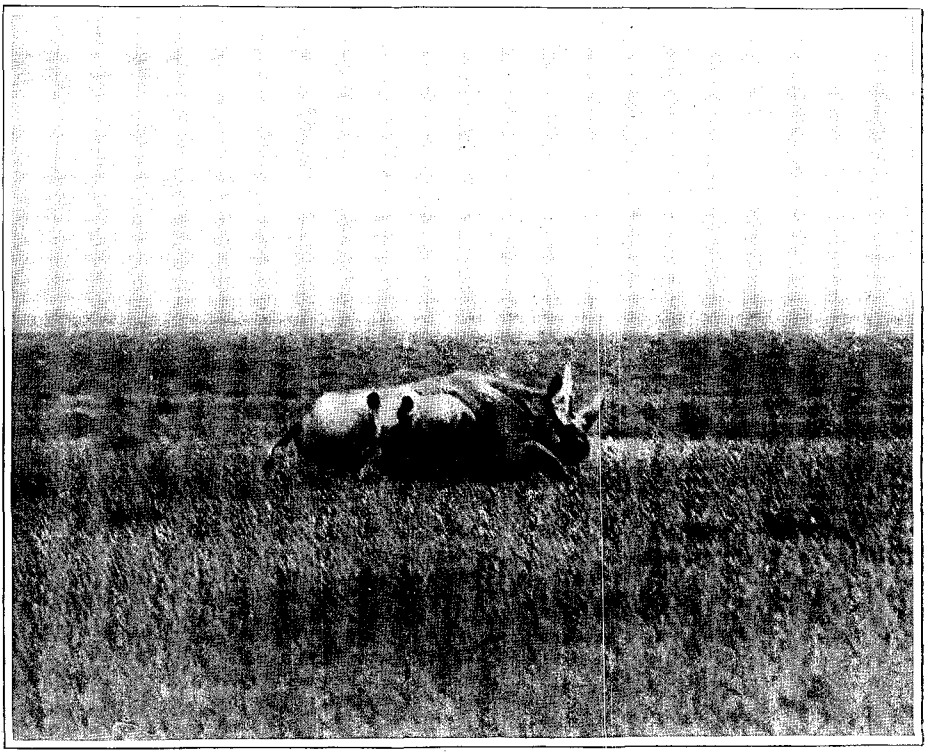
through the glasses showed that it was a rhino lying asleep with his legs doubled under him. He proved to be a big bull, with a front horn nearly twenty-six inches long. I was anxious to try the sharp-pointed bullets of the little Springfield rifle on him; and Cuninghame and I, treading cautiously, walked up wind straight toward him, our horses following a hundred yards behind. He was waked by the tick birds, and twisted his head to and fro, but at first did not seem to hear us, although looking in our direction. When we were a hundred yards off he rose and faced us, huge and threatening, head up and tail erect. But he lacked heart after all. I fired into his throat, and instead of charging, he whipped round and was off at a gallop, immediately disappearing over a slight rise. We ran back to our horses, mounted, and galloped after him. He had a long start, and, though evidently feeling his wound, was going strong; and it was some time before we overtook him. I tried to gallop alongside, but he kept swerving; so jumping off (fortunately, I was riding Tranquillity), I emptied the magazine at his quarters and flank. Rapid galloping does not tend to promote accuracy of aim; the rhino went on; and, remounting, I followed, overtook him, and repeated the performance. This time he wheeled and faced round, evidently with the intention of charging, but a bullet straight in his chest took all the fight out of him, and he continued his flight. But his race was evidently run, and when I next overtook him I brought him down. I had put nine bullets in him; and though they had done their work well, and I was pleased to have killed the huge brute with the little sharp-pointed bullets of the Springfield, I was confirmed in my judgment that for me personally the big Holland rifle was the best weapon for heavy game, although I did not care as much for it against lighter-bodied beasts like lions. In all we galloped four miles after this wounded rhino bull.



Rhino and young.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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Wildebeest at home.

Two bulls may suddenly drop to their knees and for a moment or two fight furiously.—Page 395.

From photographs by Kermit Roosevelt.

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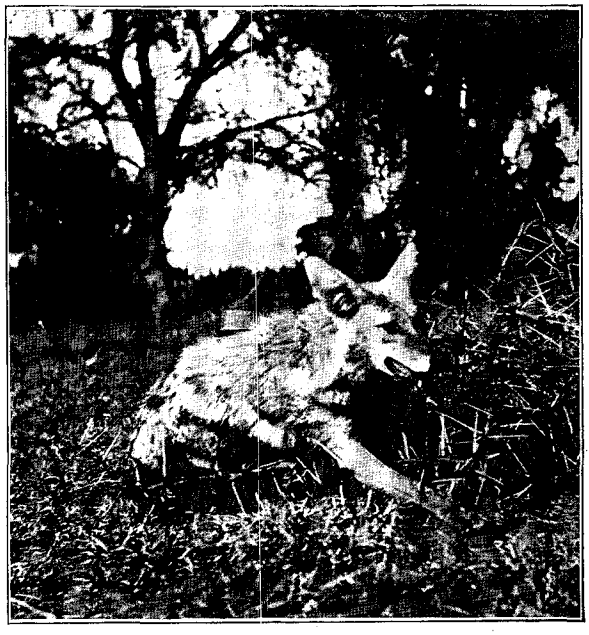
Striped hyena trapped by Heller.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

We sent a porter to bring out Heller, and an ox-wagon on which to take the skin to camp. While waiting for them I killed a topi bull, at two hundred and sixty yards, with one bullet, and a wildebeest bull with a dozen; I crippled him with my first shot at three hundred and sixty yards, and then walked and trotted after him a couple of miles, getting running and standing shots at from three hundred to five hundred yards. I hit him seven times. As with everything else I shot, the topi and wildebeest were preserved as specimens for the Museum, and their flesh used for food. Our porters had much to do, and they did it well, partly because they were fed well. We killed no game of which we did not make the fullest use. It would be hard to convey to those who have not seen it on the ground an accurate idea of its abundance. When I was walking up to this rhino, there were in sight two giraffes, several wildebeest bulls, and herds of hartebeest, topi, zebra, and the big and little gazelles.

In addition to being a mighty hunter, and an adept in the by no means easy work of handling a large safari in the wilderness, Cuninghame was also a good field naturalist and taxidermist; and at this camp we got so many specimens that he was obliged to spend most of his time helping Heller; and they pressed into the work at times even Tarlton. Accordingly Kermit and I generally went off by ourselves, either together or separately. Once however Kermit went with Tarlton, and was as usual lucky with cheetahs, killing two. Tarlton was an accomplished elephant, buffalo, and rhino hunter, but he preferred the chase of the lion to all other kinds of sport; and if lions were not to be found he liked to follow anything else he could gallop on horseback. Kermit was also a good and hard rider. On this occasion they found a herd of eland, and galloped into it. The big



Jackal caught by Heller.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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bull they overhauled at once, but saw that his horns were poor and left him. Then they followed a fine cow with an unusually good head. She started at a rattling pace, and once leaped clear over another cow that got in her way; but they rode into her after a mile's smart gallop—not a racing gallop by any means—and after that she was as manageable as a tame ox. Cantering and trotting within thirty yards of her on either quarter they drove her toward camp; but when it was still three-quarters of a mile distant they put up a cheetah, and tore after it. A cheetah with a good start can only be overtaken by hard running. This one behaved just as did the others they ran down. For quarter of a mile no animal in the world has a cheetah's speed; but he cannot last. When chased these cheetahs did not sprint, but contented themselves with galloping ahead of the horses; at first they could easily keep their distance, but after a mile or two their strength and wind gave out, and then they always crouched flat to the earth, and were shot without their making any attempt to charge. But a wart-hog boar which Kermit ran down the same day and shot with his revolver did charge, and wickedly.

Tarlton with a cobra.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

While running one of these cheetahs Kermit put up two old wildebeest bulls, and they joined in the procession, looking as if they too were pursuing the cheetah; the cheetah ran first, the two bulls, bounding and switching their tails, came next, and Kermit, racing in the rear, gained steadily. Wildebeest are the oddest in nature and conduct, and in many ways the most interesting, of all antelope. There is in their temper something queer, fiery, eccentric, and their actions are abrupt and violent. A single bull will stand motionless with head raised to stare at an intruder until the latter is quarter of a mile off; then down goes his head, his tail is lashed up and around, and off he gallops, plunging, kicking, and shaking his head. He may go straight away, he may circle round, or even approach nearer to, the intruder; and then he halts again to stare motionless, and perhaps to utter his grunt of alarm and defiance. A herd when approached, after fixed staring will move off, perhaps at a canter. Soon the leaders make a half wheel, and lead their followers in a semicircle; suddenly a couple of old bulls leave the rest, and at a tearing gallop describe a semicircle in exactly the opposite direction, racing by their comrades as these canter the other way. With one accord the whole troop may then halt and stare again at the object they suspect; then off they all go at a headlong run, kicking and bucking, tearing at full speed in one direction, then suddenly wheeling in semicircles so abrupt as to be almost zigzags, the dust flying in clouds; and two bulls may suddenly drop to their knees and for a moment or two

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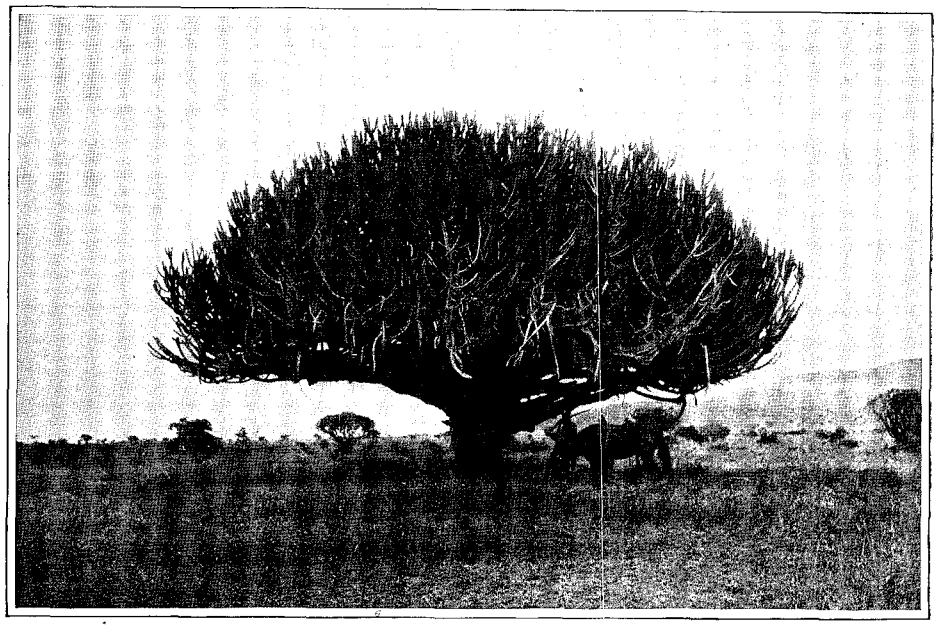

A giant candelabra euphorbia by our camp.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

fight furiously in their own peculiar fashion. By careful stalking Kermit got some good pictures of the wildebeest in spite of their wariness. Like other game they seem most apt to lie down during the heat of the day; but they may lie down at night too; at any rate, I noticed one herd of hartebeest which after feeding through the late afternoon lay down at nightfall.

After getting the bull rhino, Heller needed a cow and calf to complete the group; and Kermit and I got him what he needed, one day when we were out alone with our gun bearers. About the middle of the forenoon we made out the huge gray bulk of the rhino, standing in the bare plain, with not so much as a bush two feet high within miles; and we soon also made out her calf beside her. Getting the wind right we rode up within a quarter of a mile, and then dismounted and walked slowly toward her. It seemed impossible that on that bare plain we could escape even her dull vision, for she stood with her head in our direction; yet she did not see us, and actually lay down as we walked toward her. Careful examination through the glasses showed that she was an unusually big cow, with thick horns of fair length—twenty-three inches and thirteen inches respectively. Accordingly we proceeded, making as little noise as possible. At fifty yards she made us out, and jumped to her feet with unwieldy agility. Kneeling I sent the bullet from the heavy Holland just in front of her right shoulder as she half faced me. It went through her vitals, lodging behind the opposite shoulder; and at once she began the curious death waltz which is often, though by no means always, the sign of immediate dissolution in a mortally wounded rhino. Kermit at once put a bullet from his Winchester behind her shoulder; for it is never safe to take chances with a rhino; and we shot the calf, which when dying uttered a screaming whistle, almost like that of a small steam-engine. In a few seconds both fell, and we walked up to them, examined them, and then continued our ride, sending in a messenger to bring Cuninghame, Heller, and an ox-wagon to the carcasses.

The stomach of this rhino contained some grass stems and blades, some leaves and twig tips of bushes, but chiefly the thick, thorny, fleshy leaves of a kind of Euphorbia. As the juice of the Euphorbia's cactus-like leaves is acrid enough to blister—not to speak of the thorns—this suffices to show what a rhino's palate regards as agreeably stimulating. This species of rhino, by the

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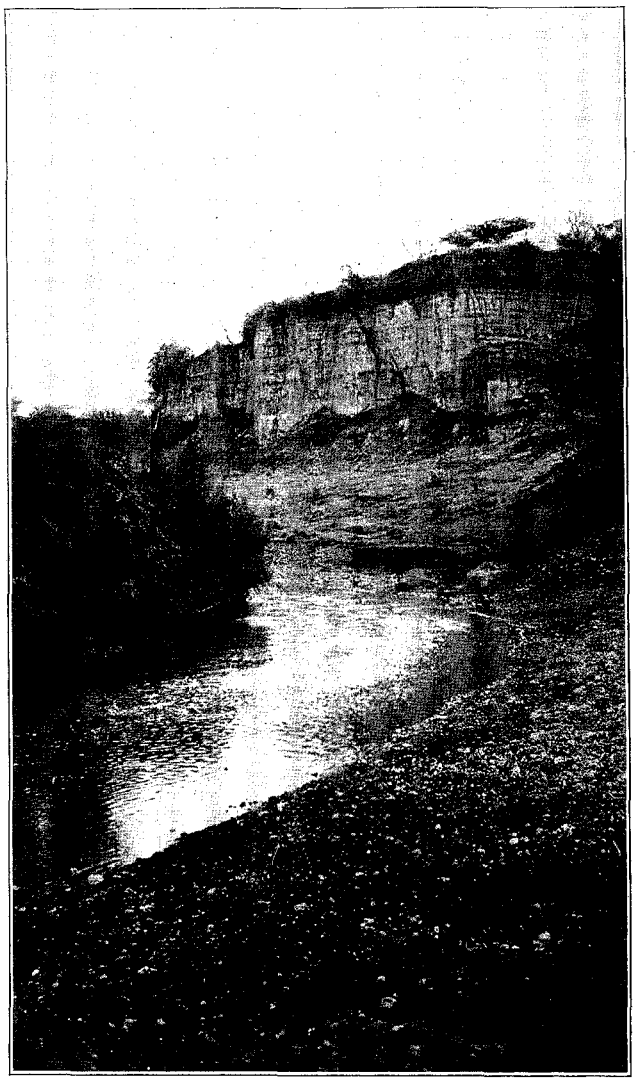
way, affords a curious illustration of how blind many men who live much of their lives outdoors may be to facts which stare them in their face. For years most South African hunters, and most naturalists, believed in the existence of two species of prehensile-lipped, or so-called "black," rhinoceros: one with the front horn much the longer, one with the rear horn at least equal to the front. It was Selous, a singularly clear-sighted and keen observer, who first proved conclusively that the difference was purely imaginary. Now, the curious thing is that these experienced hunters usually attributed entirely different temperaments to these two imaginary species. The first kind, that with the long front horn, they described as a miracle of dangerous ferocity, and the second as comparatively mild and inoffensive; and these veterans (Drummond is an instance) persuaded themselves that this was true, although they were writing in each case of identically the same animal!



Bluffs near one of our camping places.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

After leaving the dead rhinos we rode for several miles, over a plain dotted with the game, and took our lunch at the foot of a big range of hills, by a rapid little brook, running under a fringe of shady thorns. Then we rode back to camp. Lines of zebra filed past on the horizon. Ostriches fled while we were yet far off. Topi, hartebeest, wildebeest, and gazelle gazed at us as we rode by, the sunlight throwing their shapes and colors into bold relief against the parched brown grass. I had an hour to myself after reaching camp, and spent it with Lowell's "Essays." I doubt whether any man takes keener enjoyment in the wilderness than he who also keenly enjoys many other sides of life; just as no man can relish books more than some at least of those who also love horse and rifle and the winds that blow across lonely plains and through the gorges of the mountains.

Next morning a lion roared at dawn so near camp that we sallied forth after him. We did not find him, but we enjoyed our three hours' ride through the fresh air before breakfast, with the game as usual on

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The wounded lioness.—Page 403.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

every hand. Some of the game showed tameness, some wildness, the difference being not between species and species, but between given individuals of almost every species. While we were absent two rhinos passed close by camp, and stopped to stare curiously at it; we saw them later as they trotted away, but their horns were not good enough to tempt us.

At a distance the sunlight plays pranks with the coloring of the animals. Cock ostriches always show jet black, and are visible at a greater distance than any of the common game; the neutral tint of the hens making them far less conspicuous. Both cocks and hens are very wary, sharp-sighted, and hard to approach. Next to the cock ostrich in conspicuousness comes the wildebeest, because it shows black in most lights; yet when headed away from the onlooker, the sun will often make the backs of a herd look whitish in the distance. Wildebeest are warier than most other game. Round this camp the topi were as tame as the hartebeest; they look very dark in most lights, only less dark than the wildebeest, and so are also conspicuous. The hartebeest change from a deep brown to a light foxy red, according to the way they stand toward the sun; and when a herd was feeding away from us, their white sterns showed when a very long way off. The zebra's stripes cease to be visible after he is three hundred yards off, but in many lights he glistens white in the far distance, and is then very conspicuous; on this day I came across a mixed herd of zebra and eland in thin bush, and when still a long way off the zebras caught the eye, while their larger companions were as yet hardly to be made out without field-glasses. The gazelles usually show as sandy colored, and are therefore rather less conspicuous than the others when still; but they are constantly in motion, and in some lights show up as almost white. When they are far off the sun rays may make any of these animals look very dark or very light. In fact all of them are conspicuous at long distances, and none of them make any effort to escape observation as do certain kinds that haunt dense bush and forest. But constant allowance must be made for the wide variations among individuals. Ordinarily tommies are the

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The wounded lioness ready to charge.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

tamest of the game, with the big gazelle and the zebra next; but no two herds will behave alike; and I have seen a wildebeest bull look at me motionless within a hundred and fifty yards, while the zebras, tommies, and big gazelles which were his companions fled in panic; and I left him still standing, as I walked after the gazelles, to kill a buck for the table. The game is usually sensitive to getting the hunter's wind; but on these plains I have again and again seen game stand looking at us within fairly close range to leeward, and yet on the same day seen the same kind of game flee in mad fright when twice the distance to windward. Sometimes there are inexplicable variations between the conduct of beasts in one locality and in another. In East Africa the hyenas seem only occasionally to crunch the long bones of the biggest dead animals; whereas Cuninghame, who pointed out this fact to me, stated that in South Africa the hyenas, of the same kind, always crunched up the big bones, eating but the marrow and fragments of the bone itself.

Now and then the game will choose a tree as a rubbing post, and if it is small will entirely destroy the tree; and I have seen them use for the same purpose an oddly shaped stone, one corner of which they had worn quite smooth. They have stamping grounds, small patches of bare earth from which they have removed even the roots of the grass and bushes by the trampling of their hoofs, leaving nothing but a pool of dust. One evening I watched some zebras stringing slowly along in a line which brought them past a couple of these stamping grounds. As they came in succession to each bare place half the herd, one after another, lay down and rolled to and fro, sending up spurts of dust so thick that the animal was hidden from sight; while perhaps a companion, which did not roll, stood near by seemingly to enjoy the dust.

On this same evening we rode campward facing a wonderful sunset. The evening was lowering and overcast. The darkening plains stretched dim and vague into the far distance. The sun went down under a frowning sky, behind shining sheets of rain; and it turned their radiance to an angry splendor of gold and murky crimson.

At this camp the pretty little Living-

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stone's wheat-ears or chats were very familiar, flitting within a few yards of the tents. They were the earliest birds to sing. Just before our eyes could distinguish the first faint streak of dawn first one and then another of them would begin to sing, apparently either on the ground or in the air, until there was a chorus of their sweet music. Then they were silent again until the sun was about to rise. We always heard them when we made a very early start to hunt. By the way, with the game of the plains and the thin bush, we found that nothing was gained by getting out early in the morning; we were quite as apt to get what we wanted in the evening or indeed at high noon.

The last day at this camp Kermit, Tarlton, and I spent on a twelve-hours' lion hunt. I opened the day inauspiciously, close to camp, by missing a zebra, which we wished for the porters. Then Kermit, by a good shot, killed a tommy buck with the best head we had yet gotten. Early in the afternoon we reached our objective, some high koppies, broken by cliffs and covered with brush. There were klipspringers on these koppies, little rock-loving antelopes, with tiny hoofs and queer brittle hair; they are marvellous jumpers and continually utter a bleating whistle. I broke the neck of one as it ran at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards; but the shot was a fluke, and did not make amends for the way I had missed the zebra in the morning. Among the thick

Mr, Roosevelt, Tarlton, and the big lion shot by Mr. Roosevelt.—Page 405.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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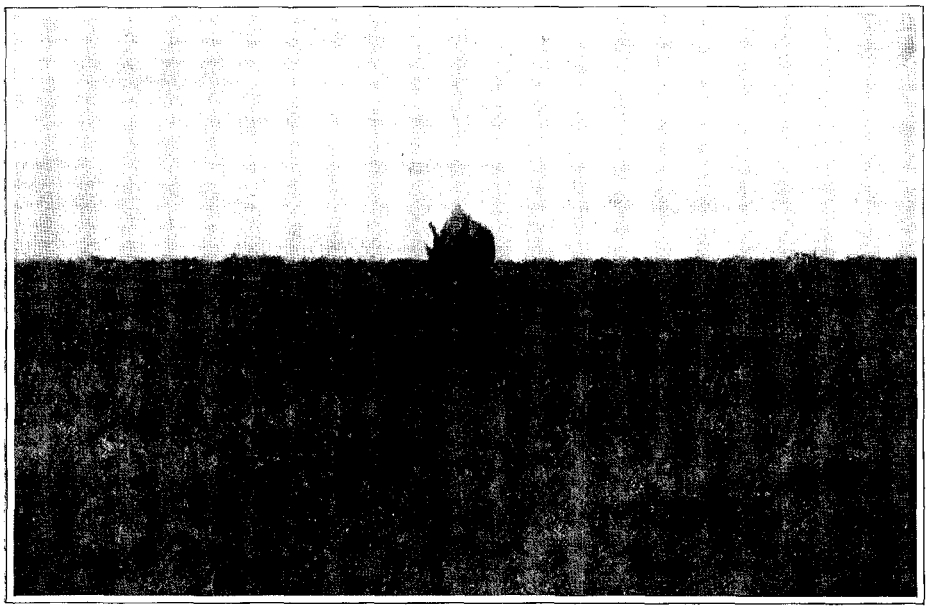

A rhino "coming on."
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

brush on these hills were huge euphorbias, aloes bearing masses of orange flowers, and a cactus-like ground plant with pretty pink blossoms. All kinds of game from the plains, even rhino, had wandered over these hill-tops.

But what especially interested us was that we immediately found fresh beds of lions, and one regular lair. Again and again, as we beat cautiously through the bushes, the rank smell of the beasts smote our nostrils. At last, as we sat at the foot of one koppie, Kermit spied through his glasses a lion on the side of the koppie opposite, the last and biggest; and up it we climbed. On the very summit was a mass of cleft and broken bowlders, and while on these Kermit put up two lions from the bushes which crowded beneath them. I missed a running shot at the lioness, as she made off through the brush. He probably hit the lion, and, very cautiously, with rifles at the ready, we beat through the thick cover in hopes to find it; but in vain. Then we began a hunt for the lioness, as apparently she had not left the koppie. Soon one of the gun bearers, who was standing on a big stone, peering under some thick bushes, beckoned excitedly to me; and when I jumped up beside him he pointed at the lioness. In a second I made her out. The sleek sinister creature lay not ten paces off, her sinuous body following the curves of the rock as she crouched flat looking straight at me. A stone covered the lower part, and the left of the upper part, of her head; but I saw her two unwinking green eyes looking into mine. As she could have reached me in two springs, perhaps in one, I wished to shoot straight; but I had to avoid the rock which covered the lower part of her face, and moreover I fired a little too much to the left. The bullet went through the side of her head, and in between the neck and shoulder, inflicting a mortal, but not immediately fatal, wound. However it knocked her off the little ledge on which she was lying, and instead of charging she rushed up hill. We promptly followed, and again clambered up the mass of bowlders at the top. Peering over the one on which I had climbed there was the lioness directly at its foot, not twelve feet away, lying flat on her belly; I could only see the aftermost third of her back. I at once fired into her spine; with appalling grunts she dragged herself a few paces down hill; and another bullet behind the shoulder finished her.

She was skinned as rapidly as possible;

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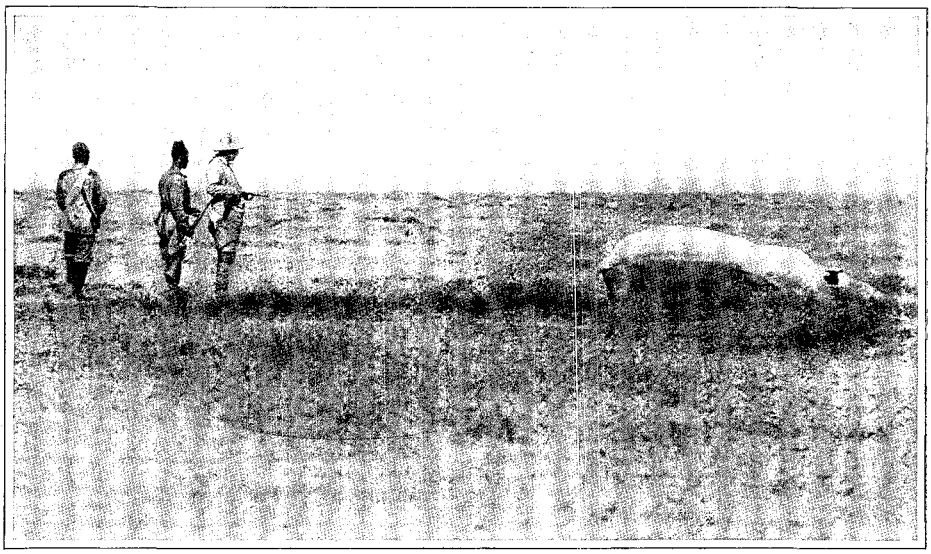

Mr. Roosevelt shooting bustard from the carcass of the rhino.—Page 406.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

and just before sundown we left the koppie. At its foot was a deserted Masai cattle kraal and a mile from this was a shallow, muddy pool, fouled by the countless herds of game that drank thereat. Toward this we went, so that the thirsty horses and men might drink their full. As we came near we saw three rhinoceros leaving the pool. It was already too dusk for good shooting, and we were rather relieved when, after some inspection, they trotted off and stood at a little distance in the plain. Our men and horses drank, and then we began our ten miles march through the darkness to camp. One of Kermit's gun bearers saw a puff adder (among the most deadly of all snakes); with delightful nonchalance he stepped on its head, and then held it up for me to put my knife through its brain and neck. I slipped it into my saddle pocket, where its blood stained the pigskin cover of the little pocket Nibelungenlied which that day I happened to carry. Immediately afterward there was a fresh alarm from our friends the three rhinos; dismounting, and crouching down, we caught the loom of their bulky bodies against the horizon; but a shot in the ground seemed to make them hesitate, and they finally concluded not to charge. So, with the lion skin swinging behind between two porters, a moribund puff adder in my saddle pocket, and three rhinos threatening us in the darkness to one side, we marched campward through the African night.

Next day we shifted camp to a rush-fringed pool by a grove of tall, flat-topped acacias at the foot of a range of low, steep mountains. Before us the plain stretched, and in front of our tents it was dotted by huge candelabra euphorbias. I shot a buck for the table just as we pitched camp. There were Masai kraals and cattle herds near by, and tall warriors, pleasant and friendly, strolled among our tents, their huge razor-edged spears tipped with furry caps to protect the points. Kermit was off all day with Tarlton, and killed a magnificent lioness. In the morning, on some high hills, he obtained a good impalla ram, after persevering hours of climbing and running—for only one of the gun bearers and none of the whites could keep up with him on foot unless he went hard. In the afternoon at four he and Tarlton saw the lioness. She was followed by three three-parts grown young lions, doubtless her cubs, and, without any concealment, was walking across the open plain toward a pool by which lay the body of a wildebeest bull she had killed the preceding night. The smaller lions saw the hunters and shrank back, but the old lioness never noticed them until they were within a hundred

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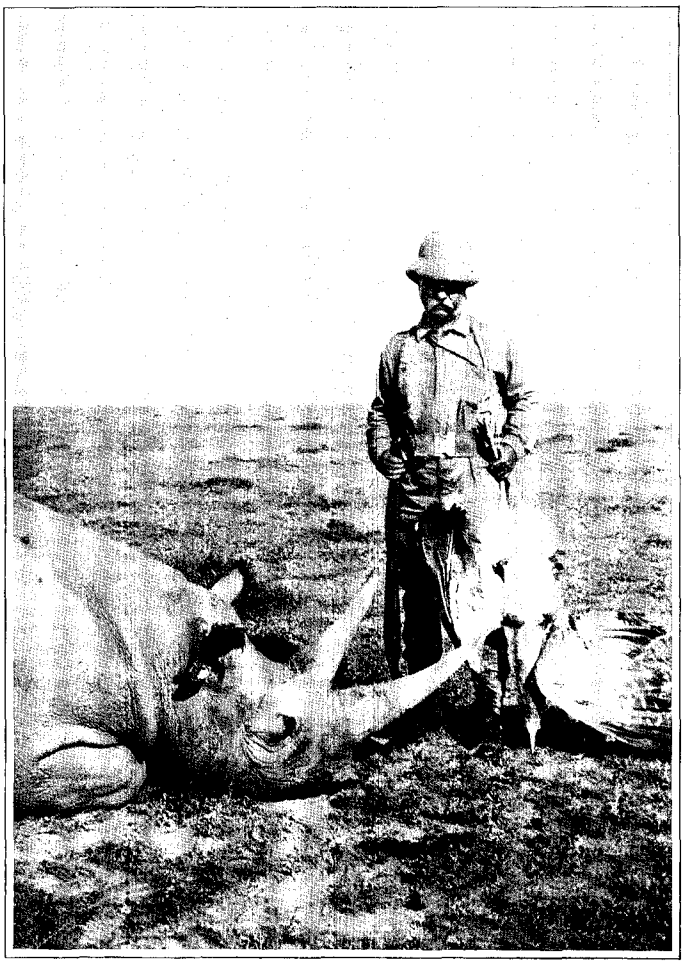
and fifty yards. Then she ran back, but Kermit crumpled her up with his first bullet. He then put another bullet in her, and as she seemed disabled walked up within fifty yards, and took some photos. By this time she was recovering, and, switching her tail she gathered her hind-quarters under her for a charge; but he stopped her with another bullet, and killed her outright with a fourth.

We heard that Mearns and Loring, whom we had left ten days before, had also killed a lioness. A Masai brought in word to them that he had marked her down taking her noonday rest near a kongoni she had killed; and they rode out, and Loring shot her. She charged him savagely; he shot her straight through the heart, and she fell literally at his feet. The three naturalists were all good shots, and were used to all the mishaps and adventures of life in the wilderness. Not only would it have been indeed difficult to find three better men for their particular work—Heller's work, for instance, with Cuninghame's help, gave the chief point to our big-game shooting—but it would have been equally difficult to find three better men for any emergency. I could not speak too highly of them; nor indeed of our two other companions, Cuninghame and Tarlton, whose mastery of their own field was as noteworthy as the pre-eminence of the naturalists in their field.

The following morning the headmen asked that we get the porters some meat;



Mr. Roosevelt, rhino, and bustard shot from rhino.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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Tarlton, Kermit, and I sallied forth accordingly. The country was very dry, and the game in our immediate neighborhood was not plentiful and was rather shy. I killed three kongoni out of a herd, at from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and ninety paces; one topi at three hundred and thirty paces, and a Roberts' gazelle at two hundred and seventy. Meanwhile the other two had killed a kongoni and five of the big gazelles; wherever possible the game being hal-lalled in orthodox fashion by the Mahometans among our attendants, so as to fit it for use by their co-religionists among the porters. Then we saw some giraffes, and galloped them to see if there was a really big bull in the lot. They had a long start, but Kermit and Tarlton overtook them after a couple of miles, while I pounded along in the rear. However there was no really good bull, Kermit and Tarlton pulled up, and we jogged along toward the koppies where two days before I had shot the lioness. I killed a big bustard, a very handsome, striking-looking bird, larger than a turkey, by a rather good shot at two hundred and thirty yards.

It was now mid-day, and the heat waves quivered above the brown plain. The mirage hung in the middle distance, and beyond it the bold hills rose like mountains from a lake.

In mid-afternoon we stopped at a little pool, to give the men and horses water; and here Kermit's horse suddenly went dead lame, and we started it back to camp with a couple of men, while Kermit went forward with us on foot, as we rode round the base of the first koppies. After we had gone a mile loud shouts called our attention to one of the men who had left with the lame horse. He was running back to tell us that they had just seen a big maned lion walking along in the open plain toward the body of a zebra he had killed the night before. Immediately Tarlton and I galloped in the direction indicated, while the heart-broken Kermit ran after us on foot, so as not to miss the fun; the gun bearers and saises stringing out behind him. In a few minutes Tarlton pointed out the lion, a splendid old fellow, a heavy male with a yellow and black mane; and after him we went. There was no need to go fast; he was too

Loading rhino skin into the ox-wagon.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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burly and too savage to run hard, and we were anxious that our hands should be reasonably steady when we shot; all told, the horses, galloping and cantering, did not take us two miles.

The lion stopped and lay down behind a bush; jumping off I took a shot at him at two hundred yards, but only wounded him slightly in one paw; and after a moment's sullen hesitation off he went, lashing his tail. We mounted our horses and went after him; Tarlton lost sight of him, but I marked him lying down behind a low grassy ant hill. Again we dismounted at a distance of two hundred yards; Tarlton telling me that now he was sure to charge. In all East Africa there is no man, not even Cuninghame himself, whom I would rather have by me than Tarlton, if in difficulties with a charging lion; on this occasion, however, I am glad to say that his rifle was badly sighted, and shot altogether too low.

Again I knelt and fired; but the mass of hair on the lion made me think he was nearer than he was, and I undershot, inflicting a flesh wound that was neither crippling nor fatal. He was already grunting savagely and tossing his tail erect, with his head held low; and at the shot the great sinewy beast came toward us with the speed of a greyhound. Tarlton then, very properly, fired, for lion hunting is no child's play, and it is not good to run risks. Ordinarily it is a very mean thing to experience joy at a friend's miss; but this was not an ordinary case, and I felt keen delight when the bullet from the badly sighted rifle missed, striking the ground many yards short. I was sighting carefully, from my knee, and I knew I had the lion all right; for though he galloped at a great pace, he came on steadily —ears laid back, and uttering terrific coughing grunts—and there was now no question of making allowance for distance, nor, as he was out in the open, for the fact that he had not before been distinctly visible. The bead of my foresight was exactly on the centre of his chest as I pressed the trigger, and the bullet went as true as if the place had been plotted with dividers. The blow brought him up all standing, and he fell forward on his head. The soft-nosed Winchester bullet had gone straight through the chest cavity, smashing the lungs and the big blood-vessels of the heart. Painfully he recovered his feet, and tried to come on, his ferocious courage holding out to the last; but he staggered, and turned from side to side, unable to stand firmly, still less to advance at a faster pace than a walk. He had not ten seconds to live; but it is a sound principle to take no chances with lions. Tarlton hit him with his second bullet, probably in the shoulder; and with my next shot I broke his neck. I had stopped him when he was still a hundred yards away; and certainly no finer sight could be imagined than that of this great maned lion as he charged. Kermit gleefully joined us as we walked up to the body; only one of our followers had been able to keep up with him on his two-miles run. He had had a fine view of the charge, from one side, as he ran up, still three hundred yards distant; he could see all the muscles play as the lion galloped in, and then everything relax as he fell to the shock of my bullet.

The lion was a big old male, still in his prime. Between uprights his length was nine feet four inches, and his weight four hundred and ten pounds, for he was not fat. We skinned him and started for camp, which we reached after dark. There was a thunder-storm in the south-west, and in the red sunset that burned behind us the rain clouds turned to many gorgeous hues. Then daylight failed, the clouds cleared, and, as we made our way across the formless plain, the half moon hung high overhead, strange stars shone in the brilliant heavens, and the Southern Cross lay radiant above the sky line.

Our next camp was pitched on a stony plain, by a winding stream bed still containing an occasional rush-fringed pool of muddy water, fouled by the herds and flocks of the numerous Masai. Game was plentiful around this camp. We killed what we needed of the common kinds, and in addition each of us killed a big rhino. The two rhinos were almost exactly alike, and their horns were of the so-called "Keitloa" type; the fore horn twenty-two inches long, the rear over seventeen. The day I killed mine I used all three of my rifles. We all went out together, as Kermit was desirous of taking photos of my rhino, if I shot one; he had not been able to get good ones of his on the previous day. We also took the small ox-wagon, so as to bring into camp bodily the rhino—if we got it—and one or two zebras, of which we wanted the flesh for

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the safari, the skeletons for the Museum. The night had been cool, but the day was sunny and hot. At first we rode through a broad valley, bounded by high, scrub-covered hills. The banks of the dry stream were fringed with deep green acacias, and here and there in relief against their dark foliage flamed the orange-red flowers of the tall aloe clumps. With the Springfield I shot a steinbuck and a lesser bustard. Then we came out on the vast rolling brown plains. With the Winchester I shot two zebra stallions, missing each standing, at long range, and then killing them as they ran; one after a two-miles hard gallop, on my brown pony, which had a good turn of speed. I killed a third zebra stallion with my Springfield, again missing it standing and killing it running. In mid-afternoon we spied our rhino, and getting near saw that it had good horns. It was in the middle of the absolutely bare plain, and we walked straight up to the dull-sighted, dull-witted beast; Kermit with his camera, I with the Holland double-barrel. The tick birds warned it, but it did not make us out until we were well within a hundred yards, when it trotted toward us, head and tail up. At sixty yards I put the heavy bullet straight into its chest, and knocked it flat with the blow; as it tried to struggle to its feet I again knocked it flat, with the left-hand barrel; but it needed two more bullets before it died, screaming like an engine whistle. Before I fired my last shot I had walked up directly beside the rhino; and just then Tarlton pointed me out a greater bustard, stalking along with unmoved composure at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards; I took the Springfield, and kneeling down beside the rhino's hind-quarters I knocked over the bustard, and then killed the rhino. We rode into camp by moonlight. Both these rhinos had their stomachs filled with the closely chewed leaves and twig tips of short brush mixed with grass—rather thick-stemmed grass—and in one case with the pulpy, spiny leaves of a low, ground-creeping euphorbia.

At this camp we killed five poisonous snakes: a light-colored tree snake, two puff adders, and two seven-foot cobras. One of the latter three times "spat" or ejected its poison at its assailants, the poison coming out from the fangs like white films or threads, to a distance of several feet. A few years ago the singular power of this snake, and perhaps of certain other African species, thus to eject the poison at the face of an assailant was denied by scientists; but it is now well known. Selous had already told me of an instance which came under his own observation; and Tarlton had once been struck in the eyes and for the moment nearly blinded by the poison. He found that to wash the eyes with milk was of much relief. On the bigger puff adder, some four feet long, were a dozen ticks, some swollen to the size of cherries; apparently they were disregarded by their sluggish and deadly host. Heller trapped some jackals, two species, and two striped hyenas; the first we had seen; apparently more timid and less noisy beasts than their bigger spotted brothers.

One day Kermit had a curious experience with a honey bird; a smallish bird, with its beak like a grosbeak's and its toes like a wood-pecker's, whose extraordinary habits as a honey guide are known to all the natives of Africa throughout its range. Kermit had killed an eland bull, and while he was resting, his gun bearers drew his attention to the calling of the honey bird near by. He got up, and as he approached the bird, it flew to another tree in front and again began its twitter. This was repeated again and again as Kermit walked after it. Finally the bird darted round behind his followers, in the direction from which they had come; and for a moment they thought it had played them false. But immediately afterward they saw that it had merely overshot its mark, and had now flown back a few rods to the honey tree, round which it was flitting, occasionally twittering. When they came toward the tree it perched silent and motionless in another, and thus continued while they took some honey—a risky business, as the bees were vicious. They did not observe what the bird then did; but Cuninghame told me that in one instance where a honey bird led him to honey he carefully watched it and saw it picking up either bits of honey and comb, or else, more probably, the bee grubs out of the comb, he could not be certain which.

To my mind no more interesting incident occurred at this camp.

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BLUEBIRD AND CARDINAL

By Charlotte Wilson

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY CHARLES A. WINTER

THOU winged symbol of the quiet mind,
Thou straying violet, flying flower of spring,
Heaven-hued and heaven-hearted! Thou dost sing
As thou a sweet remembered thought didst find,
And, counselling with thyself in musing kind,
Didst softly say it over. Thy swift wing
Knows but a quiet rhythm; thou a thing
Of peace, to passion innocently blind.

Thy russet breast means married love, long hope,
Sheltered experience, small and sweet and sure,
All of the brown earth's natural purity;
But something heavenly, beyond our scope,
Steeped thy blue wing in color strange and pure,
Intense and holy as the mirrored sky.

Pulse of the gorgeous world, jubilant, strong—
Thy song a whistled splendor, and thy coat
A fiery song! From thy triumphant throat
How I have heard it pouring, loud and long,
Whipping the air as with a scarlet thong—
The joyous lashing of thy triple note
Which all the tamer noonday noises smote,
And clove a royal pathway through the throng!

Thou singest joy of battle, joy of fame,
Glory, and love of woman; joy of strife
With life's wild fates; and scorn'st with jocund breath
To tame thy song, or dim thy feathered flame—
Thou heart of fire, epitome of life,
Full-throated flouter of vindictive Death!

And lo, among the rich and hidden groves
Within my heart they both do flit and nest,
Saintly blue wing and vaunting scarlet crest,
Yea, all of life and all its myriad loves.
Even as Nature holds them, sifts and proves
And balances, so must my soul find rest
In Her large tolerance, which without rest
Or lagging, toward some wide conclusion moves.

So, though I weary sometimes of the stress,
Leave me not, little lovers of the air,
Dearest of Nature's fine antitheses!
Thou of the musing voice and heavenly dress,
Thou, royal firebrand—neither could I spare,
My scarlet Passion, nor my winged Peace.

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THE OTHER MAN

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. STETSON CRAWFORD

FROM where Cuthbert sat at the window of his bungalow he could look across the regimental polo grounds and hear the yelling of the contestants as they raced up and down the field. Beyond lay the barracks, a couple of sentry boxes, a thin white tape of a road leading over a hill and afar off, so far that at times the snowy line of summits was lost in cloud, the blue, billowy ranges of the Himalayas. The officers' club of the Mounted Rifles were playing a native team and, as usual, were being beaten.

"I wonder why a white man always has to make such a beastly noise if he's doing anything!" muttered the Captain, relighting his cigarette and wishing that he were one of the galloping figures in white khaki instead of at work at his commentary upon the Malakand campaign, in which he had been a subaltern of cavalry. He swung the trumpet-shaped receiver of his graphophone toward him, and started the machine revolving by its pedal. Once more the tiny needle began cutting into the fast-whirling waxen roll and dropping its microscopic curls into the pan below. Over on the white-and-green gridiron the natives, in a bunch, were trotting back after their fifth goal in succession, their turbans bobbing up and down like red and green grasshoppers. Those fellows had the ponies! That mouse-colored one ridden by Rassa Singh was worth all the nineteen of the Rifles' put together and auctioned off at a clip. Captain Cuthbert withdrew his eyes, and with a sigh, began his dictating in a clearly articulated and unnaturally metallic voice.

"'At—this—point—the escarpment terminated abruptly in a precipice some six hundred feet in height, upon the face of which grew clumps of scattered fir-trees, and along the foot of which ran a mountain stream now filled by the spring torrents. Major Ashforth accordingly ordered forward a detachment of pioneers to throw a bridge across the river, and made his camp some eleven miles farther down the valley. Next morning, the enemy being reported as still in retreat, the 127th Gourkhas had advanced across the bridge and along the hill below the cliff, when they were suddenly met by a terrific and deadly fire from above them. Each tree, every crevice, and every boulder behind which a native could gain a foothold had been occupied by tribesmen, who, invisible, picked off our men at their leisure. The 127th retired in good order, leaving forty-three dead upon the hill, and the howitzers were ordered up, which, after two hours' hard fighting, silenced the enemy's fire.'

"A rotten go for Ashforth! I wish I could give it to him as hard as he deserves!" growled Cuthbert. His own chum, Jack Hartridge, had been dropped at the first fire just because somebody had blundered.

He looked up again across the field expectantly, and his eyes were not disappointed. Two figures in white, with parasols, had crossed from the married quarters and were now standing watching the play. One was tall and slender, the other tall and more angular. Cuthbert had become used to the sensation of feeling that Mary Stanley was near and then looking up and seeing her. He took it merely as another indisputable indication that he was in love with her. When one is thinking of another person constantly, it is not extraordinary that such incidents should occur. But he had noticed it in other cases, too. The morning Jack Hartridge had been killed, something had told him about it, and he had said to Beezly, his lieutenant, "Hartridge is done for!" Beezly had laughed at him, but in an hour a native rider had brought in the news. And now, as he closed the graphophone, he wondered if Mary knew that he was coming to her.

"Bathurst," he called over his shoulder, "only seven rolls to-day. See if you can't let me have the stuff for correction by mess-time to-morrow."

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"Very good, sir," replied Bathurst, the secretary, a young man who took everything seriously, and his type-writing most of all. "I can rattle 'em off between nine and ten in the morning. If you've no objection I'd like to get off now—there's a garden party at Major Tupper's."

"Oh, certainly, go,—if it amuses you," returned Cuthbert rather curtly. He wondered that any one could still be at the garden-party age. Then throwing a mufti coat over his shoulders, he whistled to his pointer, and strolled across to where Miss Stanley and her aunt were standing. He had known her only three months, but he felt that it was the real thing with him at last. He had been in the service fourteen years, in the hill stations, in lower India and in Burmah. Colonels' daughters and colonels' wives had smiled upon him, but he stuck to his work and to his writing, and while his commentaries were in use in every British military school, and he had won his R.A.S., he had never to his knowledge been in love with a woman. But Cuthbert was a disappointed man because he had dared to tell the truth. Passionately devoted to his profession, he had made a scientific study of modern campaigning, and on paper was an acknowledged authority; but his unassailable conclusions had not made him popular in high quarters, and a certain coolness on the part of older officers was reflected in the bearing of the younger men. Cuthbert, who was keenly sensitive, withdrew into his shell. He had no influential relatives to pull wires for him at the War Office, and he had comparatively few friends. There were days when the visions of his youth beckoned to him to chuck the grind and seek a happier life —when he saw himself getting sour and old and grim. But he simply twirled his moustaches and became gruffer than ever. His messmates said he was a dried pomegranate and had no soul, but had they known the yearning of his lonely heart for companionship they would have spoken differently.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Wettersley.—Good-afternoon, Miss Stanley."

The girl turned with a smile.

"Oh, Captain Cuthbert! The Rifles are being whitewashed! Aren't you ashamed of them? It's a positive tragedy!"

He looked down into her eyes (blue eyes flecked with violet) and saw that underneath her chaffing she was really sorry. Cuthbert had often felt that she was sorry for *him*. And it gave him hope. She was the only woman who had ever succeeded in getting him out of himself and making him forget his commentaries. Women admitted that she was good-looking—in a way —and *might* be called sympathetic—but she was "highty-tighty."

"Are you going to Major Tupper's?" she asked, as he said nothing.

"No," he answered. "I shall be on duty. But to-morrow—what are you going to do to-morrow? Will you come for a ride with me? I deserve some compensation for this defeat." He lowered his voice. "And I —I want to tell you a lot of things."

Miss Stanley turned suddenly away. She liked Cuthbert—liked him immensely. She knew his loneliness and his ambition, and she respected him above all men whom she had met. She had tried to discourage his attentions without hurting his feelings, but finding this impossible had permitted their friendship to take on a phase which she well knew might end disastrously—for both of them. And now she felt that the time had come when she must tell him—and perhaps break his heart—that another man—or his ghost—stood between them.

The angular Mrs. Wettersley nodded vigorously to her niece right in front of Cuthbert's nose, and he took courage. The good lady knew Mary's romance and heartily disapproved of it. "Sentimentality. Just foolish sentimentality," she called it in conversation with her friends. Nothing else. Why should a girl grow into an old maid simply because she had loved a man who was not worthy of her, but might possibly—the remotest possible possibly—become so? It was time for Mary to get settled, and Cuthbert was as eligible as anybody, more eligible than most.

Miss Stanley did not answer for a moment or two. The Rifles had the ball close to the goal post, and it looked almost as if—But no! Rassa Singh had the ball—driving it down the field like a cannon-shot. Then she looked the Captain full in the face.

"Yes," she answered, with a faint smile, "I'll go. Have the ponies brought around at five o'clock. I wish you were playing with the team this afternoon."

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"Thank you," said he. "I wish I were—and that you were watching. If I didn't get the ball away from that Rassa Singh—something would happen!"

The next morning at eleven o'clock Cuthbert was sitting in his shirt sleeves, with a cigarette in his mouth and a brandy and soda near at hand, trying to correct a pile of week-old manuscript. He had slept badly. Vague and ominous dreams, full of black shadows, had left him excited and irritable. Once in the night he had awaked and, stepping through the door of his bungalow, had looked across to where Mary Stanley slept at Major Wettersley's. He was trying to pull himself together, but it was hard work, and he had been unnecessarily disagreeable to little Bathurst all the morning.

"Excuse me, sir," said the boy nervously at that moment, "there's something the matter with this confounded roll. I'm sure it's not my fault. I've reversed the recording-needle and put on the other all right, but all that comes out is a sort of roar. Sounds as if a couple of chaps were quarrelling. It's curious it's never happened before. I'm afraid the bally thing is broken."

Cuthbert poorly controlled his impatience.

"Let me hear it!" said he.

The boy started the treadle. Instantly a confused uproar began in which two people seemed to be shouting at each other at the same time.

Cuthbert pulled his moustache and swore forcibly.

"I don't know, sir," remarked Bathurst apologetically. "But I'm afraid you've been talking into the same roll twice."

"Never did such a thing in my life!" retorted the Captain sharply.

"Well, *some one* has!" answered Bathurst. "Do you suppose Grimes could have had the gall——"

"Shh! Keep still a moment!" ordered the Captain.

The contending voices rose and fell insistently contradicting. Here and there a few words would emerge separate and distinct, then the other person would begin his quarrelling again, and the confusion would become distracting.

"I know one thing, sir," said Bathurst, "and that is that at least one of those voices is yours—your usual dictating voice, sir—and the other is lower and not so distinct—more as if who ever it was were just talking along in an ordinary tone."

"Can you make out anything the other voice says?"

"Only a word here and there—just then, for instance—'ivory.'"

"Yes, I heard 'ivory,'" said Cuthbert. "And every once in a while I catch other words. I believe if we turned her down slow we might separate the voices. I'd like to find out who's been fooling with this machine."

They reduced the speed and made the graphophone repeat the first few words. It was now easy to distinguish the metallic tones in which Cuthbert systematically dictated his commentaries.

"At — this — point — the — escarpment — bhrr — rr — rr — ated — abruptly — bhrr — rr — dark, oily water — rr — rr — some — six — hundred feet high——"

"Dark, oily water!" repeated Cuthbert. "Now what do you suppose that means? Whoever it is has made a rum job of it!"

"Odd how the other voice runs along like a sort of accompaniment to yours, isn't it?" remarked the secretary. "Now, if Grimes had been monkeying with the machine he wouldn't be talking about 'dark, oily water'—it would more likely be rum. It's got me guessing."

They continued to run the needle slowly over the roll, and by so doing had no difficulty in dissecting out Cuthbert's original account of the ambushing of the 127th. This literary palimpsest Bathurst transcribed in short-hand. The matter superimposed remained practically unintelligible. Now and then, when Cuthbert's voice paused at a punctuation mark, the other tones would continue, and they could catch certain disconnected words and phrases. "Natives" and "niggers" were constantly repeated. There was a good deal about "quinine," "huts," "black, oily water" or "dark, oily water," and "roots"—also a person named "Watchheim," or something of the sort. Cuthbert gave it up after having wasted a full hour in his endeavor to identify the voice of the culprit. The peculiar feature of the incident was that the only persons who had access to the study, which directly adjoined the bedroom and

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opened on the veranda, were Grimes, the orderly, and Cuthbert's native servant. Of course it was conceivable that one of his brother officers might have dropped in and amused himself by talking into the machine, yet it seemed hardly likely that he would have gone on so long—for the roll was full of what Bathurst called "the accompaniment." But the voice was so low and so muffled that the task of identification proved hopeless.

On the crest of the hill beyond the polo field on the way back from their canter up the valley, with his horse sharply silhouetted against the dying sunset, Cuthbert told Mary Stanley that he loved her, and she listened, sitting silently beside him until he had told her all that he had to say, for she respected him above all men that she had known. It was no boyish outburst, but the restrained declaration of a man's heart. He told her of his lonely orphaned boyhood, of his supersensitiveness at school, of the poverty which had constantly harassed him at college, of his grinding years of service in India, of his unremitting study of the art of war which seemed to bear no fruit except the cold and merely formal acknowledgment of his published work and the ill-concealed resentment of his superiors. He told her these things, not to excite her sympathy, but as facts which the woman to whom he was offering his love should know. Mary Stanley heard him on the verge of tears. She knew that all this strong man needed was just the sort of affection and comradeship that she could give. It wasn't the grind—as he said—but the loneliness of the future, the hopelessness of life without her. Yet, even though she might have wished to give herself to him, she could not. To tell him this was the task for which she had prepared herself all during the long night and the longer day just passed. For a man's ghost—hardly more—stood between them, —the dear, weak, passionate wailing ghost of another man, who had loved her with the wild, reckless love of his dark-eyed race, who had wet her shoulder with his tears, and who might — Ah! dear God! — who *might* come back.

Cuthbert heard what might have been without a word, but the pony felt his frame quiver and turned her head until the white half-moon of her eye looked inquiringly into his, for this dumb brute loved him even as that other man loved Mary Stanley, and knew by the pressure of his knees and the poise of his body whether her master felt well or ill, and the joy of her life (a joy so keen that the green earth seemed to reach up to the blue sky in an ecstasy of delight) was when, mallet in hand, her lord whispered in her ear and she raced with him after the white ball across the field below.

"It is getting dark," said Mary Stanley, "We must be going home."

Captain Cuthbert bent his head.

"It will always be dark," he could not help saying. "And I shall have no home —without you."

"The same thing's happened again," said Bathurst the next morning. "Your last roll is ruined. I can't make a thing out of it. Somebody has come in again and talked himself blue in the face." He looked at Cuthbert in a half-alarmed way, as if he thought the Captain might hold him responsible. "I've had a heart-to-heart talk with Grimes, and he swears he hasn't even touched the machine—and of course Mokee couldn't have done it. I begin to think the blooming thing's hoodooed. Funny—isn't it?"

Cuthbert looked at the boy sharply. It was quite inconceivable that this timid youth had been attempting a practical joke. It would have been too costly. Besides the Captain had locked the doors of both his bedroom and study, and no one had had access to the machine since he had finished dictating the afternoon before.

"Can you make anything out of it?" he asked gently.

"Oh, it's worse than ever," answered the secretary. "I can hardly hear your stuff—excuse me, sir, your dictation—at all. The whole thing is like a dog-fight—with some gibberish about 'heat,' 'canoes' and 'ivory,' like yesterday. I say it's uncanny!' He wiped his forehead and looked despairingly at Cuthbert.

When the captain finished his dictating that afternoon he removed the roll last used and substituted for it a fresh one from a hitherto unopened box recently arrived from Calcutta. No human tone had ever made an impression upon its glossy surface. He had just received a little note from Miss

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Stanley saying that she was going away for a six weeks' visit, and his heart was bitter. That night he closed the windows of the bungalow, and across the open door leading to the veranda he tied bits of thread connected with empty bottles upon the table. But his rest, save for his own nightmarish dreams, was undisturbed. He slept late, but arose unrefreshed. Entering his study, he saw that no one had been there. The threads across the door were undisturbed. All was as he had left it. There would be no more practical jokes on the part of his comrades or meddling by servants. Then something about the graphophone attracted his attention. He saw that the needle, instead of resting upon the left of the roll, was at the extreme right, and the roll itself was covered with the gossamer parings made in use. Somebody *had* been talking into the machine! Cuthbert stood staring at it unable to trust his eyes. Then with a grim laugh he removed the needle and, throwing it back to the left of the roll, took his customary seat and set the graphophone in motion. His own voice issued from the trumpet—*his own voice*, rambling and indistinct.

"This — must — be — August — eleventh," it said.

"I got that right, anyway," Cuthbert muttered to himself, for the calendar date was, in fact, August 11.

"This must be August eleventh, for Bombah says he has made sixteen notches in his stick since we met the Dutchman, and that was the twenty-sixth of July. Poor, fat slob of a Dutchman! I crawled over to his hut this morning with my medicine-chest, and found him raving about ivory and King Leopold. When he saw me he stopped and began snivelling something and begging for quinine. Gad! But he was a sight. The skin hung on his face like a wet handerchief on a clothes-line. I gave him nine grains and some drops to stop his yelling. I'd have given him anything except supreme unction, for his is the first white face since the Italian at Fort Garibaldi. I hated that Italian! He talked like a water-bottle—'bulla—bulla—bulla.' Sixty of the Dutchman's bearers have got iron collars on. Bombah says he's a slave-trader. Tell me what you like, they're all in on it—the ivory's only a pretence. But he's got a pile of it, and two hundred bearers to carry it. My head is buzzing with quinine inside, and there are thirteen hundred and thirteen flies buzzing outside. I've had two chills since sunrise, with the thermometer at one hundred and five and the swamp steaming like a Turkish bath. Oh, for a drop of whiskey! I'd swap a snake bite for half a tumbler of County Antrim. But nary a drop for Larry Moore. Never a drop from the mouth of the river, and six weeks before that! And all for a woman! I wonder if Watchheim really is a slave-trader. I've nursed him sixteen days and know no more about him than when I began. My German is elementary. I got plucked in the moderns at Dublin, and have always been too proud to make up. I'd like to know who the Arab woman he has got with him came from! Crazy place for a woman to turn up—the middle of a Congo swamp. This island simply stinks with rotting tree trunks and decayed alligators. I don't see why Bombah wanted to come here. But that was how we found the Dutchman—much good it will do him! We'd been two months on the river—the rotten, oily, black, rooty river—and Bombah said he knew a fine place up one of the branches. 'Him fine place—good water—lot niggers,' says he. So up we came into a sort of dead water—a big lagoon with an island full of reeds in the middle of it, and on it was Watchheim, the Arab woman, and his two hundred bearers, and the Dutchman was dying—anybody could see that. His niggers knew it, too. They were singing the death song that night as we paddled up the dead water. They have sung it ever since, and there is a beast of an old witch doctor with a necklace of skulls who is always dancing around the Dutchman's hut. The Arab woman looks as if she would like to knife him, but he scares her. By Gad, the old ape is enough to scare anybody! Bombah says that this island is a sort of station for caravans going from north to south. It's a hell of a hole; but as old Father O'Mally who taught me Latin used to say of an odd construction, 'As we find it here it is *as* it is, and whatever it is, this is it!' Dear old Father O'Mally! I wonder what he'd think if he could see his Larry sitting in a hut in the middle of an island, surrounded by three hundred naygers, and scared to a pulp by a hollow-faced witch doctor. It's not the

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Two figures in white were standing watching the play.—Page 408.

heat I mind so much as the stink and the wet—and the loneliness—O God!"

The roll stopped, but for Cuthbert the vision remained. He could see the mist steaming from the reeds and see the other man—another lonely man—lying in his hut in the middle of the dead water under the blazing sun. Could it be that these half-intelligible sentences were the creatures of his own brain? He sat for a long time staring out over the polo field with the great tumbled range of the Himalayas in the pale-blue background. He knew nothing of African swamps. He had read nothing of them for years. Curious stuff for him to be talking in his sleep! And yet, obviously, this was the only possible explanation of what had taken place.

All day long, while he attended to his duties, he puzzled over it, and the longer he puzzled the more puzzled he was that he should be guilty of this somnambulistic authorship. His commentaries for once were neglected. Bathurst wondered what had struck him, and concluded that it was because Miss Stanley had gone away on her six weeks' visit. She had left on the early train for Jaipur, and over in the married quarters they were all talking. Everybody had seen them set off on that ride the afternoon before, and Mrs. Tupper had caught a glimpse of them on the ridge through the Major's field-glasses.

Cuthbert locked the roll in a cedar-wood box and that night put in another fresh one. This time he did not trouble to tie the threads across the door, for he knew that sleep would bring the mysterious messenger. For hours he tossed restlessly. An overwhelming curiosity possessed him to know what was happening to the far-away man in the Congo dead water. But sleep would not come to him. And finding he could not lose consciousness, he was seized with a horrible anxiety lest something should happen out there without his knowledge. Morning came without his having closed his eyes, and he arose with lines on his face.

"Nothing to-day," he half snarled at Bathurst. "Take a vacation!" And he saddled Rainee, the mare, himself and galloped all day through the foot-hills till she wondered if her dear master had lost something. That night he slept, and did not awake till the call for morning drill. That over, he rushed back to the bungalow, locked the door, and turned on the machine. Something was the matter with the chap in the jungle.

"Tum — tum — te — tum —— tum — tum — 'Now, Rory, be aisy; don't taze me no more!' — What's the matter, Bombah? —Yes, give me the quinine, I need it. Do you hear those flies—ten thousand million flies? But I can't see them for the mist. Dad! But it's thick! Put that

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blanket over me, will you? How's the Dutchman? Don't mind that Arab woman—go in there and see him for yourself. Perhaps he needs something. What's that in your hand? Whiskey! The Arab woman? O God! Take it away! Take it away; do you hear me, Bombah! I mustn't touch it. Do you hear? I promised that I would die first—and I will! Die of cold! Here in the swamp. Throw it out! Do you hear me? Throw—it—out! I've not touched a drop of the craytur for three months. I've knocked out old John Barleycorn. Yes, pull the cork and let it run out—on the ground— Can't you drive out some of those flies, Bombah? They make such a noise—buz—zing—buz—zing."

The voice ceased and the needle scraped along over an untouched surface. Cuthbert gnawed his moustache in impotent annoyance. Why didn't the thing go on? He had the feeling of one who, standing on a wharf, sees a boat slowly receding out of reach. The fellow was sick, you could easily tell that. Perhaps he would die. But he was game not to take the drink! A great feeling of sympathy for this miserable wretch took hold of him. If he could only do something! Why, he wondered, should this strange message come to so unrelated a human being as himself? Why was *he* made the recipient of this tale of suffering? He wandered around wretchedly all that day. The officers and officers' wives wondered what was the matter with him. He had been harder hit than they had supposed.

That night again he invited intercourse with his unseen correspondent, but again sleep deserted him. Then once more the machine spoke. This time it simply raved incoherently, wandering on and on about Dublin and Watchheim, the Arab woman and the ever-buzzing flies. At times the man talked of his trip up the river through the black, reeking shadows of the Congo; again his ravings were of some woman to whom he had made a promise. Once a fierce craving for alcohol came upon him, and he cursed horribly the fate that had left him dying on an ice-cold island among a multitude of niggers. Then the mutterings would cease—from weakness, apparently.

Cuthbert played his strange game night after night—the strangest game he had ever known. For a week or more he played it, while the man in the swamp raved and gibbered with fever, and then one morning the voice from the machine spoke rationally and clear.

"I have been dreadfully ill. God knows how I have pulled through, but my quinine is all gone. I am so weak that I can hardly crawl. I asked after the Dutchman and Bombah says that he died yesterday The men in the iron collars have gone, leaving the ivory. There is something the matter with the natives. They are shouting and yelling like demons. They will not bury the Dutchman, saying that his body is taboo. The witch doctor with his skulls was dancing around my tent last night, and I have just driven him off with my rifle. I am wondering what is to become of the Arab woman and Watchheim's ivory. Bombah has come back with some of the Dutchman's papers. I gather from them that the ivory must belong to King Leopold. Bombah says that the bearers are urging my men to join with them in murdering me and stealing the ivory and the Arab woman. She refuses to leave the Dutchman's body. The natives say the island is accursed, that my medicines turn men into beasts, and that I am a devil. Bombah is terribly afraid. The heat is terrible. The bearers have broken open Watchheim's stores and found rum and whiskey. Whiskey! They are drinking themselves into frenzy and are singing the death chant. It is a mean way to die—knifed by a nigger! I asked Bombah for my cartridges, and he says my men have stolen everything. There are only five shots in my repeater."

Cuthbert passed the next day in an agony of apprehension, and, a wreck from nervous fatigue, cast himself upon his cot by nine o'clock that evening. It was a still, softly clear night with a waning moon. He awoke to find himself sitting in his pajamas before the machine, his foot on the treadle, the sweat pouring from his body. Throwing the needle back to the beginning of the roll, he listened to his own voice with startled eyes.

"It is coming—I know it. There is a bonfire blazing among the huts, and the niggers are dancing around it shrieking. Bombah has disappeared. I am sitting with my rifle upon my knees, and the Arab woman is praying in the corner. To-day they set fire to the Dutchman's hut and burned his body. It is dark except for the

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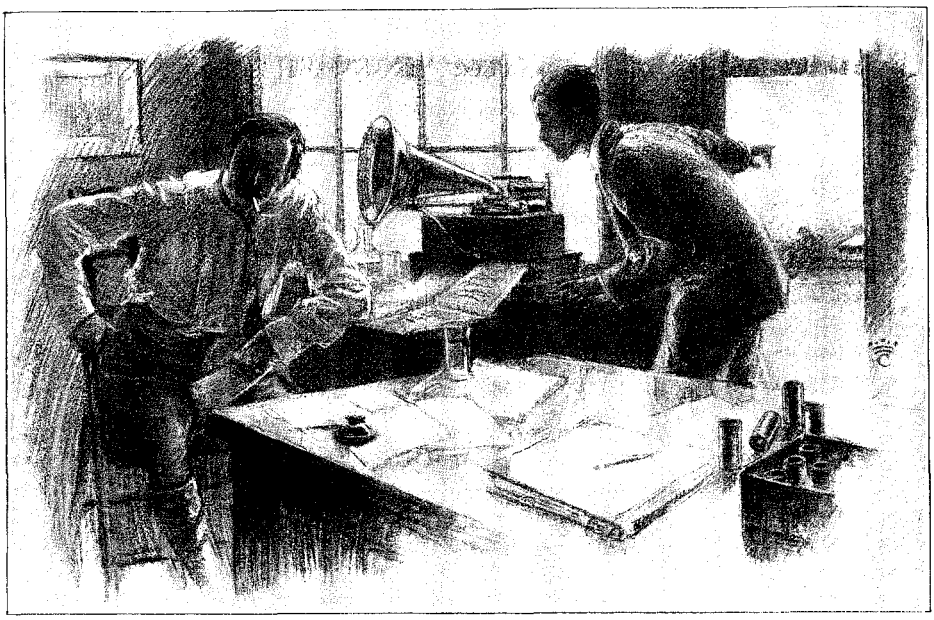

"Do you suppose Grimes could have had the gall——"—Page 410

glow from the fires. I wouldn't mind a nip, just to steady my nerves! I believe that you would forgive me if I took one *now*. Oh, my girl! If I could only send you a letter! But they have stolen everything—even my paper and pencils. It seems as though I should go mad because I cannot speak to you. I can't leave you in this horrible silence—a silence that will not be broken this side of the grave! Does not something tell you of my need for you? You *must* hear me! Listen—I am speaking to you from the other side of the world! Here, from the darkness, I am sending you my last message!

"Sweetheart, good-by. I am dying to redeem the promise that I made to you so short a time ago. It is not hard to die, even in this way, but it is hard to leave you with no word. I have not tasted liquor since I took your hands in mine and swore to conquer myself. Would to God that I could have come back, but there is no hope of it. Think well of me, beloved! For I have been true to you and to myself! God bless and keep you always."

The machine ran on silently for some moments—then:

"They are coming. Some are dancing and shouting. Others have encircled the hut and are closing in on all sides. I can hear the rustling in the reeds. The Arab woman has stabbed herself to death. There is a shadow creeping behind the fire—another——"

That was all. There was nothing to tell of how the man in the swamp had died. There was no need of it. Cuthbert clinched his fists while his heart throbbed so loud in the silence of the bungalow that it sounded like the beating of a rug. He arose from the machine and stepped out upon the veranda. The night was warm, and the moon with her horseshoe curve had sunk low over the hills. Across the polo field the sentry slowly paced his round.

Two days later Captain Cuthbert went back to his Commentaries on the Malakand Campaign. Every night he fitted a fresh roll to the graphophone, but when morning came the place of the needle was invariably the same. The voice had ceased; the silver cord had been broken. At the end of a week he told himself that it was a useless formality, but he still listened, albeit hopelessly, for the echo of the voice from beyond. As time went on the perspective of his own life assumed its regular distances. The tragedy in the forest gave place in his thoughts to the more present reality of the tragedy of his own life. The

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bitterness of his loss of Mary Stanley ate into his soul.

During the weeks of her absence the peculiarities of his disposition had made themselves more than usually manifest. His brother officers told each other that Cuthbert was getting queerer than ever. He rarely went to the quarters, and sometimes not even to the mess itself. When he did, he sat silently, obviously "off his feed." His only regular appearance in the society of his equals was late in the afternoon when he sometimes dropped into the Oriental Club to read the London papers.

Six weeks passed, and Cuthbert lived only for the time when Mary Stanley should return. Early one evening as he sat by himself in the window of the club reading-room, smoking a cheroot and glancing through the *Times*, his eye caught a paragraph on the last page among the foreign items that caused his muscles to stiffen.

"KILLED IN AFRICA

"Word has just reached this place of the murder of Dr. Lawrence Moore, in the heart of the Congo swamps, by a German trader named Watchheim. Dr. Moore started from here in May for an extended trip, his avowed purpose being to give instruction in hygiene and the use of simple medicines to the inhabitants of the more civilized river villages. A portion of the Moore party reached Fort Ganbalch yesterday, in a single canoe, and gave a detailed account of his death, which is herewith transmitted. The headmen say that Dr. Moore drank heavily from the time he started, and was in exceedingly bad physical condition when they reached Parbasi. Here they met the caravan of Isadore Watchheim, an ivory hunter, and the two white men entered upon a drunken carouse which ended in the murder of the Irishman by the German over the possession of an Arab woman. One of Dr. Moore's servants, Bombah, avenged his master's death by stabbing Watchheim, and was in turn killed by the latter's native bearers."

The paper dropped from Cuthbert's hands, and his bamboo arm-chair creaked sharply.

"What's the matter, old chap?" asked the man nearest him. "No bad news, I hope?"

"Oh, nothing," muttered Cuthbert, a furious red giving place to his momentary pallor. "Just the death of—of—a fellow I—I—knew out in Africa—murdered."

"Moore, I suppose you mean?" returned the other, with slightly raised eyebrows, looking curiously at Cuthbert. "Well, he may have been a friend of yours, but I always took him for a most awful bounder. Knew him in Cairo."

Cuthbert did not answer. The shocking calumny of what he had read in the *Times*—for he knew as he knew he lived that it was a calumny—filled him with indignation and resentment. He felt that he alone of all the world knew how this man had died. Through the blur in his eyes he saw the rotting hut in the steaming swamp.

"Poor devil!" he groaned. It was not enough then that the man should die, but his memory must be blackened and he must be referred to casually by comfortable men in a club as a rotter and a blackguard! He bit his lips and his chin trembled. The pity of it! And yet, here, if he should speak and tell them—tell them that this bounder had died a hero—they would murmur polite phrases of incredulity and ask him, old chap, if he was feeling quite himself, and urge him to take a drink, don't you know, and go home and lie down for a bit. He set his teeth and stalked out of the club across the polo field. The man who had known Moore in Cairo watched him from the window and scratched his chin. There *was* something *devilish* queer about Cuthbert! Then, feeling thirsty, he rang the bell and ordered the servant in a loud voice to bring him a long B. and S.—"Colder, mind you, than the last—and a copy of the 'Pink 'Un.'"

The morning after Mary Stanley's return, two days later, Cuthbert started across the polo field to see her. A squad of the Mounted Rifles were practising for the afternoon game, and their ponies' hoofs thundered by him, throwing clouds of the brown turf high in the air. There was a soft green smell of sunburned grass all about him and the sweetness of morning was abroad. Far up in the blazing blue the wall of the mysterious mountains hemmed in a sunlit world—a world of

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gentle gossip and excitement, of the swift loves of men and women who placed mere courage above the flesh-pots of Egypt, a little world with its own code of honor, its aristocracy of valor, its peculiar catch words, jargon, and secret masonry, where the individual was judged by rigid standards of chivalry and forgiven the sins of youth and vanity. The pounding of the hoofs stirred Cuthbert's jaded nerves like the charge of a troop of native horse. The cries of the riders echoed through his ears like a call to battle. His blood leaped in his veins and his heart sang involuntarily in response. For his love had returned! Hope, deadened by her absence, thrilled in his steps. Youth—the future; for the moment both were his! She *must* be his! He would take her—fight for her if he must! This time it would be no half-hearted wooing, no appeal by a disappointed and discouraged fellow, old before his time, for a woman's pity! He would pour forth his love in such a torrent that she would be swept away. Thus he crossed the path leading to Mrs. Wettersley's veranda.

"Just the death of—of—a fellow I—I—knew out in Africa—murdered."—Page 416.

"I'm so sorry, Captain Cuthbert, but I am afraid you cannot see my niece this morning," said Mrs. Wettersley as she came rustling starchily into her little parlor. "She is very tired after her journey and—and quite upset. Oh, no, Mary is entirely well. But do sit down! What a disagreeable man you are not to have been near us for so long! Of course—don't apologize!—I knew that the attraction had gone. You

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men! The fact is, Mary has had some very disturbing news. I don't mind telling you—as old friends, you know. Perhaps you've heard something of it already. You see, there was a young Irish doctor—quite a friend of Mary's—who had been very attentive—no engagement, you know, only a sort of understanding. I never cared for him. He was quite impossible. Very much addicted. Of course she couldn't think of having him under the circumstances. So she bundled him off, and the poor chap took a trip to Africa to get over it—and died there—oh, in such an *unpleasant* way. It's really terrible for the poor child. To have him die that way, you know—and to read it in the paper——"

A gasping, inarticulate cry burst from Cuthbert.

"The man's name!" he commanded in a parched voice, his eyes fastening themselves on Mrs. Wettersley's startled face.

"Lawrence Moore."

The room swam about him and the blood rushing to his head and eyes dimmed his sight.

"Lawrence Moore!" he repeated mechanically.

For a minute he saw neither his hostess nor the place in which she sat. Mrs. Wettersley thought he must have gone temporarily insane. *He* certainly had not known Larry Moore.

"I must see Miss Stanley!" burst in a harsh voice from Cuthbert's lips.

"But, Captain—really——"

"I must see your niece—at once!" he reiterated, his whole frame trembling with excitement.

Mrs. Wettersley laid her hand on his arm.

"My dear fellow," she said good-naturedly. "Of course it's an ill wind that doesn't blow good to somebody—but just as a matter of tact, don't you think you had better wait for a more suitable opportunity to speak to Mary? Give her a little time!"

Cuthbert stared stupidly at her.

"Now, listen, like a good chap," went on the officer's lady. "Even if there had been anything between them—which I am quite sure there wasn't—this disgraceful performance would have ended everything. Why will men make such brutes of themselves? Give her a chance to get over the first shock—then, with the coast clear——"

"Mrs. Wettersley, you do not understand," said Cuthbert in measured tones. "I must see Miss Stanley at once. She will explain to you, perhaps, later on. Will you kindly send up my name?"

The Major's wife had had a wide experience of men. Clever enough in her way, she knew that to obey was her only course.

"You are making a mistake," she said icily, and swept out of the room.

Cuthbert sat with a haggard look on his lean face. Staring straight in front of him, he did not see Mary Stanley when she came in.

"I am here."

Her voice, sad and reproachful, startled him from his reverie. She stood with her hands crossed in front of her, her eyes slightly reddened, her figure drooping, her whole bearing seeming to say—"Could you not have spared me this?"

Cuthbert arose slowly from his chair.

"Mrs. Wettersley," he began, and his voice had the metallic ring of his dictation—"has told me—the—what you read in the *Times*——"

A look of suffering came over Mary Stanley's face. How *could* he! She put her hands to her forehead.

"About—Doctor Moore."

"I can't listen to you now. Let me go!" she cried, biting her lips.

"He—didn't—die—that—way," continued Cuthbert.

Her hands dropped from her face and she gazed half wildly at him.

"Not that way!" she echoed.

"He died like a soldier—and a hero," said Cuthbert. "The story in the *Times* is a lie!"

"Oh!" she gasped.

"He died faithful to his promise and to—to you," he added softly.

Back across the polo field stalked Captain Cuthbert, with his eyes fixed on the sunbrowned turf. A grim smile hung around his set lips—a smile of patient pity for a fool of a fellow who had been born under an unlucky star. The ponies thundered by him but he heard them not. Straight to his study he went, and, locking the door, opened the cedar-wood box. In it, wrapped in cotton, lay seven waxen rolls. From his desk he took a pad of white paper and placed it beside the graph-

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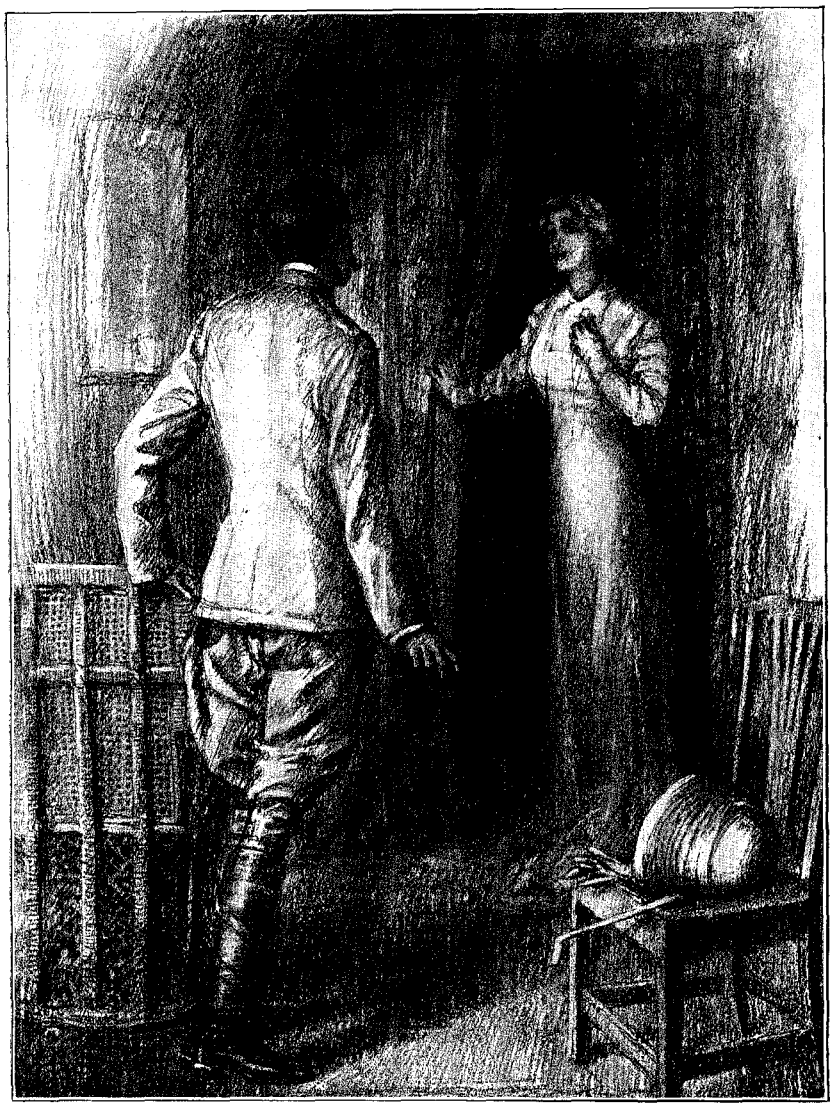

"Not that way!" she echoed.—Page 418.

ophone. Then he inserted the first roll in the machine and, adjusting the needle, started the treadle.

"This—must—be—August—eleventh," said the voice from the machine, "for Bombah — says — he — has — put — six-teen — notches on his stick——"

With drawn face Cuthbert wrote it down, laboriously copying every word in his own awkward hand. All that afternoon he remained within his study. Mess-time came, but he was absent. The sentry who paced before the veranda of the bungalow saw his lamp burning long after midnight. Six letters he wrote to Mary Stanley, but after copying the message to her from the dying man in the swamp, he could not send them. A faint pallor hovered among the stars above the eastern foot-hills as he laid down his pen and read over what he had finally written. It ended with these words:

"You will find enclosed Doctor Moore's own statement of how he met his death. No one else has seen it, and I have no copy. I have told you as best I could how it came

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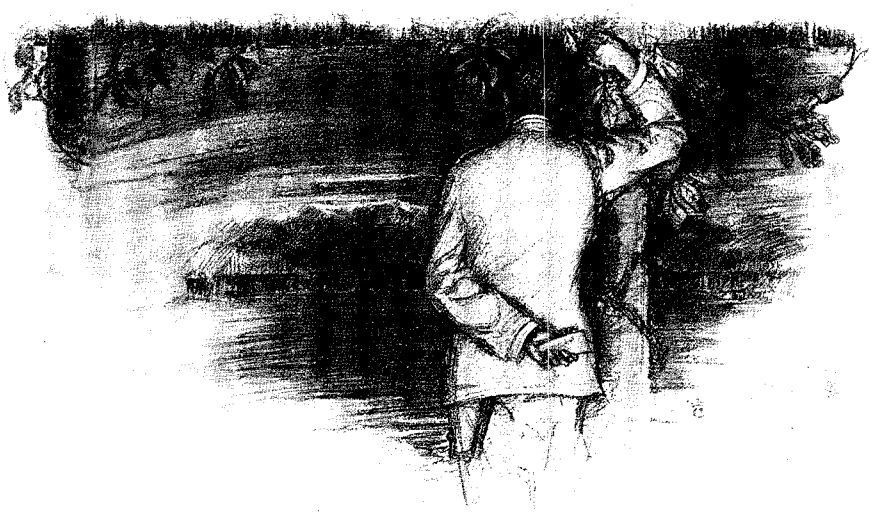
to me. I know that should I publish it and try to explain this message I would be thought mad. But, as there is a living God, I know that it came from Lawrence Moore. It must remain for you alone, besides myself—a stranger—to know the truth. I am going away to-morrow on furlough to England. I have earned a long vacation. I hope that some time I shall see you again. I would write more, but under the circumstances you will understand my reasons for not doing so. If you ever should care to write, my address is care of the War Office. May God watch over your footsteps.

"ERROL CUTHBERT."

When he had folded and sealed this letter he opened the door and stepped out upon the veranda, wondering still at the irony which had made him, of all men, the receiver of this wireless message from beyond. The post was asleep save for the light glowing in the sentry box across the polo field. Just over there slept Mary Stanley. Africa with its swamps was six thousand miles away. Over all the world hung the darkness through which the morning gropes. Not even the tiny call of a sleepy bird broke the heavy stillness. As he stood there a faint breeze stirred among the leaves and fanned his cheek, and the distant summits of the Himalayas broke into the sky. Another luckless work-day was coming. For a moment he watched the peaks grow rosy under the touch of dawn. Then he went inside and put out the light.



Another luckless work-day was coming.

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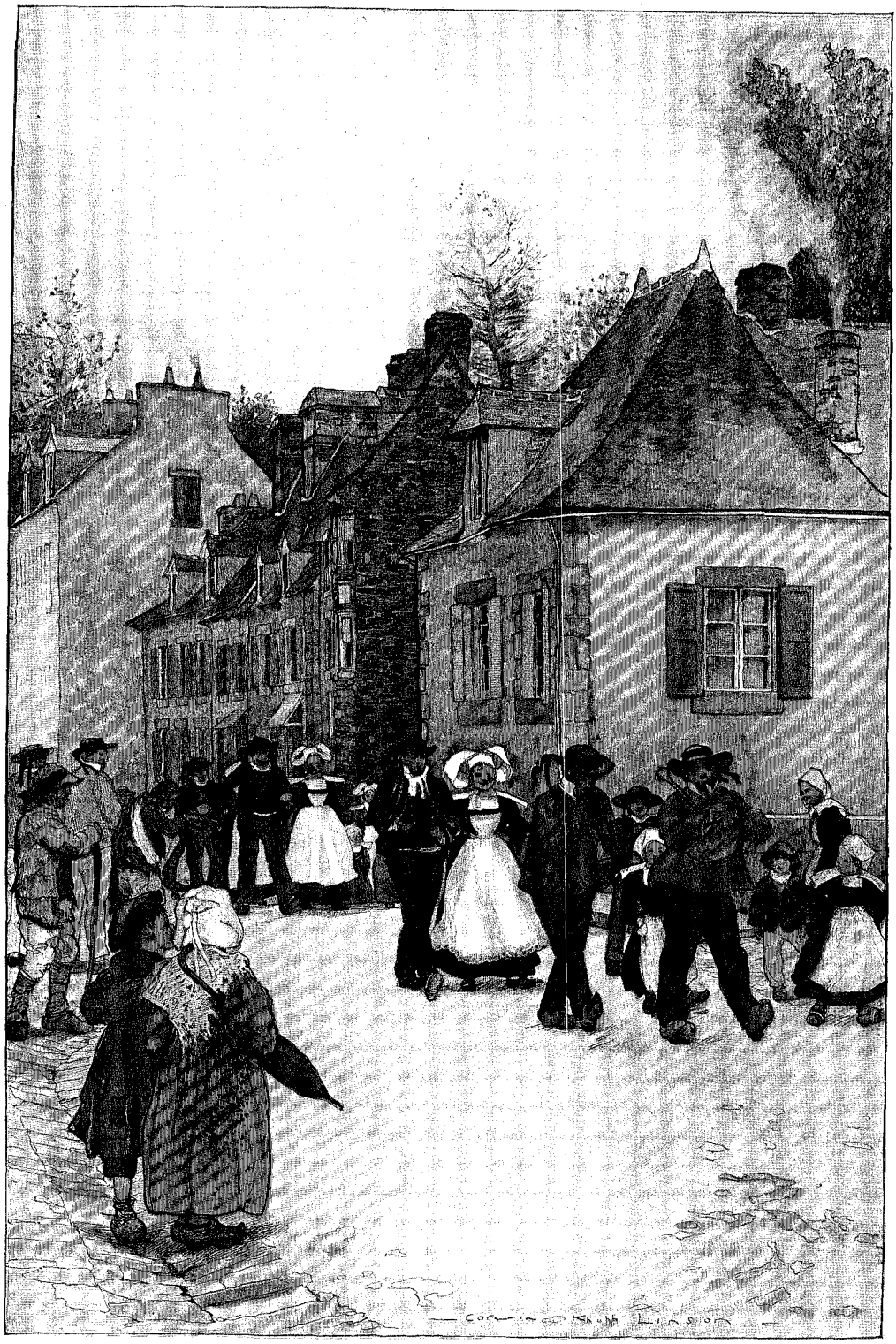

Drawn by Corwin Knapp Linson.

Over it march the marriage guests.

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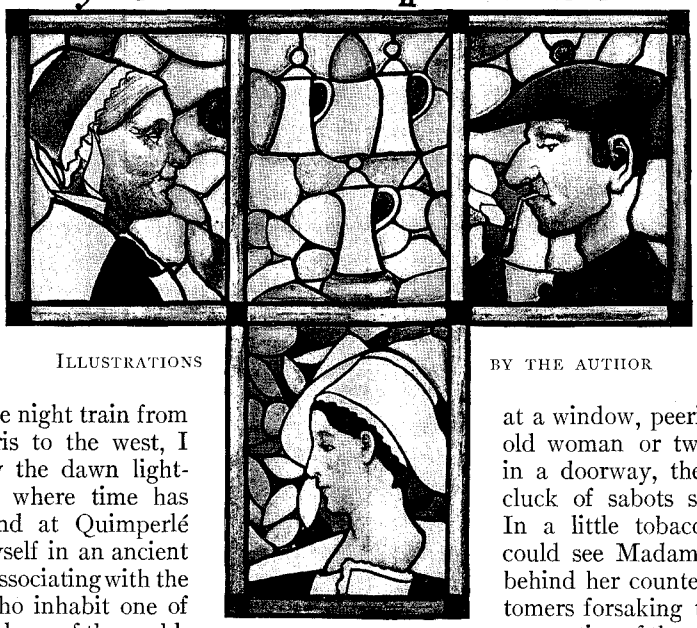
PONT-AVEN Vignettes

by Corwin Knap Linson



ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

ON the night train from Paris to the west, I saw the dawn lighting a land where time has loitered; and at Quimperlé I found myself in an ancient company, associating with the laggards who inhabit one of the dream-places of the world.

Greeted by men with long locks straggling from under broad hats with pendent velvet ribbons, high white collars reaching to the ears, and further clad in embroidered coats, baggy knee-breeches, gartered leggings, and wooden shoes, I experienced a delightfully uneasy feeling of the unreal, as in a dream of wonders from which one hesitates to awake. One might logically expect all else to be in keeping, and, indeed, only the railroad and myself were out of harmony with the mediæval spirit.

Taking the lumbering coach from Quimperlé to Pont-Aven, every pound of the hoofs on the hard road carried me farther into a vanished age. The ten-mile drive was given for twenty cents, just half the price of my breakfast.

From the front overhead, a voice shouted: "Haig do! Gare donc! 'cre-e-ee cheval! H-r-r-rrrr! Ange d'un lapin, HEP-la!"

With a tremendous cracking of the whip, Pont-Aven, dozing under the afternoon sun, was startled into some semblance of life as we rattled in. Here and there a face at a window, peering out, an old woman or two knitting in a doorway, the cluckety-cluck of sabots somewhere. In a little tobacco shop I could see Madame napping behind her counter, her customers forsaking their usual occupation of thumbing snuff into their nostrils in order to snore with them.

Where was the swift eddying rush of yesterday? Was that the dream, or this? I could not be certain, for at my elbow in the inn was a fellow-painter to whom the first was the reality, so long had he been in this slumberous place.

He was quite eager to exchange his dream for mine, so, passing the loungers at the table who turned from their glasses and disputes just long enough to eye me curiously, he led me, not a far journey, over the bridge which gives the town its name, down the quay where two or three fishing-boats from the sea rested at their ease; back again along the little stream which with so much difficulty finds its way over or around so many mill-wheels, dams, obstructing rocks and islets, that it is a wonder it ever arrives at all at the final quiet of the spreading banks below. There, the broad river is only disturbed by the regular heave of the tide, but above is so much of fuss and tumble, splash and gurgle, that in places the blanchisseuses have

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A Brittany type.

something to do to lift their chatter above its own.

The bridge is the town's focus. The highways from far-off lead to the Place, but the Place narrows to this arch of stone from which again the roads trail off into space. The parish beadle heads solemn processions across it, up the hill to the cemetery, sounding his two bells in measured cadence. Over it march the marriage guests. The finest booths on market days, the gayest during the Pardon, are planted on its broad back. On it lounge the populace, in the cool of a summer evening, men and boys smoking and jesting, women knitting a little and gossiping much. A sudden rattle of sabots on the cobbles will echo to the hills. Then the doorways will be packed with children, each with a bowl of soup and bread. And when yellow points begin to twinkle in the windows, the twilight silhouettes the few lingering forms upon the bridge; but they and their uncouth shouts soon vanish into the silence of the night.

Change seldom visits a Breton village, its sentiment is of the past, and its people are rooted to their customs as firmly as their oaks to the soil. Their houses of solid masonry appear to belong to the ground, sombre in color as though blackened by the ages and immovable to the end of time, and yet the ancient tavern, landmark of decades, has long since been demolished.

The hotel at the head of the Place bespoke a certain ordered decorousness not to be trifled with, but the old inn at the foot was Bohemia itself. Dogs occupied equal room with the proper guests.

Jean Tiec.

In the rangy kitchen, the time-darkened fireplace was framed in a blazonment of brass and copper utensils which blinked, flashed, glowed, according to the ever-changing humor of the light. Flanking the fireplace were two great Breton beds, one richly carved, into which at some mysterious hour crept, as into a ship's berth, the mistress and her maids, to dream behind their latticed doors as in the days when

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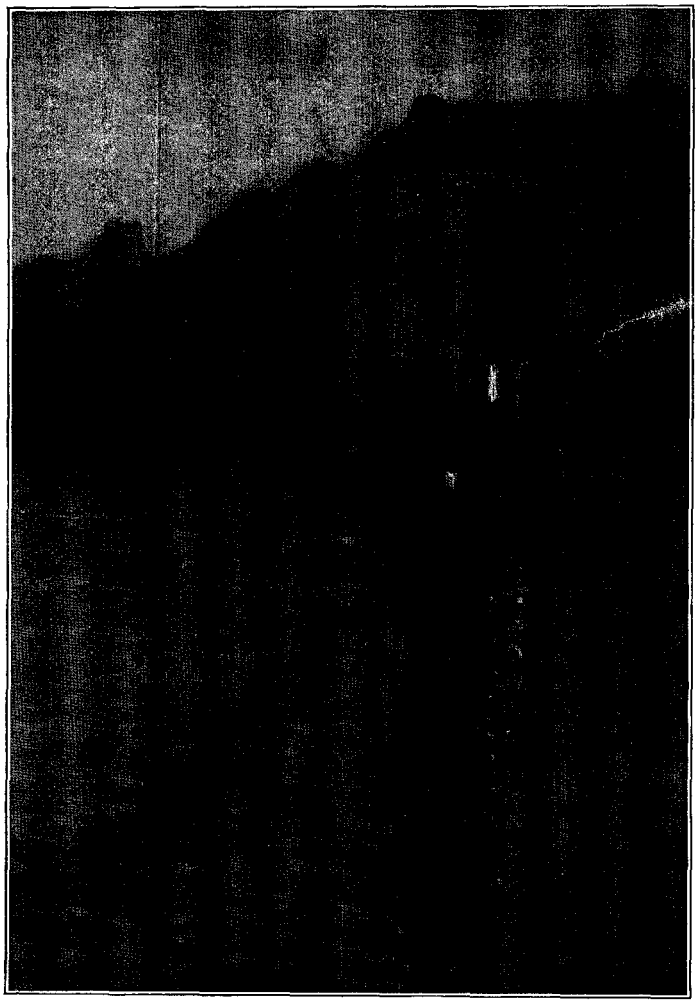

Heading for a buvette.

each man shut himself from nocturnal prowlers behind such bars.

At the long table a frequenter might find it necessary to push aside the salad to make room for his glass. The dining-room just beyond was panelled from ceiling to wainscot with the work of many men. It would seem that most of the painters of the world had at some time journeyed to Pont-Aven!

Here manners were of the easiest, and after dinner, at which the artists elbowed the collectors of taxes, the rubicund Capitaine de la Douane, and the little notary, the air would grow heavy with a fog of tobacco fumes, but crackling with quip and repartee. If, on leaving, a guest stumbled over the dogs lying at the threshold, the saturnine Patron would swear—but not at the dogs!

On certain days of the colder autumn, the long kitchen table was heaped high with the great buckwheat pancakes baked for the weekly throng of beggars who brought their bags to each door in turn. And as every Tuesday was market-day, it was then surrounded, and the kitchen filled, by so great a crowd that it was a wonder that any business could be done in it. For on Tuesdays, intent on their grip on unchanging custom, came the army who squatted their camps along both sides of the funnel-shaped Place, covering the bridge and spreading again along the river border. Each vendor

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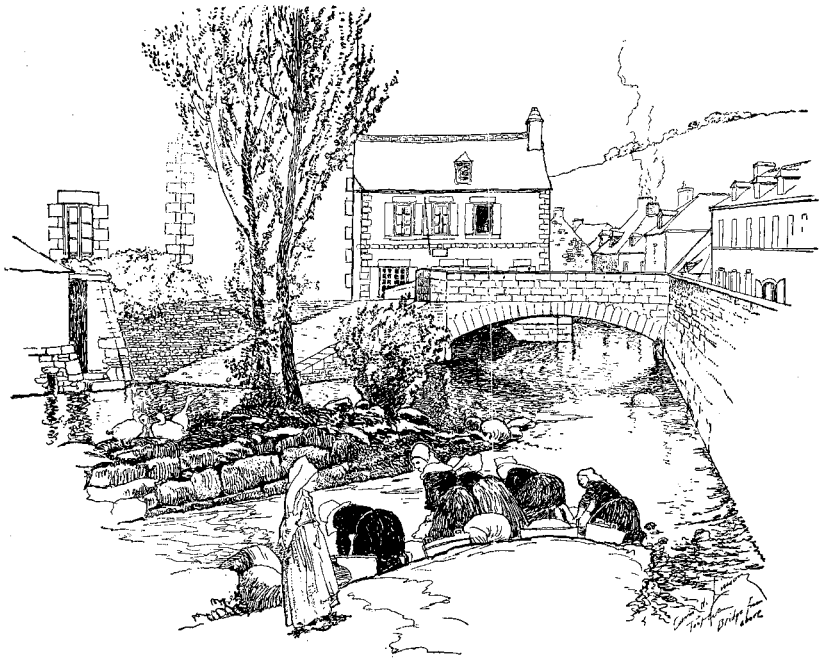


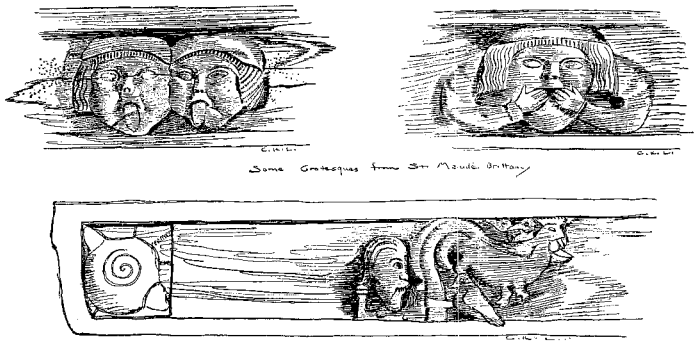
The bridge from above.

behind his wares vociferated his stock against the shrill advertising of his neighbor. Endless displays dazzled the simple eye, an opulence of glass gems and tinsel, and fine snowy coiffes and laces from Quimperlé, gay embroideries in company with eggs and cabbages. In the thick of the mêlée, among heaps of sabots and old clothes, where the cattle and the pigs added their voices to the uproar, regularly stood the town tinker, old Père Carafe, making the sparks fly from his little anvil, surrounded by the pots, pans, knives and scissors, umbrellas, and bits of harness brought to him. He was a bibulous individual who on this one day was sober, and consequently unhappy. As to water, it ran the mills, and wet his grindstone, but for his throat? That was another matter.

"Fey ya! What do the doctors say? Fever, and little things that wiggle! I believe it! And to put that in one's stomach? Jamais de la vie!"

He squinted critically at the bit of a job I had for him, then I felt an ingratiating finger on my sleeve.

"Have you a bit of tobacco? My pocket is empty as my pipe—voilà!"



Sculptured beams in a Brittany church.

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The bridge from below.

His pipe? Considered seriously as a pipe, it was a marvel, holding scarcely as much as a thimble. I certainly did not carry the stuff smoked in it, a rank, black, cheesy compound a few whiffs of which would stagger any but a Breton. But would two sous do instead?

"M-m-mmh, mais oui, merci! But think, M'sieur, I've had only water to-day! On market-days I must work."

And the sparks flew viciously. For all the others, the cabarets were wide open. These were profitable days, and the counting and sorting of the coppers would go on far into the night, with the oaken shutters down and the great bolts in place, the quavering candles striking tiny glints of flame from the shifting coins.

But strangely still and empty seemed the Place at the end, when the lights gleamed from the windows. The booths had vanished, and not even a cabbage leaf was left of all the day's litter. The eternal stars looked down on a late one crossing the void. It was old Père Carafe heading for a buvette!

There is an old church up the river, gray and stern, like the landscape about it. I found its yard occupied by pigs, and one of these rooting beasts charged angrily when one of its litter squealed inopportunely at sight of me. Artists were craftsmen once, as was shown by a little gem of color in a window, just a tiny rosette glowing deep set in the point of it. Some vandal hand had made off with the rest, but for that lingering jewel it might have been the

Wood carving in a Brittany church.

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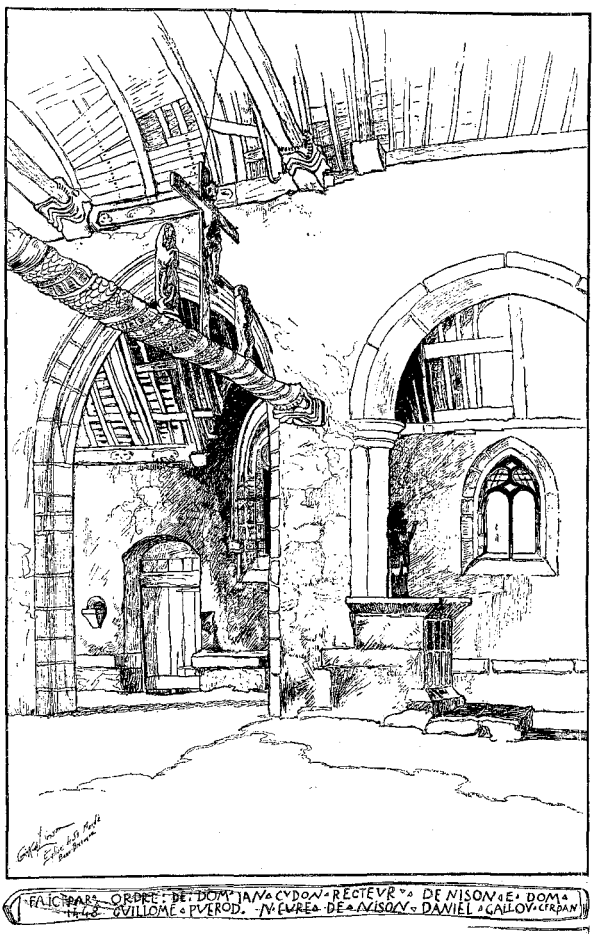
window of a stone hut. Is this a meeting place for Druids, this rudely bare space with its grotesque carvings, its dank earthen floor? What idea of worship expression there was in the minds which designed



Interior of the church of St. Maude.

those sculptured timbers one cannot fathom. They seemed caricatured memories of some barbarous mythology.

Outside, the air was sweet, and the breeze lightly stirred the heights of leafage. Soon the river was found again. There below a mill, where the stream pauses indolent after the mad rush through the race, a Belgian painter often cast his flies for trout. It is hard to say if he were more ardent a painter than fisherman.

In this lower Brittany, the people are true Cymrics. A Welshman, it is said, has little difficulty with their speech; in temper they are singularly like the Irish, and they play their bagpipes like Highlanders. When the Phœnicians brought their commerce to these shores, they brought also their love for high places and green groves, and what the Druids absorbed of this they passed to their descendants. So the sport over the fires of St. John's Eve has far less to do with St. John than with their one-time fire-worship. And when one Breton smacks another's palm as the final seal to a bargain from which there is no backing, he does exactly what the Syrian children of the Canaanites do to-day. Solomon inveighed against the practice,* and this habit of old time transplanted from a far land, surviving among an equally ancient people, surely points the finger back a very long way.

There is no way out of the village of Pont-Aven except by climbing, unless you go the way of the river to the sea. It is as snug as a bird in a nest. Turn as you may, to leave it by road, you must climb. But up on the hills are the broad breathing places, the wide sweeps; and borne on the deliciously lazy summer air, the work of the forge, the insistent music of the clinking hammers faintly intermingling, or staccato sharp, but ever rhythmic, melodious, dominates all. And is there a sound more replete with the sentiment of human craftsmanship than this?

Then, from these hills at the evening hour, one looks over the slaty roofs emerging from the blue smoke veil that tells of busy kitchens. The air, swimming and mellow, stirs the rustling poplars that catch the sky flame and toss it on to the leisurely curving swells beyond, where gorse and bracken vary the tones, and patches of field, and stone boundaries, add their patterning.

* Prov. vi : 1. xxii : 26.

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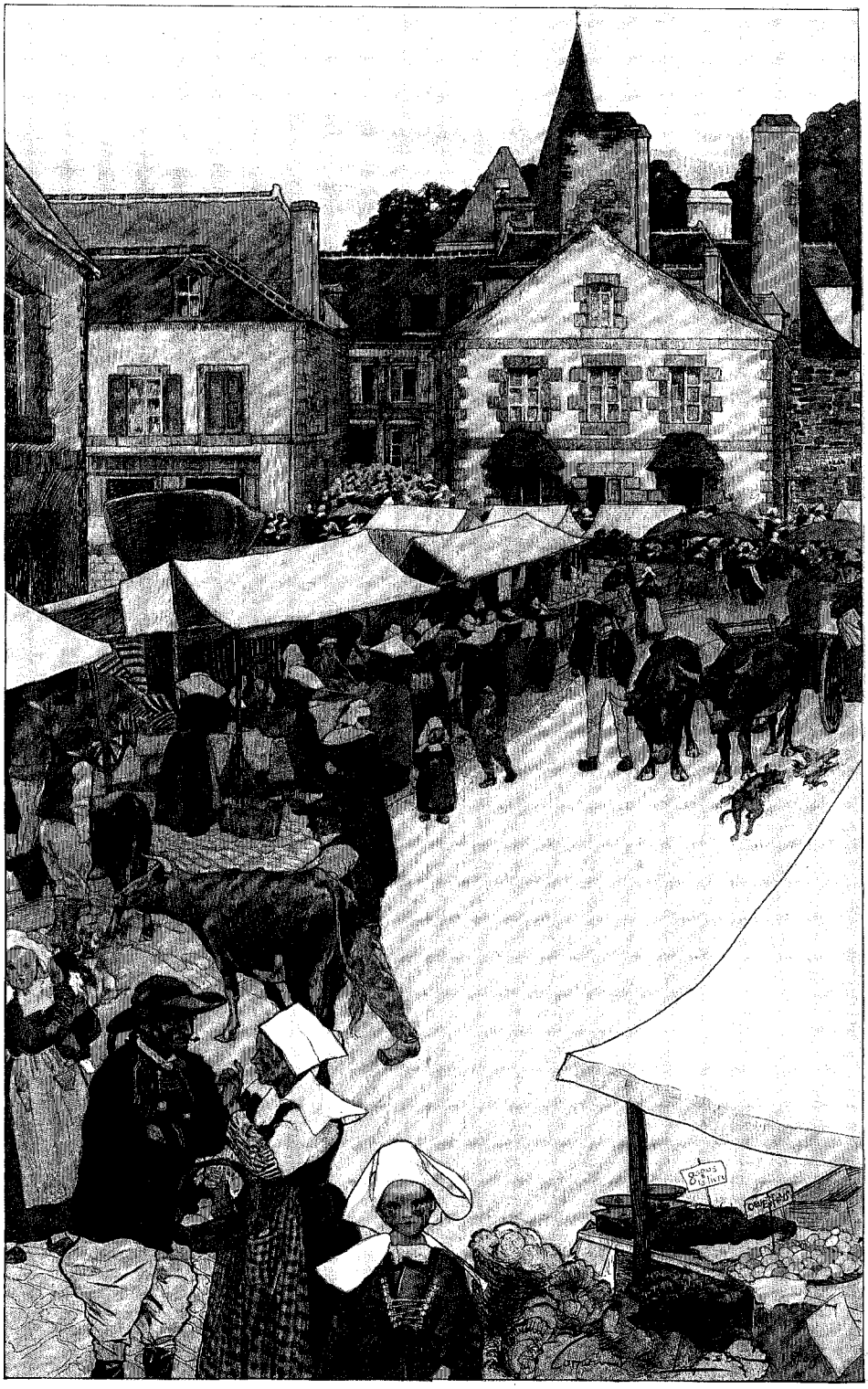

Drawn by Corwin Knapp Linson.

A market-day.

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There comes to one on these heights, also, the hum of the loungers on the bridge, the plodding of the sabots on the roads, the laughter of the washers by the stream. By some lonely menhir standing austere against the sky may be an anxious white-coiffed creature whispering her wishes to the stone.

Up there, the earth is touched with a magic beauty, soon to be spirited away when the blue roofs huddle in a sombre mass in the dusk. Under them, families gather to sup, to gossip, and to tell strange tales; and finally to sleep in company with the asses, pigs, and fowls. Wherever men dwell, there are gatherings about the hearth, but most of us exclude our lower creatures from our beds.

But in a land where there is a studied economy in baths, and where we may distinguish Sunday from the rest of the week only by the fresher whiteness of the broad collars and the dainty coiffes, let us be grateful for even that distinction.

"Water is cold, M'sieur, and makes to creep the skin!"

Let that suffice.

The "Impressionists."

TO A YOUNG GIRL

By Arthur Davison Ficke

So infinitely pitiful you stand,
Turning from me your fresh unshadowed eyes
To him who leads you, glad, toward all that lies
Hid in the promise of your Unknown Land.
I half would stay you, till you understand.
Is strength within you for such destiny,
Bearing and losing, love for what must die,
Pain, loneliness beyond the touch of hand? . . .

Yet—yet I dare not, in foreboding hour,
To touch the immortal spark that stirs your breast.
Go! For perhaps, with all its cruel power
And waste and loss and anguish, Life is best.
And though your Land hold but a single flower,
That one may pay the dark debt of the rest.

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SOME MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS

By Richard Hoffman

SECOND ARTICLE

ON our return to New York we found every one in a state of excited expectancy over the approaching arrival of Jenny Lind. Mlle. Lind had been unwilling for some time to listen to any overtures from Barnum or to sign an agreement for an American tour. She even refused to see Mr. Wilton, his agent, in England. Mr. Wilton knew my father, however, and begged him to suggest some way by which he might secure an audience with the diva. My father introduced him to Sir George Smart, who had taught my sister, and also had given some lessons to Jenny Lind. He consented to give the agent a letter of introduction, begging her at least to see Mr. Wilton. Tnis plan seems to have succeeded, for after this meeting she signed for the American engagement.

Never had singer or musician such a "réclame" as she. Crowds were on the docks to witness the landing of the great songstress, crowds followed her to her hotel, and greater crowds were striving to obtain tickets to hear her sing.

Mr. E. C. Benedict, better known as The Commodore, tells the following anecdote of how as a boy he gained a free entrance to the first concert: "The price of tickets for Jenny Lind's first concert in America, in 1851, ranged from $10 to $100, at auction, for choice of seats, and $5 for promenaders. The top price [$300] was paid by John N. Genin, a prominent hatter of that period. I was passionately fond of music, but had not the means to buy a ticket. However, my curiosity to see the Swedish Nightingale (as she was called), and the conductor, Sir Julius Benedict, led me to place myself at the entrance to the bridge which then extended over water from the Battery to Castle Garden, where I felt sure I would catch a glimpse of those distinguished people as they passed in.

"An immense throng had passed without my having seen them, and just as I was about to depart a lad appeared, who had recently been a schoolmate, selling the 'Life and Songs of Jenny Lind.' Expressing to him my unbounded desire to hear her sing, he handed me a bunch of the books and appointed me as salesman. I accepted the position at once and made many sales. When the concert began I squared accounts with him and took my place among the standees. The programme stated that at the close of Part I any vacant seat could be occupied by a promenader. I discovered one in the very front row, and with the last expiring note of Part I, I dropped into it.

"This explains how I got some of Jenny Lind's notes without giving her any of mine."

It may not be generally known that after her first concert Jenny Lind broke her contract with Barnum, refusing to sing again unless he changed the original terms, which were one thousand dollars a night for one hundred and fifty concerts and all expenses. When she found that the receipts for the first night were twenty-eight thousand dollars, she demanded one thousand dollars per night, and half the receipts after three thousand dollars, with all expenses paid. Barnum was wise enough to see that he had discovered a gold mine, and fell in with the singer's demands. On the voyage over Jenny Lind had met two young men, civil engineers, who had come to seek their fortunes in America. One was Charles Seyton, a Scotchman, and the other was Max Hjostzberg, a Swede. Young Max had

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fallen a victim to her attractions, and when she offered him a position as her secretary for the American tour, he eagerly accepted, and remained with her throughout the whole period of her engagement. Seyton also was taken into her service, and his business was to watch the box-office, and see to it that Jenny received her full share of the receipts according to the new contract. He became a good friend of mine, and lived with Burke and myself for some time, until he married. He became a successful business man and broker of the firm of Seyton & Wainwright, the latter a son of the Bishop of New York.

It seemed a wonderful stroke of good fortune for me to receive at this time the following letter from P. T. Barnum, requesting me to join the company of artists who were to assist Mlle. Lind, and to appear at the first concert on September 11, at Castle Garden:

BRIDGEPORT, *Aug.* 14*th*, 1850.

"RICHARD HOFFMAN, ESQ.,

"*Dear Sir:* By advice of Mr. Julius Benedict, I write to inform you that I will engage you to play for Jenny Lind's Concerts, etc., on the terms named by you and will sign an agreement to that effect on my arrival in New York about 25th inst.

"I expect that Miss Andrews (who I understand is your sister) will accompany Jenny Lind. I expect the 1st Concert will be given about the middle of Sept.

"Truly yours,

"P. T. BARNUM."

Mr. Burke was also engaged as violinist and leader, or concert-meister, of the orchestra, and played at all the concerts given by Jenny Lind in this country. In places where no orchestra could be obtained, Burke and I generally began the concert with a duet, then each a solo, before the prima donna appeared. It is true that no other performance than the singing of Mlle. Lind counted for anything, and that the duet which I played at the first concert with Benedict (afterward Sir Julius), as the programme will show, was hardly listened to, so eager was the audience to compare notes and exchange its impressions of the wonderful singer. Nevertheless, it certainly gave me a start in my career, which many years of ordinary concert-playing could never have done.

CASTLE GARDEN
FIRST APPEARANCE OF
MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND
ON
WEDNESDAY EVENING, 11TH SEPTEMBER, 1850

PROGRAMME

PART I

Overture (Oberon) . . . . . Weber
Aria, "Sorgete" (Maometto Secondo) Rossini
SIGNOR BELLETTI
Scena and Cavatina, "Casta Diva" (Norma) Bellini
MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND
Duet on two Piano Fortes (Themes from Norma) Thalberg
MESSIEURS BENEDICT AND HOFFMAN
Duetto "Per piacer alla Signora," (Il Turco in Italia) . . . . . Rossini
MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND AND SIGNOR BELLETTI

PART II

Overture (The Crusaders) . . . . Benedict
Trio for the Voice and two Flutes, composed expressly for Mademoiselle Jenny Lind (Camp of Silesia) . . . . . Meyerbeer
MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND
FLUTES, MESSRS. KYLE AND SIEDE
Cavatina, "Largo al Factotum" (Il Barbiere) Rossini
SIGNOR BELLETTI
"The Herdsman's Song," more generally known as "The Echo Song"
MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND
"The Welcome to America," written expressly for this occasion by Bayard Taylor, Esq Benedict
MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND
Conductor . . . . . M. Benedict

The Orchestra will consist of Sixty Performers, including the first instrumental talent in the country.

Price of tickets Three Dollars. Choice of places will be sold by Auction at Castle Garden.

Doors open at six o'clock. Concert to commence at eight o'clock.

No checks will be issued.

Mdlle. Jenny Lind's Second Grand Concert will be given at Castle Garden on Friday evening, 13th instant.

Chickering's Grand Pianos will be used at the first Concert.

The pleasure I obtained from hearing this wonderful artist so frequently was in itself an education not to be overestimated. As I remember her voice, it was not so brilliant as it was deliciously rounded, and of an exquisite musical timbre. It possessed great volume, and what seemed an inexhaustible reserve force. She had a most attractive personality, and nothing could have been more naïve and charming than her

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manner on the stage. She would trip on and off, as if in an ecstasy of delight at the opportunity of singing, bowing and smiling to her audience, and giving every one present a flattering sense of contributing in a measure toward the success of the evening. She had three or four songs which showed the wonderful compass and power of her voice, and one or more of these was called for at every concert. A Swedish Echo Song in which she would echo her own voice by a sort of ventriloquism that was quite marvellous, and another in which she made a remarkable diminuendo, reaching a pianissimo as faint as a sigh, but with a carrying power that made it distinctly audible at the most extreme limits of Castle Garden or Tripler Hall, where the later concerts were given. This was a fine building situated at Broadway and Bond Street, and just finished in time for the second series of concerts. The hall had fine acoustic advantages, and it was a great loss to the city when it was destroyed by fire a few years later. The Winter Garden was afterward built on the same site.

One of the most haunting things to me was her singing of Taubert's bird song—"I know not why I am singing." Her shake was the finest I ever heard, so close and even as to be altogether perfect. Her voice, which she said herself was naturally stiff and stubborn, she had educated and practised into such a degree of perfection that her roulades and cadenzas were unparalleled in their execution. In her sacred songs she rose to the sublime, and on one occasion as she finished singing the aria "I know that my Redeemer liveth," I recollect that Daniel Webster, who was seated in the centre of the balcony, rose from his seat and made her a profound bow. Her rapt expression of face and never-ending volume of voice made her appear like some inspired seraph delivering a divine message.

She was indebted to Sir George Smart, with whom she had studied in England, for all the traditional renderings of oratorio parts, he being at that time the greatest living authority in this school of music, but her vocal training was done under Manuel Garcia in Paris.

In a short work recently published in London, entitled "Jenny Lind, Her Vocal Art and Cadenze," written by U. S. Rockstro and edited by Otto Goldschmidt, an account is given of her studies with Garcia and the methods by which she attained to some of her most wonderful achievements. She had completed her twenty-first year before she had an opportunity of studying under his guidance, but she remained with him for over a year and left him, the most remarkable virtuosa of her time, or perhaps of all time. The work tells us that "previous to this her voice had been seriously impaired by the pernicious methods and fatiguing concert tours to which it had been subjected in Sweden," and adds that "the great secret of her perfect mastery over all technical difficulties lay in the fortunate circumstance that Signor Garcia was so very particular about the breathing . . . she learned to fill her lungs with such dexterity that except with her consent it was impossible to detect either the moment at which the breath was renewed or the method by which the action was accomplished."

Belletti, one of the assisting artists of the troupe, was a very beautiful singer with a pure, vibrant Italian voice, but with a most amusing pronunciation of the English language. His singing of "Why do ze nazzions so fooriosely raage zu geder?" could not be heard without an audible smile from the audience.

The other members of the company were Salvi and Badiali, and later Otto Goldschmidt as pianist. There was always a good orchestra of about sixty or seventy, and it was at one of these concerts that Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony" was given for the first time in this country. When Otto Goldschmidt joined the company it became evident from Jenny Lind's devotion to him that he was destined to become her husband. Sometimes the audiences broke out in a tumult of impatience during his performance of Thalberg's long fantasias, and Mlle. Lind—who always appeared in the wings while he was playing—took this means of silencing their murmurs of dissatisfaction. Her own rapt attention to the piano numbers made it impossible for the audience to assert itself, and her presence on the stage compensated in a measure for this delay before her next appearance.

While we were in Boston it was arranged to give the last two concerts at the enormous hall over the Fitchburg Railroad Station. Barnum, by some miscalculation of

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the floor space, had sold many hundred more tickets than the place would hold, and the result was one of the most enraged crowds I ever beheld. I arrived rather late at the hall, and not being able to find any rear door to the stage, I had to explain my situation to the police at the entrance, and by their aid managed to get inside the doors. The aisles were so blocked with people that it was simply impossible to make any progress, and it was finally suggested by some enterprising man that I should be lifted up and passed over the heads of the people until I reached the stage. It was not unlike being tossed in a blanket, but I was a youth of slim proportions and finally reached the footlights rather more dead than alive, and very much disordered in my general appearance. I was put together, however, and took my place on the programme without causing any delay. I think this was the only time when a concert was given in a railway station; a place more obviously unsuited to a musical occasion could hardly have been devised, and we were all indignant at the management for transferring us thither from Tremont Temple, where the previous concerts had been given.

Jenny Lind made many warm friends in this country, and it was at the house of Mr. Samuel Ward, of Boston, that her marriage with Otto Goldschmidt was solemnized by Doctor (afterward Bishop) Wainwright. She always retained a sincere regard for the American character and some extracts from one of her letters will show how truly she appreciated all that was best in our people, although she was in no wise blind to their undeveloped artistic tastes nor the unusual methods of her impresario. It is addressed to Joseph Burke, with whom she kept up a desultory correspondence for many years, and whom she was ever ready to welcome to her home near London when chance led him to visit the Old World.

"Dresden, 17 *Feby*, 1853.

"My Dear Friend: It was with a very great pleasure that I received and read your kind, friendly letter of the 1st of January, and many thoughts wandered through my head when I reflected upon the many changes that have taken place since our first New Year's Eve together in Charleston! It is a beautiful thing in life to find Persons we can esteem and feel friendship for, and you are certainly one of those who have many times cheered me and made me to believe in solid friendship, and I for my part shall always feel interested in your welfare and happiness.

"I often think of America, it is the new world that is true; *there* is active life and room to take breath, while Europe is old, quite a Grandmother to the rest of the world. Here are thousands of beautiful things certainly, and life in Europe is rich and full of Art and Poetry, but except England there is here everywhere great *infidelity*, great want of moral activity. People here mostly misunderstand life's claim, object, and end—and this makes *me* to feel a stranger. Surrounded though I am by Kind People I feel already as if I was to spend my whole life in Germany, my soul and my faculties would remain undeveloped for want of such examples as I have seen in England and in America, and yet how many good qualities do the Germans possess, but—the *Pride* makes them blind—and Pride is our greatest and most dangerous *foe*.

"We are thank God very well, but I have nevertheless been obliged to make up my mind not to sing at all (I mean in public) this winter for indeed my head and my nerves wanted rest if I am to regain my former Powers once more. America, the anxiety I experienced there every time I sang to a 'Barnumish' House (you will understand all I mean with that only word) has put me down very considerably and my whole iron constitution was necessary to resist as well as I did. The *tranquility* I enjoy now does me much good I feel, and my voice is in perfect order, so that it is a great sacrifice for me not to sing.

"That you did not go to California was in my opinion very wise, you would have regretted your voyage I fear. And Miss Barnum married! She is a good-hearted Person, may she have found the man that can make her happy!

"I wished that you had some nice raisonable Pupils that could cheer you up in your fatiguant lessons as a Music Teacher, but I know well from experience how seldom one finds a little more than commonplace mediocrity in the musical *geniuses* of the Family celebrities! I remember your playing like that great Pianist with the chromatic pas-

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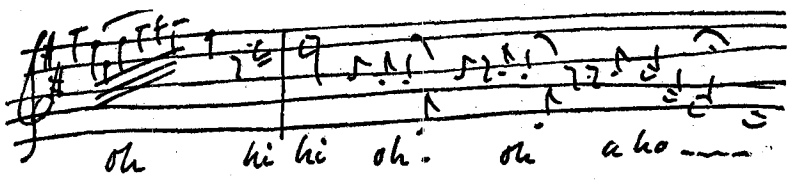
sage with the right hand, how we used to laugh then. Poor my Max,*—I knew he would have dark days before him, but it will come right again I hope, as he has the gift of throwing off many trials with a real *patte de chat.* He is to a very high degree violent in his temper, and only hard circumstances will put him down. Our education in London is so foolish, that instead of smoothing down our by nature volcanic, they do all they can to tune us up still higher, and this is a great misfortune.

"Mr. Goldschmidt begs me to send you his best compliments, he continues to make justice to my opinion of a true, uninterested friend of mine, he is very kind and faithful to me, bears with great patience and mildness my many infirmities, and my impulsive nature gets smoothed by his equal and dignified temper. God bless and lead him on in the right way, as I have every reason to love and respect him.

"Miss Ahmanssen is always the same self-sacrificing friend to both of us with her whole heart and true affection, she has been the greatest use to me through her experience in everything and my little——begins to walk better with every day. John has been with us again all since the month of June but now we send him away again—Little——was left in England she was so ill.

"Our journey through Switzerland was very delightful. That is nature! how beautiful those snowy mountains with their everlasting Winter. I was delighted to look up to those summits into which no human Pride ever will climb but in his *thoughts!* And the German must feel sullen, angry, not to be able to tell what century that *buildt* them.

"I expect that you like Alboni's singing (although she is rather fat as a person!) 'tis true from years ago at least, she sang beautifully with feeling, taste and understanding, pity that she has spoiled (broken) her voice by making it a high Soprano, she is by nature intended a Contralto. And now—God bless you and protect you, my dear J:—may you remain in good health and Spirit 'till we meet again! Give my best compliments and kindest regards to your family. Mr. G:—also begs to be most kindly remembered to you all, and I remain now and always your old (new) acquaintance and friend*



"JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT,
"*born* LIND."

Another letter from Sir Julius Benedict seems to show that he, too, had formed some pleasant friendships on our shores and carried back with him agreeable memories of his visit to our country.

"2 MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON,
"31st *March,* 1856.

"DEAR BURKE: I have been so much occupied of late that I could not immediately answer your kind letter of last month, but I can assure you I am quite happy to think that you have not forgotten your old friend. I delivered your note to Madame Goldschmidt who as well as her husband and my Godchild are in excellent health and spirits. Their success is even greater than in 1847 and 1848. The receipts of the concerts can only be compared with the best in the United States, and instead of flagging the excitement is on the increase. They have now left for a tour in the provinces of 7 to 8 weeks, with Ernst and Piatti, but this being the busiest time for me I could not accompany them; I expect them, however, back about the 10th of May, and they then will perform again for the first time at my concert on Wednesday, May 21st. You have heard no doubt of the burning of Covent Garden Theatre. Lumley is to open early in May with Bottesini as Musical Director, Albertina, Piccolomini, Viardot as Prima Donnas. Beaucarde, Salviani (whom you have heard at New York) Tenors, Everardi, Angelini as Bassos. Gye has the old favorites with Costa and will open about the 21st April at the Lyceum. The English Opera at Drury Lane with

* Mlle. Lind's secretary, Max Hjotzberg.

* Cadenza from the famous "Echo Song."

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Lucy Escott—and Drayton does a tolerable business. I have accepted the Conductorship of the new Philharmonic conjointly with Dr. Wylde. What you told me of P. T. Barnum has quite taken me by surprise. Why could not he let well enough alone with the enormous wealth he has collected? I saw poor Le Grand Smith at one of Mde. Goldschmidt's concerts just two days before he sailed in the ill-fated *Pacific*. What a horrible story if she should be lost! Mr. Wilton has just turned up again from Australia where he accompanied G. W. Brooke the Actor. I am glad to see that you keep up your violin playing and that you performed my favorite Concerto at one of the Philharmonic meetings, which I have already heard was quite successful. Belletti is still at Genoa, where he has been singing, but where his career was stopped for a considerable time by illness. I shall give him your friendly greetings. Pray remember me to Hoffman, Timm, Scharfenberg, Rackemann and all those who yet remember me. I very often think of the happy days we passed together, our Chess Battles, and your beautiful Country where I received so much kindness on all sides and which I fear I shall never see again,

"Believe me, my dear Burke,

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"JULES BENEDICT."

So much has been written of the wonderful tour of Jenny Lind through the United States that it would seem as if nothing more was left to be said. Her triumphs and her charities went hand in hand, and a quotation from Rosenberg's book, now out of print, describing her first year in this country will show in what high esteem she was held by every one: "She must not be estimated alone as the greatest vocalist who has ever appeared before the lovers of melody on these shores, or on those of Europe. She is essentially one of the noblest, most self-denying and most charitable of living women. None who have met her and known her can doubt this, as none with whom she has at any time been connected can fail of appreciating her warm and kindly nature."

The people of New York and Boston had received a strong musical impulse from the Lind concerts. and it was not astonishing to find them ready to extend as warm, if not as excited, a reception to Thalberg as they had to Jenny Lind. He was not managed by such a showman as P. T. Barnum but he was well heralded by Ullmann, and I distinctly remember the intense curiosity with which the audience awaited his first performance in Niblo's concert room in the autumn of 1855. He was the first really great pianist of European fame to come to this country, and he was known to have divided the honors and opinions of the old world with Liszt himself. It is true De Meyer had been here and had in turn astonished and charmed his audiences by his immense "tours de force" and his delicate touch, while Gottschalk, fresh from his Parisian triumphs, had also been heard and admired, but the colossal reputation of a Thalberg had worked up the pitch of expectancy to fever heat. It was not a trifling incident of the day or week to go to one of these concerts, but a much-coveted privilege eagerly sought for and anticipated as a rare treat. At the matinees, always largely attended by ladies, quite a social feature was added by the serving of tea and light confectionery during the entr'actes.

Thalberg was immensely successful, giving as many as three concerts in a day, one in the morning and evening in New York, and a third in the afternoon in Brooklyn. His repertoire consisted only of about twelve of his own fantasias, but these were played with absolute perfection. There is no doubt that the great players of the last generation were much more perfect in technical finish than those of the present time who play everything from Bach to Liszt. Thalberg was wise enough to avoid all compositions which he felt did not belong to his peculiar genre; he did not encroach upon the classics, and consequently he never scored any failures. He knew his limitations, but he did not allow others to discover them. He was satisfied to be successful in his own compositions, which still remain the best operatic transcriptions extant. His perfect virtuosity was the result of untiring labor. Vincent Wallace once told me that he had heard him practise two bars of his "Don Pasquale Fantasia" in the octave variation on the Serenade for a whole night, never leaving the piano until sunrise. I gave my warmest sympathy to Wallace, but I confess to have enjoyed very keenly the result of the night's work. I

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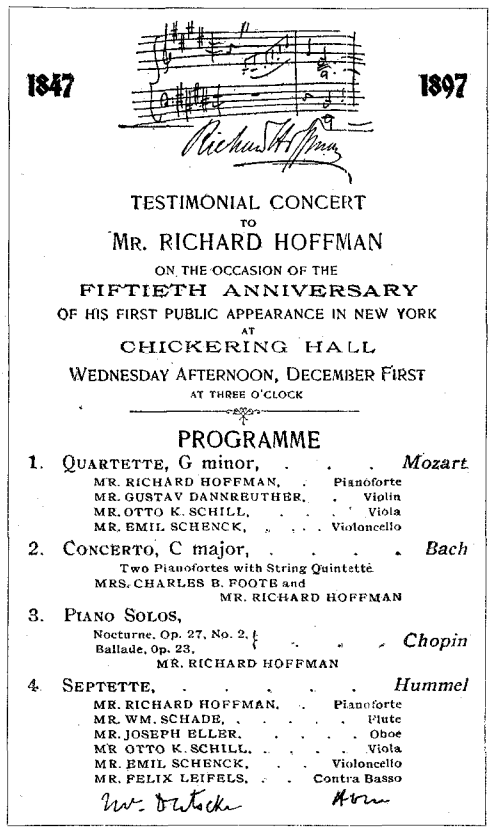
think I heard him every time he played in New York, as Ullmann sent me an entrée to the concerts for the season. I had always been an ardent apostle of his methods, and the more I heard him the more I felt his claim on my admiration.

Later in the same year Thalberg and Gottschalk joined forces and played some duets for two pianos at the Niblo concerts, one in particular on themes from "Trovatore" composed by both of them, and which I have never seen in print, was wonderfully effective and created the most tremendous furore and excitement. A remarkable double shake which Thalberg played in the middle of the piano, while Gottschalk was flying all over the keyboard in the "Anvil Chorus," produced the most prodigious volume of tone I ever heard from the piano.

Gottschalk and Thalberg brought their own European grand pianos with them, the former used a Pleyel, and the latter an Erard, but finding the Chickering grands so satisfactory they both adopted them, as the foreign pianos suffered very much from our changeable climate. The retirement of Thalberg and Gottschalk practically ended the reign of those artists, who devoted their whole energies and talents to the perfection of execution, and for this end chiefly using their own compositions as mediums of virtuosity. If Gottschalk's reputation as an artist of the first rank has been somewhat dimmed by succeeding virtuosi as well as by the change which has taken place in the taste of the musical public, he nevertheless stood alone as master of a style all his own. Possessed of the languid, emotional nature of the tropics, his music recalled the land of his birth and the traits of his people. He became at one time the rage in society; he was overwhelmed with attentions from the fair sex, and was sought after both in public and private. He must have been completely overpowered by these testimonies of esteem had he not been endowed with more strength of character than is generally accorded to him. I knew him well, and always found him a generous and sympathizing friend, ever ready to aid in advancing my career, and according to me all the credit which was my due. I often assisted him at his concerts in duets for two pianos, one on themes from Verdi's "Jerusalem," another his own arrangement of "William Tell," and after his return from Cuba we played his Cuban dances for two performers on one piano.



1847 1897

TESTIMONIAL CONCERT
TO
MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN
ON THE OCCASION OF THE
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF HIS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK
AT
CHICKERING HALL
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER FIRST
AT THREE O'CLOCK

PROGRAMME

1. QUARTETTE, G minor, . . . *Mozart*
   MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN, . Pianoforte
   MR. GUSTAV DANNREUTHER, . Violin
   MR. OTTO K. SCHILL, . . . Viola
   MR. EMIL SCHENCK, . . . Violoncello
2. CONCERTO, C major, ... *Bach*
   Two Pianofortes with String Quintette
   MRS. CHARLES B. FOOTE and
   MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN
3. PIANO SOLOS,
   Nocturne, Op. 27, No. 2, } . . . *Chopin*
   Ballade, Op. 23, }
   MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN
4. SEPTETTE, ... *Hummel*
   MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN, . Pianoforte
   MR. WM. SCHADE, ... Flute
   MR. JOSEPH ELLER, ... Oboe
   MR. OTTO K. SCHILL, ... Viola
   MR. EMIL SCHENCK, . . . Violoncello
   MR. FELIX LEIFELS, . . Contra Basso

(See page 442.)

At his second concert in New York, after his return from Paris, he chose to play Weber's "Concertstück," rather a strange choice, as it was physically impossible for him to execute the octave glissando passages as marked, from a habit of biting his nails to such an extent that his fingers were almost devoid of them, and a glissando under these circumstances was out of the question. He substituted an octave passage, played from the wrist with alternate hands, very cleverly to be sure, but missing a good deal of the desired effect. He was so persistent in this habit of biting his nails that I have known the keys to be covered with

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blood when he had finished playing. It was the fashion at that time always to wear white gloves with evening dress, and his manner of taking them off, after seating himself at the piano, was often a very amusing episode. His deliberation, his perfect indifference to the waiting audience was thoroughly manifest, as he slowly drew them off one finger at a time, bowing and smiling meanwhile to the familiar faces in the front rows. Finally disposing of them, he would manipulate his hands until they were quite limber, then preludize until his mood prompted him to begin his selection on the programme. He devoted himself almost entirely to his own compositions, which were full of character and charm, and he remains to-day the one American composer of genuine originality, the "Bamboula," "Marche de Nuit," "Le Bananier," "Jota Aragonesa," and others too numerous to mention bearing abundant testimony of his genius.

I have often seen him arrive at a concert in no mood for playing, and declare that he would not appear; that an excuse might be made, but that he would not play. He cared no more for the public than if he had been in a private drawing-room where he could play or not as he pleased; but a little coaxing and a final *push* would drive him on to the stage, and after a few moments the fire would kindle and he would play with all the brilliancy which was so peculiarly his own. He was possessed of a ringing, scintillating touch, which, joined to a poetic charm of expression, seemed to sway the emotions of his audience with almost hypnotic power.

His eyes were the striking feature of his face, large and dark with peculiarly drooping lids, which always appeared half closed as he played. There must be some youthful grandmothers in New York to-day who have experienced the charm of their magnetic albeit languorous glances.

There was much that was sad and painful about his death, which occurred at Rio, in 1869. A mystery hung over his last days which has never been clearly explained. All that we know is recorded by his sister, who edited his book, published in 1881, and entitled "Notes of a Pianist." These notes, originally written in French, are so full of spirit and local color that one is almost inclined to believe that Gottschalk, had he lived, might have been as prolific and original with his pen as he was in his music.

After I had been in America eight or nine years I frequently went abroad to pass the summer, and it was during one of these visits I first met Charles Hallé. I met him one day at Broadwood's, where he was choosing a piano to play upon at a matinee that afternoon at the Musical Union. He made me try it for him, and invited me to go to the concert and hear him play. He gave some selections of Chopin, and later at St. James's Hall I heard him in some of the last "Sonatas" of Beethoven. He had formerly played all of the sonatas by heart, but was not doing so then, and used an invention for turning the leaves which was acted upon by a pedal worked with the right foot. Although he was among the first to play all the Beethoven sonatas by heart, he no longer felt able to continue the mental strain of this Herculean task.

England was justly proud of this great artist, whom she claimed for her own, conferring upon him the highest honors reserved for her choicest talent and most esteemed subjects.

I made the acquaintance of Ernest Lubeck at this time—about 1863—and heard him play at the London Philharmonic Mendelssohn's "D Minor Concerto," and at the Musical Union Beethoven's "E Flat Sonata" and the last movement of Mendelssohn's organ "Sonata in F." We afterward travelled together to Paris, where I dined at his house. He introduced me to a new set of études he had just composed, very clever and effective. I had sent some of my pupils to him, who were going abroad for musical study, and he showed me much kindness and hospitality. I learned with regret that he died soon afterward. I played his "Grand Polonaise" at one of the Philharmonic concerts in New York, but it failed to make the effect I had hoped.

Another interesting episode of the summer was my acquaintance with the Misses Leech, sisters of John Leech of *Punch*. I spent many pleasant musical evenings at their house, usually accompanied by my friend, Giulio Regondi. It was my delight to study over and over again the clever sketches by their brother, with which the walls of their house were literally covered, and seeing my interest in them they made

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me the happy possessor of two, adding to them a photograph of John Leech himself, taken from life. These ladies started a school soon after their brother's death, but the sale of his sketches at Christies' in London in April, 1866, must have placed them beyond the necessity of any bread-winning labors for the remainder of their lives. Lord Ronald Gower in his "Reminiscences" mentions that some of the water-color sketches brought one hundred pounds apiece, while those in pen and ink and pencil sold at proportionately high prices. His success in character sketching was perhaps equalled, though never surpassed, by the late George du Maurier. But Du Maurier was doubly gifted as artist and writer, and probably no man ever enjoyed a greater notoriety than came to him after the publication of "Trilby." The craze, or the malady, for it amounted to that, attacked all sorts and conditions of men, and I was so far infected by it as to compile an album of Trilby music, including the melody of "Ben Bolt." The authenticity of the latter being questioned, and another tune discovered set to the same inspiring words, I determined to try and find out if mine was correct and the one intended by the author. I wrote a little note to him, sending at the same time a copy of the music, and not long after received the following reply:

"*Feby* 3d, 195,
NEW GROVE HOUSE,
HEMPSTEAD HEATH.

"DEAR SIR: Many thanks for the Trilby music, you make me proud indeed. The tune you have put to Ben Bolt is the tune I meant—I didn't know there was another.

"Pray believe me
"Very truly yours,
"GEORGE DU MAURIER."

In looking backward over the past twenty-five years of musical events in this country I would signalize the following as among the most important: The coming of Christine Nilsson in 1870, the concert season of Anton Rubinstein, and the three engagements of Dr. Hans von Bülow. Add to these the great musical festival of New York in 1881, at the Seventh Regiment Armory, conducted by Dr. Leopold Damrosch, and those of Cincinnati, which did so much to awaken the musical taste of the West and to open out a hitherto undiscovered country to those of the profession who were beginning to find the East overcrowded with aspirants. Of these the first two were perhaps the most emotional in their interest and influence, and the last two the most essentially educational. The foreground of this summary contains Tschaikowsky, Dvořák, Paderewski, and the modern opera singers, all of whom are too near us to judge clearly of their influence upon the future of musical development, or to come under the head of "Recollections."*

It is true that many singers and musicians of note had come and gone in the interval since Jenny Lind and Thalberg, but there had been none since these whose reputation and advent had awakened such lively interest as that aroused by the engagement of Christine Nilsson. Great preparations were made for her reception. Prof. R. Ogden Doremus, who was at that time President of the Philharmonic Society, had issued cards of invitation to all the musical profession and amateurs of New York to meet Mlle. Nilsson at a reception which he gave in her honor at his house, then standing on the corner of Nineteenth Street and Fourth Avenue. It was during this entertainment that the Philharmonic Orchestra tendered her a serenade and offered the Swedish singer a welcome to America. This house, which has long since disappeared, stood far back from the street, and the gardens in front afforded an excellent vantage ground for the orchestra to station itself. I was present on this occasion and recall with pleasure the charming and affable manners of Mlle. Nilsson, who made a most agreeable impression on every one. She was at this time tall and graceful, with an abundance of blonde hair, made more striking by her dark eyebrows and deep-set gray eyes. She had just come from the Grand Opera in Paris, where she had created the parts of *Mignon* and *Ophelia* in these operas of Ambroise Thomas, and her conception of *Marguerite* in "Faust" and of *Valentine* in the "Huguenots" was superlatively fine. We have rarely, if ever, had a finer actress on the operatic stage, whose divas up to this time had seldom developed great histrionic ability. Grisi, it is true, had her moments of dramatic

* This was written in 1897.

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Jenny Lind.

power in "Norma" and the "Huguenots," but Nilsson might have won fame without her musical gifts by her splendid impersonations in tragedy and melodrama. In 1873, Campanini joined the Strakosch Company and sang with Nilsson in all her best parts. His voice, then fresh and smooth, possessed many charming qualities. Like Nilsson, his acting was superb, and together they have given some of the finest representations in Italian opera we have ever had in this country.

In recalling the serenade of the Philharmonic Society to Mlle. Nilsson I am reminded of a custom now fallen into desuetude, but which at the time I speak of was a favorite method of bestowing a marked compliment upon any one whom you wished particularly to honor. The serenade was not only offered to visitors of distinction, but prevailed extensively as a delicate attention which you might pay to the lady of your choice. It was thought the proper thing at that period for a man to engage the best brass band he could afford and to proceed with it after midnight to the house of his preferred, and then to stand beneath her windows while the musicians played their most sentimental and amorous selections. It was not an uncommon sound, even, to hear a double quartette of male voices, with a French horn thrown in, singing beneath the windows of some favored damsel, while paterfamilias, or the butler, made ready some light refreshment for the donors of this graceful compliment. These romantic attentions have taken flight with the advent of electric lights, elevated railroads, and other voices of the night, but thirty-five or forty years ago even New

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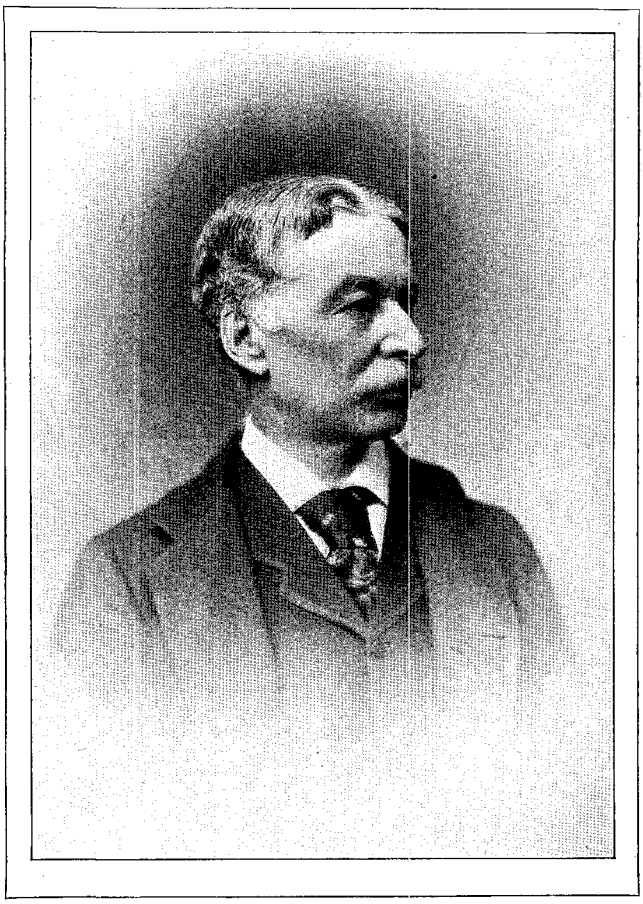

Richard Hoffman, 1893.

York had a few hours of stillness after midnight, and the night watchmen lent an indulgent ear to these revellers, who would doubtless be locked up as disturbers of the peace did they hazard such an enterprise under our modern *régime*.

If I pass somewhat hastily over the Rubinstein epoch it is not because I was insensible to its influence. I shall never forget the magnificent *en train* of his playing nor the nobility of his style, but as I had no personal acquaintance with Rubinstein beyond an introduction and a few words of greeting I cannot enlarge upon his characteristics. I recall, however, his rather startling reply, when I asked him what he was to play at his first concert: "To play?" he answered gloomily. "What matters it what I play!—but I answer your question certainly," and he mentioned several compositions.

I saw much more of Hans von Bülow, who came to the Chickerings in 1875. We met frequently in an informal way, and I played with him two or three times in public, once in the D minor "Triple Concerto" of Bach, with accompaniment of double string quartette and double bases added, and also in the concerto for four pianos, when a pupil of his and one of mine took the third and fourth pianos.* I first met him at Mr. Frank Chickering's, and as he asked me to play for him I began with some of my own compositions, which I thought might interest him more than those with which he was so entirely familiar. In reply to his complimentary criticism I said they were "only trifles," to which he quickly answered: "But trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." His

* Miss Marion Brown; Mrs. C. B. Foote.

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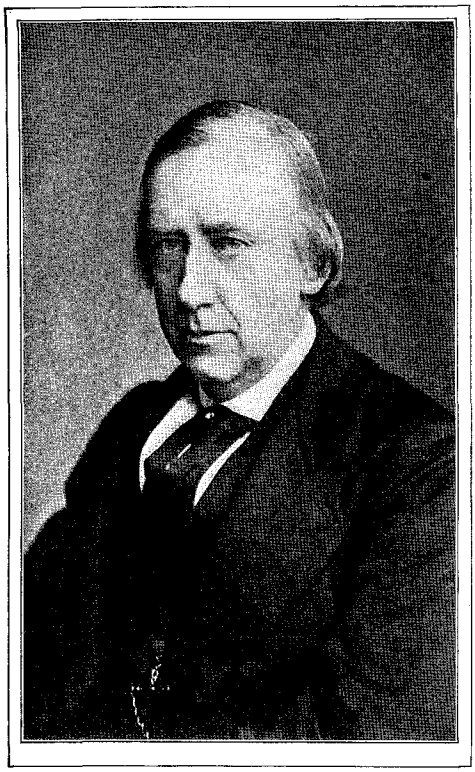

Charles Hallé.

Dr. Hans von Bülow.

wit was ever ready, and his quick repartee and dry humor made him a most entertaining companion. His audiences at Chickering Hall were composed of the most cultured amateurs of New York as well as those of the profession, and one saw the same people at each concert in their regular places. His programmes were followed with the greatest attention, and all those who were privileged to assist at this series of musical entertainments must have been sensible of the atmosphere of intellectual enthusiasm which pervaded them.

Von Bülow made the usual tour of the West at this time, but refused to do so when he came in 1884. He was particularly amused at the musical criticisms of his playing by the local newspapers of the Western cities, and kept a scrap-book in which he preserved a large number of these choice specimens of *belles-lettres* accompanied by marginal comments of his own. These contained rare bits of caustic wit and would afford a feast of amusement to-day could they be reproduced in fac-simile and given to the public. This scrap-book was in the possession of the Baroness von Overbeck, a very beautiful American who had married a German baron. She was a fine musician herself, and during the first and second Von Bülow engagements happened to be in this country. She attended all the concerts in New York, Washington, and other Eastern cities, and soon found the Mæstro ready to lay his homage at her feet, and with it this most diverting record of his Western experiences.

During his third visit, in 1889, when Von Bülow was giving his Beethoven Cycles, and performing the colossal feat of playing all the Sonatas by heart, I persuaded him to come to one of my Trio afternoons given at a private house, when a Bach programme was to be played. One of the numbers was the first "Prelude" with Gounod's "Ave Maria" melody, to which he objected, saying he liked his Bach unadulterated. He soon entered into the spirit of the music, however, and constituted himself an impromptu conductor. When the string quar-

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Sigismond Thalberg.

tette, which accompanied the concertos for two pianos, played a little too loud he did not hesitate to hush them down very audibly. He seemed to enjoy the programme highly, and one of my pupils, who played in the concerto for two pianofortes, was considerably dismayed when the doctor insisted on turning the leaves for her.

I went one evening to hear a Brahms programme, given at a club meeting, when Von Bülow was present. A sonata for piano and violin was played from a proof-copy of the doctor's, and when the performance was over he took the music from the desk and presented it to me, which may have struck the performers as hardly fair to them, as I had taken no part in it. But he was an impulsive spirit and it would not have helped matters had I asked him to amend his preferences, hence I still keep the copy, which I value very much.

The following letter came to me from him in acknowledgment of the dedication of one of my compositions which I sent to him soon after his return to Germany in 1889:

"HAMBURG, 5th of Jan'y, 1890.

"DEAR SIR:

AND WORSHIP—COMPANION FOR THE HEROES BACH, BEETHOVEN AND BRAHMS!

"I feel most unhappy that you must have considered for many weeks my poor self as a first rate ruffian because I did not answer sooner your kind note. But of course the curse of letters going astray occurs very often in my wandering life and the heaping of epistles from everywhere.

"Now—revising and putting in order my papers at the threshold of the New Year—finally I got repossessing your flattering lines. Accept please one hundred and eleven thanks for the honor you will bestow upon me your E♭ Minor Scherzo. With best regards to Mrs. Hoffman and heartiest albeit retarded greetings of the Season, I remain dear Sir,

"Yours most truly,

"HANS VON BÜLOW."

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Between the first and second visits to this country, he had married a woman of unusual culture, charm, and intelligence, who has recently edited with great ability several volumes of his letters, published in Germany and America soon after his death. It is gratifying to know that in her devotion and sympathetic companionship he must have found compensation for the troubles and sorrows of his first matrimonial experience.

There is no doubt but the musical world of to-day is strongly dominated by Wagner. Musical thought is unconsciously influenced by any school of music that suddenly supplants the old traditions, and it is difficult for composers to avoid a certain imitation of so subtle and powerful a style as that of Richard Wagner.

If the old laws of composition interfere with his inspiration he discards them and makes his own—but he produces tonal effects that are superlatively fine. We all crave new sensations, and he has given them to us, sometimes, perhaps, at too great length, since we are mortals and the "sublime" will "weary" if not withdrawn before nature is exhausted. But who has interpreted with greater fascination the sounds of the forest or the rippling of waters, the song of the bird or the crackling of flames! Add to these the love *motifs*, the picturesque settings of his operas all planned by him, and the stupendous task of adapting the old legends and myths into poems that hold your interest and attention through hours of representation, and you have before you the work of a Titan that claims the admiration of the world.

It is often a subject of wonder to people how anything new can be evolved from such

From a photograph, copyright, 1861, by C. D. Fredericks & Co.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk.

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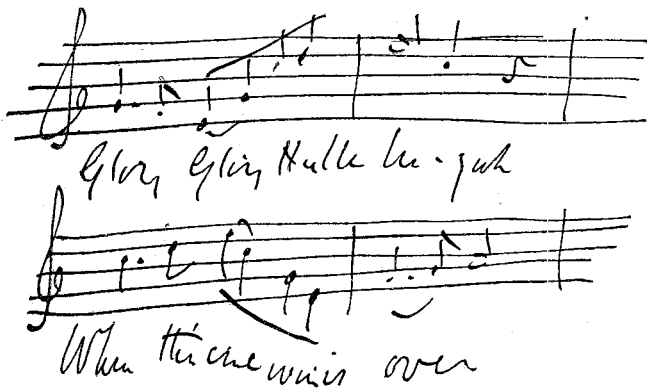
well-worn material as the old musical gamut—or scale—but it is, after all, only a framework, and inspiration has its own tools. We do not criticise the sacred fire if it consumes our oldest traditions. Perhaps the story of Balfe's method of finding melodies when inspiration failed may be new to some. He would put the letters of the musical alphabet on separate bits of paper, duplicating each letter several times, then draw them out from a hat, one by one, and note them down, having previously decided upon his key and time. The reiterated notes of some of his melodies certainly warrant the truth of this:

And still another of the composer of the "Glory Hallelujah" chorus of war-time fame, who, in consequence of its popularity, turned the tune upside down and manufactured "When this cruel war is over," and garnered another good harvest:



But these tricks are unworthy and only fit for the factory which is now striving to enter into competition with the handwork of the musician, and to give to the world, by means of mechanical contrivances, what he has paid for perhaps with his life's blood. They will have their success and their day of triumph, but they cannot survive.

It has often amused me to look for musical resemblances; there are so many curious instances of the same musical phrase being conceived by different great composers. It is perhaps remarkable that they do not occur oftener. I have discarded many of my own compositions that I thought rather good, because some one, perhaps one of my own children, would say upon hearing it: "Oh, father, that is just like so and so!" naming possibly some well-known composition. I usually found they were right in their diagnosis, and I would decide to change the treatment or, more often, give up the case.

If it were possible to look as far into the future as I have into the past, I might predict that the great composers of the twentieth century would be found in America. To-day, even, we can name several of whom we are justly proud. Who knows, indeed, but the descendant of the native Indian will be capable of singing the songs of the forest primeval, the rush of the cataract, and the legends of his vanished tribe, in harmonies as yet unheard or even imagined. I am told that given the usual advantages of an ordinary education, it takes but one generation from the full-blooded savage to make an excellent orthodox divinity student, as well as a good American citizen with right of suffrage. If the road is so short from the prairie to the pulpit, and from the wigwam—shall we say to the White House?—why may not music look for a new prophet among this people so amenable to the influences of civilization? They have ever been a silent race, given to but slight interchange in language; it is not impossible that they should eventually find their inspiration in music, and wring from our well-nigh exhausted gamut tonal effects hitherto unknown.

The testimonial concert which was tendered to me at Chickering Hall on December 1, 1897, [p. 434] in celebration of my fifty years of musical work in this country, led me to search the archives of memory for these musical recollections. Scattered and incomplete as they are, I dedicate them to those who have been my friends and pupils in the course of this long period, and who have helped me by their encouragement and appreciation to feel that my labors in the cause we have loved have not been in vain.

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A FLIGHT FOR THE COUNTESS ROYAL

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

THE King was waiting. His expectant ear heard the distant hum of a motor as sweet music. Out of the shadow thrown by a hill-top in the moonlight flashed the apparition which was to give him the wings of youth. Familiar with the landing-place, it glided in faultless precision toward that solitary figure in Tyrolese hunting costume on the outskirts of the grounds of the Palace of Lindenberg.

"Have I kept you long, your Majesty?" asked Danbury Rodd. He had flown straight from Vienna, that Paris without rouge, of which he had grown exceedingly fond while occupied in establishing his Austrian plant.

"No," said the King. "I came out early in case you should be early. But you never are, nor are you late. You are always just on time."

"I will bear that in mind for the next occasion."

His Majesty laughed at the thrust. Indeed, he laughed heartily, as a prisoner might when he found himself free to do as he pleased.

"On the next occasion! You must think I imagine you are a gentleman in waiting from the way I bid you go and come. But it has been a long day, full of dulness—six changes of uniform, two addresses, and too much Prime-Minister! As the afternoon wore on I could not resist tempting your good nature again. So I wired."

"To my delight!" Rodd answered. The cipher telegrams from Lindenberg were all to his taste. They had no sense of royal command. They gratified his liking for the man; for it was the man, not the King, whom he served. "The destination is the same?" he asked.

"Yes, to the Countess Hoffeldt's lodge," said His Majesty, wrapping his cloak about him to keep out the pressure of the night air as they rose. "You must know the way well by this time!"

"Yes, so well that I think I could go it on foot without looking at the sign-posts."

"You make feasible what otherwise would be out of the question. Thanks to you and your aeroplane, I dine with the Countess and the court is none the wiser. I finish my day's work; I am away in the night; and I am up for inspection of the guard at seven the next morning, as every King of Lindenberg has been for several hundred years."

"It really means so much to you? I am gratified, indeed," said Rodd.

"And probably you have wondered why I like to dine with the Countess?"

Rodd had to admit that he was human, and no human being except the Bedouin dervish has ever been known to be without curiosity.

"Then why should I keep half the secret when you already know the other half? The Countess was my sweetheart thirty years ago. I wanted to marry her. I was so determined and boyish and stubborn about it that my father had difficulty in curing me. Of course, the thing was impossible—*impossible!*"

"I hate to think it!" said Rodd. The Countess was adorable; the King, in her presence, a different being, who no longer seemed prematurely old and careworn.

"Oh, you are young! You are an American! But when one has been a king—a king and an automaton—as long as I have, he learns that it does not work out in practice for royalty to marry out of royalty."

Rodd did not believe any such nonsense. He believed in marrying whomever one loved. However, he was not going to endanger a flow of narrative with argument.

"And I did love her! My God! How I did love her! There never was any other woman on earth like her!" exclaimed the King. "Yes, I am not ashamed of it. I am proud of it. I loved her so much that it took her to cure me—not my father. She put an end to my folly by marrying an army

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Along the northern rampart a man was pacing.—Page 446.

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officer she did not love—and this for my sake and the sake of the State!"

"That is one point of view," Rodd thought, appearing too busy to talk himself and yet a magnetic listener who begged His Majesty to proceed.

Park-like pine forest succeeded pine forest; shadowy figures dotted the winding roads; bearded grain glistened in the fields, and the lights of the peasants' cottages speckled that cultivated land of counted trees and counted spears of grass.

"I married a Danish princess whom my father chose," the King proceeded. "You know what great butter-makers the Danes are. Our Lindenbergers are all for cheese, but Her Majesty would have them learn butter. She established schools, offered prizes, and set half my people to churning. But, alas! our butter would not sell and our export trade suffered. Her disappointment was possibly one of the reasons which would never let her feel at home among our hills. She always longed for the Baltic mists. For her unhappy position, which I tried to make as easy as I could, I had all sympathy, and for her memory I have all the deep respect that the Countess has for her husband's.

"Since we were free to do so, the Countess and I have corresponded regularly. When in difficulty I always seek her advice. She is a counsellor of inexhaustible fertility of resource. She gives me the cards to play against the Prussian kaisers, who would reduce all the small kings to the position of clerks in a Hamburg merchant's office. In a word, she is my inspiration and I call her my Countess Royal. But gray hairs have taught us wisdom. Now we see that our sacrifice was wise."

"She thinks so, too?" Rodd inquired.

"Why, yes," answered the King.

The *Falcon* alighted in front of a small secluded lodge in the Tyrol. A door opened and His Majesty kissed the finger-tips of the woman who stood in the outpour of light from a shaded lamp—a woman who must have been surpassingly beautiful in her youth, and a woman who was beautiful yet and sweet with a repressed sadness.

To-night as the Countess Royal took Rodd's hand she slipped a folded paper into his palm. He thrilled; yet less from this than from a message from her eyes, which could have sent a regiment fighting for her sake. It told him that the note concerned the King.

"I may expect you at eleven?" said His Majesty, as Rodd was about to go. "It would be fearful—that old Premier of mine might box my ears—if I didn't appear at inspection."

Rodd hesitated and looked at the Countess covertly for instructions.

"At eleven! We surely don't want His Majesty's ears boxed," she said quickly.

"At eleven!" Rodd repeated. It seemed as if there were already a contract between him and the Countess, which she had made and he had signed without inspecting the contents.

He set the *Falcon* drifting leisurely, with the reins over the dash-board, as he would have said, while he opened the paper. He found that there were three notes, two being enclosed within an outer one as a cover, on which was written, "Read this first." The paper was soft, the handwriting fine and delicate.

"I ask all this because I know you have a heart of romance or you would not have been so nice about bringing the King to me," he read. "The only reward worthy of your kindness you must find in the events which follow. You will go to the Castle Schürwald, which is only twenty miles east of the King's at Lindenberg. The ramparts on the north side are so broad that, with your great skill, you will be able to land. There you will find a young man, who is a prisoner of State, promenading on the walls; or, if you do not, he will soon come when he sees the aeroplane. Say nothing as to who sent you, and simply ask him if he will come for a flight. If he comes, then, after you are in the air, open the second note. That will tell you what to do next. If he does not come, return to me."

"The Countess Royal is glorious!" breathed Rodd. "The King was a pusillanimous formalist to give her up! She leads! I follow!"

Her request sealed the other two notes as effectually as a time-lock in a safe-deposit vault. In half an hour he had turned past Lindenberg and the moated and tumbling walls of the fortress of the early kings took shape. The great mass of the ruin lay dark, except for three or four illumined windows in the south-eastern corner, which was evidently kept in repair for occupancy.

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Circling in order to get his bearings, Rodd saw that the Countess was right. The northern rampart was broader than the promenade of the Brooklyn Bridge, and along it a man was pacing with a soldierly stride, as if for exercise. He stopped at sight of the aeroplane and waved his handkerchief, less in signal, it seemed, than in greeting to the ghostly visitor of the night.

The *Falcon's* runners screeched over the deplaced stones and dipped in holes where the masonry had worn away; but she was brought to a stand-still without injury to her brittle and complicated fabric. The man came running toward the spot. He was about twenty-four, tall and fair-haired. His surprise at the visitation was too complete and unaffected for him to have been a party to any prior arrangement. Rodd's wonder at this hastened him abruptly to his question.

"Would you like a flight?" he asked.

"Would I? After wearing out boot-leather for two months on these rocks, would I? But we'd better be quick. Here comes Major von Hoffman, my chief jailer!" He pointed toward a portly figure in uniform which struggled to the top of the rampart and then came stumbling and panting in their direction.

The *Falcon* shot fairly over the head of the Major, who waved his hands and shouted something about His Majesty's injunctions and his own honor, which was lost forever, and then sank on a ledge, a veritable lump of dejection.

"It is the American, Mr. Rodd, isn't it?" asked the passenger. "And in passing you saw a poor, miserable devil pacing up and down and thought you would give him an evening abroad—in Vienna, perhaps! No—don't make it Vienna! There's another place I want to go. Will you take me?"

"I am under instructions," said Rodd.

"You are? Well, what the deuce does the King propose to do with me now?"

"Honestly, didn't you expect me?" Rodd asked in turn.

"No!" The young man frowned. He was becoming urgently apprehensive. "Who sent you? What is the ruse?" he demanded.

But Rodd was busy opening note number two.

"You will proceed to the forester's lodge of the Von Lüttgen estate," it said. "Ask your passenger the way. If the Countess Sophia Von Lüttgen is waiting for you there, please make a place for her in the *Falcon*. When you have her and the young man aloft, you may open the third note."

Rodd folded number two and slipped it carefully into his pocket with number one, considering both too valuable mementos to be lost.

"I am to take you to the forester's lodge of the Von Lüttgen estate."

"To Sophia!" cried the young man. He seemed to have added a foot in stature, composed of pure ecstasy. "To Sophia! I don't care what the ruse is or who sent you if I am to see her!"

"Do you know the way?" asked Rodd laconically.

"Do I know the way? Does the bubble know the way to the top of the water?" he answered.

"The Countess Royal understands her game, evidently," Rodd thought, "and I see only the backs of the cards until it pleases her to play them. *Ich dien!*"

From landmark to landmark, now a church tower of a hill-side village, now a city, now a bridge over a stream, the passenger, his eyes ardent and shrewd with a knowledge of the topography that seemed bred in the bone, laid the course. For him the glory of flight was incident to its speed. Fields and trees spinning by meant miles that were past, minutes of impatient waiting ticked off the clock.

"Even if Von Hoffman would let me pass—and he is too loyal to grant and I am too proud to ask such a thing—" he said at last, "I could not have gone and returned in a night—and here we are!"

They were passing over a dark carpet of forest, its tawny depths blue with the moon-rays, and where it met the fields glowed a single light.

"As near as you can to that light. It is the lodge!" said the young man.

Beside the woodland path, under the shadow of the trees, on a mat of pine needles sweet with the aroma drawn by the moisture of dew, the *Falcon* came softly to rest, like some soaring thing which defied nature's clumsy fluttering of wings.

"You did not say that Sophia was there. You only said to go to the lodge!" exclaimed the young man suddenly, as if preparing himself for a disappointment

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whose possibility had, for the first time, crossed his mind.

"We'll see," answered Rodd.

They set out up the path toward the light. A door opened and a girl's figure appeared. After her came a forester with a lantern and after him his wife—solid and loyal-looking as her husband—with another lantern. Rodd could see the girl clearly enough for the picture she made to play such a tune on his heartstrings as the sight of a young and exquisite creature peering in the gloom for some hoped-for thing should play on the heartstrings of any one in the world. He was side by side with the young man, but he drew back in instinctive sense of intrusion when they came within the circle of light and she saw the young man and he saw her.

"Sophia!" he cried, with all the thoughts of the journey and of his promenades on the ramparts and the blessing of flight set in a realizing word.

"Harry!" she answered.

Then he kissed her fingers devotedly. It was the meeting of the King and the Countess Royal done in the twenties. And he held her hand in both of his, looking into her eyes, while the forester and his wife, sober and discreet as the lean, clean pine trunks, held their lanterns. Then Rodd recalled his part.

"You are both to come with me without asking any questions," he said. "It is according to instructions."

"I like the instructions very much, so far," said Sophia with a smile, which introduced herself to Rodd and Rodd to her with an informality that suited the situation.

"And I, too," said the lover. "We are ready!" He still held Sophia's hand as they walked together, the faithful lanterns following, till he had assisted her to the seat at the right of the driver.

Those two discreet faces of the forester and his wife, who had not spoken a word—they had a walking part—faded in the gloom, with two twinkling points of light in their place, when Rodd opened note number three. It was the climax.

"If you have succeeded so far," it said, "it would be too cruel for you to fail me in my final plans. You will bring the pair to the very point at my door where you alighted with the King. They are not to leave the aeroplane till I make the signal and you are ready to reascend at a second's notice. If I say to you, 'Will you do this or that?' you are to say, 'Yes.' If I say to you, 'Fly!' you are to fly. If you do not comply with my wishes I have misunderstood what lies back of that honest, clearly chiselled face of yours"—Rodd fairly blushed—"and must conclude that, after all, you are only one of the Americans who are awed by royalty and worship title in place of the democracy of human hearts."

Rodd folded number three with particular care and said to himself:

"She has me! To Thibet, if she commands!" And to his passengers: "I am to take you to the Countess Hoffeldt's."

"Countess Hoffeldt!" exclaimed the young man thoughtfully, as if trying to place the name's association. "Oh! She is the woman who was the sweetheart of my father's youth!"

"Then you are the Crown Prince of Lindenberg?" Rodd asked.

"Yes."

"And your father put you under guard for the same reason that his father put him?"

"Yes."

"I wonder if it were she who sent me that unsigned wire this afternoon?" put in Sophia. "All it said was, 'The lodge at nine, and fly if you are asked.'"

"And you came because you thought I was the sender?" asked the Prince.

"Yes. And what does it all mean? It is so very mysterious."

"Instructions number four will be verbal," answered Rodd discreetly. "That is the most I can say, except that you are not to leave your places till I give the word."

"But it is enough—enough just to be here with you!" His Highness added to Sophia.

It was a soft, whimsical night, a lovers' night, with the face in the old moon grinning to think how delightfully young our planet still is, despite the ancient dynasties of Europe. All three felt that the real pilot at the *Falcon's* wheel was the caprice of the Countess, which drove the silvery phantom with the joyous speed of light. As they dropped before her lodge it was she who hurried first to the door, bathed in the flood of the lamp's rays, her hand rising with a flutter of triumph as she saw that

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there were three figures amid the glitter of the wires between the downward sweeping planes. After her came the King, a thunderstruck majesty, while she was sparkling and perfectly self-possessed.

"It has all come out right—so far," she said. "You must have been perplexed, Mr. Rodd, by my one, two, three. Generals have been accused of burning their bridges before their troops were across. My plan put a fuse to any bridges you might not reach; for one cannot be too discreet in affairs of this kind. Or, if you will, I set you to play a scale of keys, expecting each one to strike a chord in a heart; and the way the hearts answered—why, that proves everything! Doesn't it, Harry?" she inquired sweetly of the King, who now recovered his power of speech.

"My son—*you!* And Mr. Rodd—*you!* All this secrecy behind my back! What does it mean?" he asked almost ill-temperedly.

"It means, Harry," said the Countess Royal, "that the dream that did not come true for Harry the Eighteenth and his sweetheart shall come true for Harry the Nineteenth and his!"

"Coltish love! My son forgets his royal duty!" insisted the King. "Time and thought will cure him."

Then the Countess turned cold.

"As they cured you?" she asked pointedly.

That struck him the blow of a whiplash.

"No! No! Ours is forever!" he cried. "I love you now as I could not then, with a greater, deeper love!"

He would have folded her in his arms if she had not drawn away even in her happiness at hearing that declaration again.

"So will they love with a deeper, greater love in time," she said. "So not the real Harry but ancestral convention makes you play the part of your father."

There the King for the first time saw his inconsistency. He flushed. He stammered. She made his confusion her opportunity.

"And they shall be free!" she said. "You are ready to take them, aren't you, Mr. Rodd?" she asked.

"To the ends of the earth!" he answered.

"And you will go?" she asked the Prince and Sophia.

"Yes!" they answered boldly, quite together. They could not have taken the cue better if they had rehearsed the part.

The King looked about him helplessly. Here was a difficulty in which he could not appeal to the Countess for advice.

"Of all things you have ever done, this is the climax!" he gasped. "Think of the scandal in the court and the newspapers! The Crown Prince of Lindenberg elopes!"

"You can avoid that by a honeymoon at the castle," she hinted.

"I wish it could be! I wish it could be!" said the King with honest fervor. "But my people! The row in Berlin! That Prussian Kaiser! My Prime Minister!"

"Wouldn't the Lindenbergers enjoy the novelty of having a truly beautiful queen? And there are ways of winning that Prussian Kaiser. Indeed, I can think of a number now, Harry." She put her hand on his arm and looked up to him, her eyes full of affection and cozening. "Harry, your fault is that you hesitate before acting, you dear, kind heart"—now she was patting his cheek—"and you let that old Premier awe you. Harry, do you care for me at all? Will you?"

"I will!" he declared sturdily. "On my royal word I will!" And regardless of the young people who were not old enough to know the nature of real love, he brought her fingers to his lips and took honor to himself for his submission by saying: "I always said, Countess Royal, that you were the cleverest woman in Europe!"

She denied the compliment.

"No, you refer to the future Queen of Lindenberg," she told him. "I am simply blessed by being loved by you"; which made him immensely proud of his courage in breaking a precedent.

"I mustn't tell this at the Aero Club when the stock-market is active, and I'll have to tone it down some, anyway, if I want to be believed," thought Rodd. "However, I have always said that the aeroplane would bring romance back to the world."

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A Baptism at Onteora.

THE PORTRAITS OF CARROLL BECKWITH

By Robert J. Wickenden

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. BECKWITH'S PAINTINGS

ON the south-east corner of Sixth Avenue and 57th Street rises a plain, seven-storied building of brick and stone. It carries no extraneous ornament other than a few rosettes along the tops of the stone facings that border a series of large windows, which rise in regular succession to a bevelled band, interspersed with skylights where the walls join the roof.

The building has about thirty years to its credit, yet looks almost as fresh as when it was erected, its precise lines testifying to an exceptional thoroughness of construction. At one time it dominated all the houses in the vicinity, and its builder, Mr. Sherwood, gave his name to this hive of studios, where much has been produced that has proved illustrious in American art for three decades past.

Among my early recollections of "The Sherwood Studios" was the attending of a reception held simultaneously by all the artists in the building during the winter of 1880–81. There, besides such veterans as the portrait-painter William Page and Jasper F. Cropsey of the Hudson River School, were A. H. Wyant the landscapist, R. M. Shurtleff with his effective wood interiors, and among the younger men the gifted Robert Blum. Blum's clearly cut features I can see still as he sat swinging easily in a swivel-chair while talking

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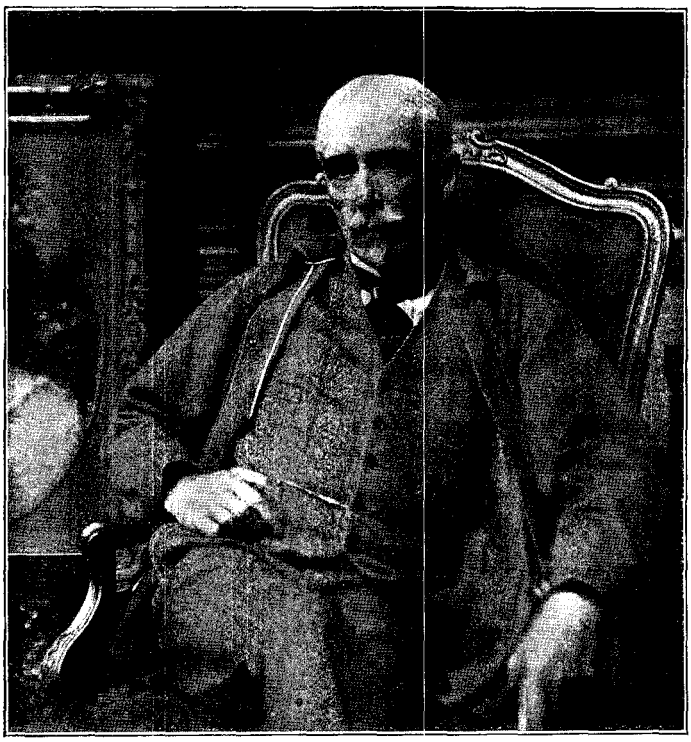
with a Japanese, his principal canvases being fresh from a visit to Venice, where he had met Rico, and had seen in passing, at Paris, works by his favorite, Fortuny.

While on the top floor, amid a number of brilliant portraits and some fresh studies from Velasquez, James Carroll Beckwith, more widely known as "Carroll Beckwith," received his numerous friends among the artists and students, with such leaders of New York society as were interested in the then newer movement in American art. For Beckwith was fresh from Paris, where, with John Sargent, he had been helping Carolus Duran in his Luxembourg Palace decorations, and the technical strength of his work stood in striking contrast to most American painting of that period. With the thorough training of the École des Beaux-Arts, and while working in the atelier of the brilliant "Carolus," Beckwith had also seen the works of Manet, Degas, and the earlier impressionists, and had his own liking for bits of sunshine, fresh color, and direct statement. To the placid producers of pleasing genre who then held high place at "the Academy," this frank treatment of unusual effects must have given a great shock. Yet none could dispute the masterly drawing, and the Art Students' League, then in its vigorous infancy, quickly secured Beckwith's services as instructor.

There, sweeping away the pretty finishing of ill-formed faces and figures, he struck at the root of the matter. "Bad proportions and feeble construction can never be improved by laborious polishing with rubber and stump. Throw these away. A sheet of Ingres paper, a stick of charcoal, your fingers, and a pellet of bread are all the materials needed. Now, learn to see right; exact proportions first of all, then construct your figure with a few simple lines, divide your light and shade into two or three tones, and make a fresh study on this basis every day." Such was the spirit of his teaching, and in carrying out these rules the students' wits were kept so wide awake that some weeks or months of keen practice induced a habit that improved all their later work.



J. Carroll Beckwith.

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Portrait of Miss Luisita Leland.

"Becky," as he was affectionately called by the students, inculcated into the league schools the doctrine of Ingres, that "*Le dessin est la probité de l'Art*," and his constant and untiring labor in a professorship, extending over a period of eighteen years, succeeded in producing a generation of draughtsmen who, often following up their New York studies in the Parisian ateliers, found themselves quite at home in their new surroundings and able to hold their own with men selected from the government schools throughout France and Europe. Many men, famous in American art to-day, thinking back, must acknowledge that this earnest teaching laid the foundation for subsequent successes.

Beckwith is, however, better known to the general public by the paintings he has produced than by his devotion to the cause of art education. From the time he exhibited "The Falconer" at the Paris Exposition of 1878, painted when he was but little over twenty-five years old, down to the present time, there have followed an unbroken series of portraits and ideal

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subjects marked by thorough design and effective execution. At the Academy Exhibition of 1879, the year following his return from Europe, was shown his full-length portrait of Mrs. R. H. McCurdy in a red

La Cigale.

dress, that was much remarked, and gave him a definite position among the painters here. After a short visit at Chicago he returned to New York, soon afterward setting up his studio at the Sherwood Building—where we still find him—and during the succeeding years transferred to canvas the features and figures of many prominent New Yorkers. What could be more typical of the elderly gentleman of the latter part of the nineteenth century than the three-quarters length portrait of the late Mr. Le Grand B. Cannon done in 1882? Mr. Cannon had been a useful man to the Union cause in a financial way during the dark days of the war, and was always a sturdy leader in civic and national affairs. Beckwith painted him from a full front view, sitting in an easy, familiar pose, that brought out the energy and geniality of his character. A replica of the portrait was painted for the Union League Club, where it now is.

The portrait of Captain Joseph Lentilhon, [page 454] executed in 1883, was one of a series of five that Beckwith painted of its succeeding captains, for Company K of the Seventh Regiment. In service uniform, with *képi*, the captain stands with drawn sword passed easily under the left arm, and is shown three-quarters length, with the

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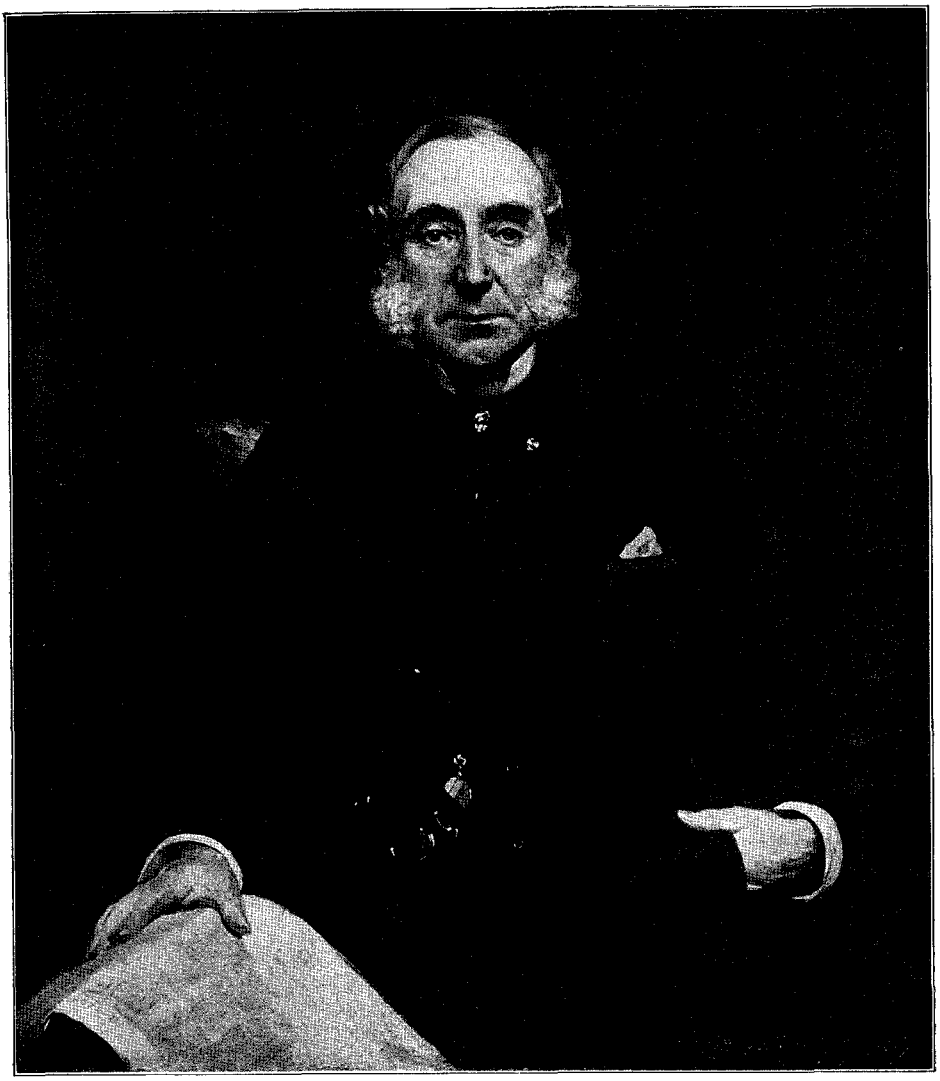

Mr. Le Grand B. Cannon.

face turned slightly toward us, relieved against a light ground. There is a fine sense of military alertness in the pose and expression of the cleanly drawn features and figure. In the simplicity of its contrasting masses it differs from the portrait of Mr. William Walton, painted in 1886, in which a corner of the studio wall covered with bright open-air sketches was used as a background. It would have been much easier to have painted in a plain ground against which to model the head, but Beckwith solved the more interesting and difficult problem by bestowing unusual care on the drawing and values, especially with regard to the receding planes. It is probable that while doing this, the artist added a sense of life and reality that make this one of his most successful works. It was shown at the Paris Salon of 1887 as well as at the Universal Exposition of 1889, receiving awards in both cases. Treated also with the frankness of *camaraderie* were portraits of Mr. Thomas A. Janvier, the author, and of Monsieur Paul du Chaillu, the African explorer. That of Mr. John Murray Mitchell in fencer's costume of crimson velvet

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1806.

traiture, as in "A Baptism at Onteora." [Page 449.] The artist has his summer home and studio at this village in the Catskills, and in 1893 Bishop Potter was called there to baptize his own grandchild. The ceremony took place in the rustic cottage of the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Russell, where an altar was temporarily arranged. The Archbishop of Zante, who came over to represent the Greek Church in the Congress of Religions at the Chicago Exposition, being Bishop Potter's guest at the time, was invited to accompany him to Onteora. After the regular ceremony of the Episcopal Church, the archbishop asked to be allowed to bestow his blessing on the infant, and, candles being lighted, accompanied by Bishop Potter and followed by his acolyte and the assistants, he passed three times round the temporary altar, chanting the orisons of the Greek Church before be-

relieved against a sage-green ground benefited by an expert knowledge in the treatment of the details, for Mr. Beckwith is president of the New York Fencers' Club, where the portrait now is. [Page 460.]

In the painting of women's portraits he has always shown an appreciative perception of the charm that belongs to the "eternal feminine"; though in few cases has he combined realization of form with such psychical force as in "The Authoress." The picture has been called "A Modern Mona Lisa," and certainly there is a fascination about the expression of the eyes and the half-smile playing about the corners of the sensitive mouth that merits the comparison; but an uncompromising fidelity to the characteristics of his model, who is evidently a woman of modern education and ideas, stamps the work as peculiarly a product of the nineteenth century.

Now and then Beckwith has combined genre with por-

Captain Joseph Lentilhon.
Seventh Regiment, 1883.

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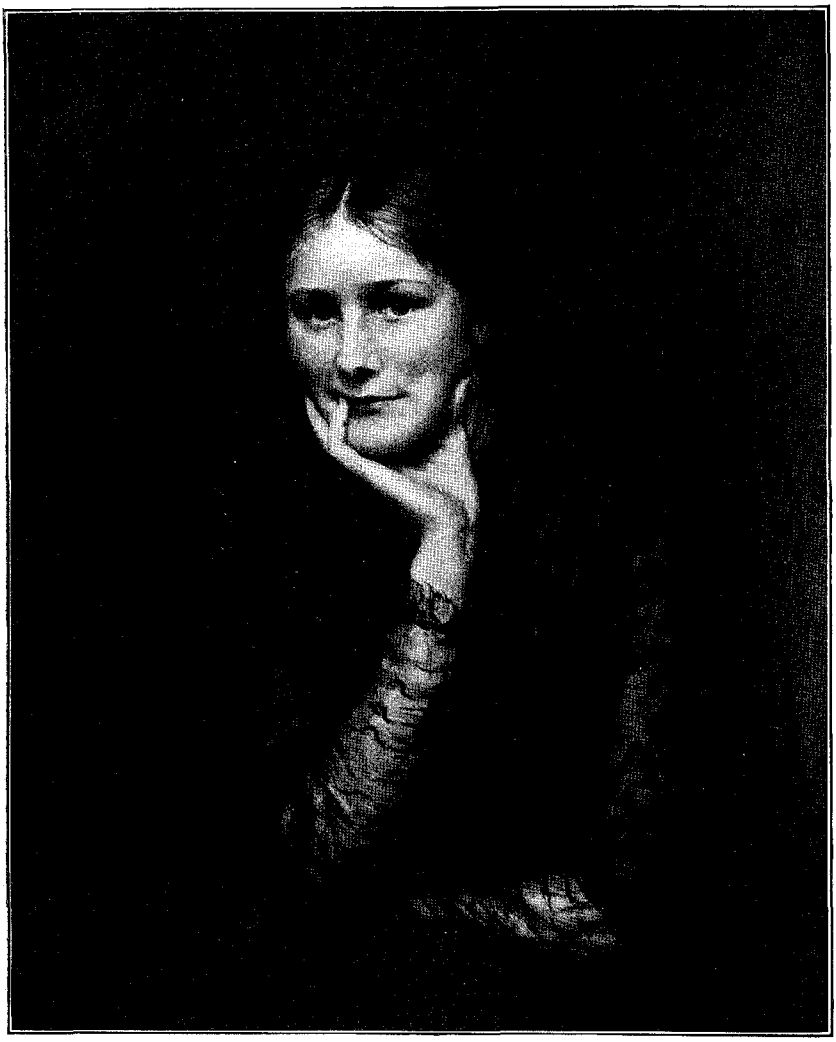

The Authoress.

stowing his blessing. All the figures in this picture are portraits, and we discover the presence of the artist and his wife, who are viewing the unique ceremony from the shadow of the massive chimney to the right.

Now and then Beckwith likes to leaven more serious qualities with a touch of humor. In "1806" we have an old "*soudard*" in the costume of Napoleon's Guard, with high shako and closely buttoned tunic. The uniform had been picked up in Geneva, and later in the season, as the artist and his wife were bicycling through Normandy, on approaching the ancient town of Bayeux, they discovered the whole countryside to be invested by some seven or eight thousand troops assembled for the "Grandes Manœuvres." A general officer, with his staff, was watching the *défilé* of his soldiers, and the expression of consequential good nature on his face suggested this picture to the artist. Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith inquired somewhat anxiously of the officers if at such a time accommodations could be had at the inn, but were politely assured that "*L'armée ne dérange jamais les voyageurs*," which proved to be true. They were given the inn's best chamber, and on rising next morning found the soldiers had disappeared, to a man, as if by magic. "1806" was duly painted, and now graces the mess-hall at West Point.

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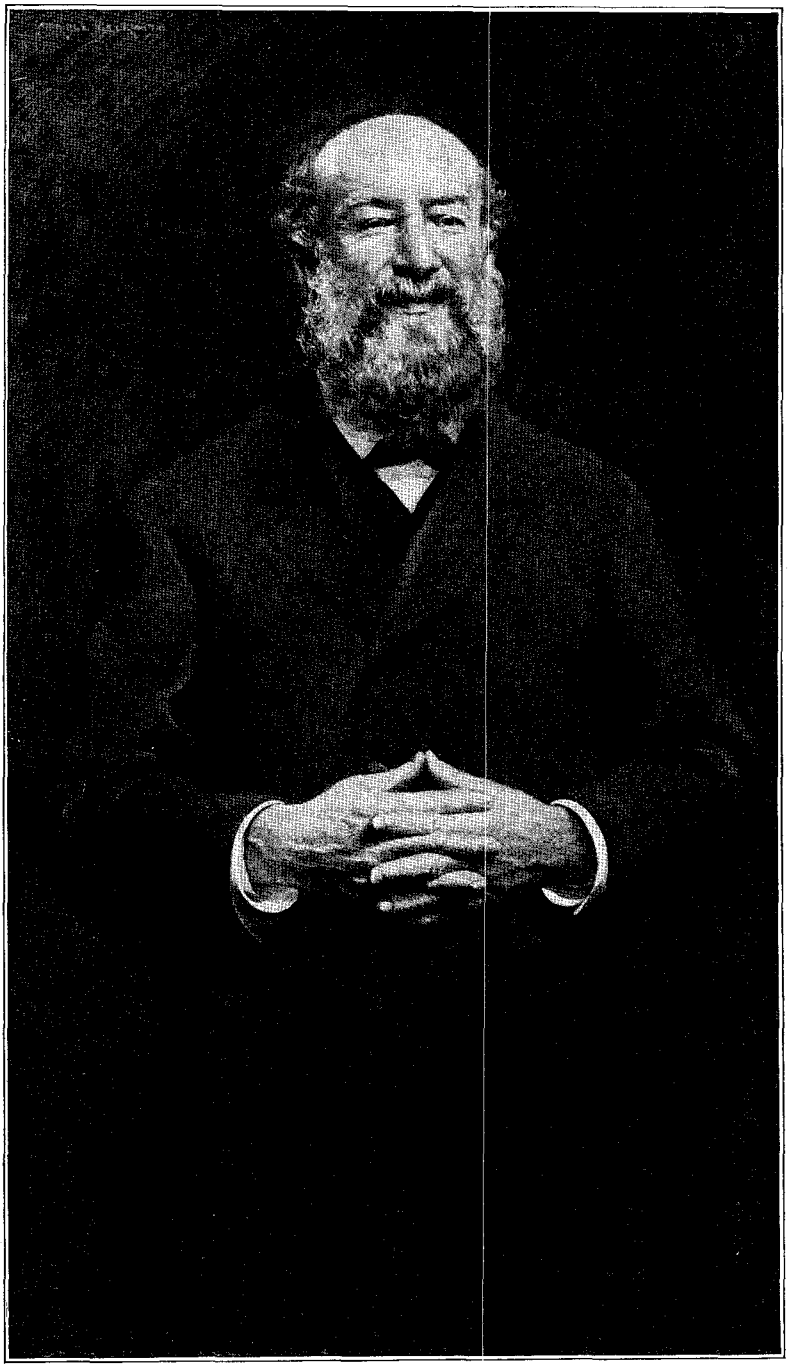

Mr. Isaacson.

"Mr. Isaacson," whose portrait was shown at the Chicago and St. Louis expositions, as well as at Charleston, where it received the gold medal, was a man of many languages who had been translator for the Baron Hirsch fund. Beckwith first painted him as "The Diamond Broker," and then did this "Portrait." The

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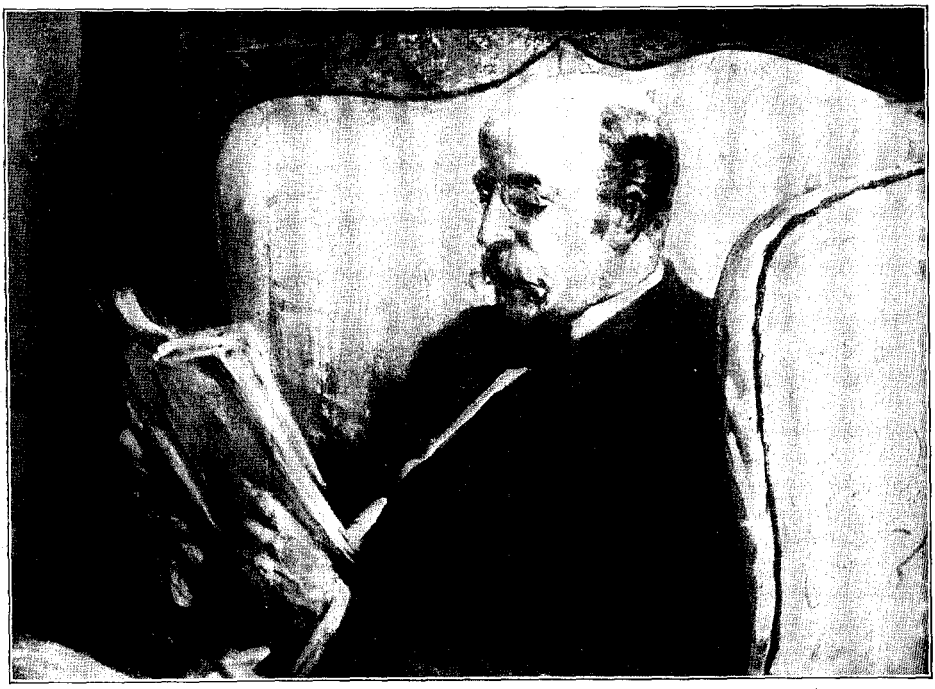

Mr. de Raasloff.

modelling of the head and face is as thorough as the expression is humorously benign, and the painting of the hands, placidly clasped in front with raised thumbs, has rarely been surpassed.

The summer life at Onteora has brought the artist into contact with the village worthies, one of whom furnished the model for "The Blacksmith" [page 458], done in 1909. This typical follower of the ancient craft stands, in his leather apron, and looks out at us inquiringly over his spectacles before finishing the horseshoe held with tongs on the anvil. The sincerity of the characterization and the carefully treated details interest us no less than the rich color qualities of the forge-burned face seen under the reflecting lights of the smithy.

Educated in the classic atmosphere of the "Beaux-Arts," and with a natural idealism, Beckwith has painted a number of symbolic studies, often depending for their interest on the delicate beauty of the female face and figure. In "La Cigale" [page 452], a subject taken from Lafontaine's fable, we have the decoratively composed head and bust of a blonde, girlish type seen in profile, with clasped hands drawn to the left shoulder, shivering under the fall of the first wintry snowflakes. "The Nautilus," "Danse Antique," "The Awakening," and other works of a similar character, served by Beckwith's remarkable skill in figure-drawing and most conscientiously painted, have perhaps been less appreciated here than would have been the case in France and Europe. The concrete qualities of his portraits seem, thus far, to have been preferred to the more fanciful creations of his brush. Yet, having seen the dome at the Liberal Arts Building at the Chicago Exposition which Beckwith decorated to the glory of electricity, one can but regret the seeming vandalism that caused it, with other interesting works there, to fall under the wrecker's axe. The sprightly genius producing a forked flash at the apex of the dome was supported in the four pendentives by female figures typifying the dynamo, the arc light, the telegraph, and the telephone. It was an essay in the idealization of actualities that might be well worth attempting again in a more permanent form.

The dignified portrait of Dr. Henry Parks Wright, Dean of Yale University from 1884 to 1909 [page 459], painted in academic robes for the alumni, has recently left the painter's easel; the study of Mr. de Raas-

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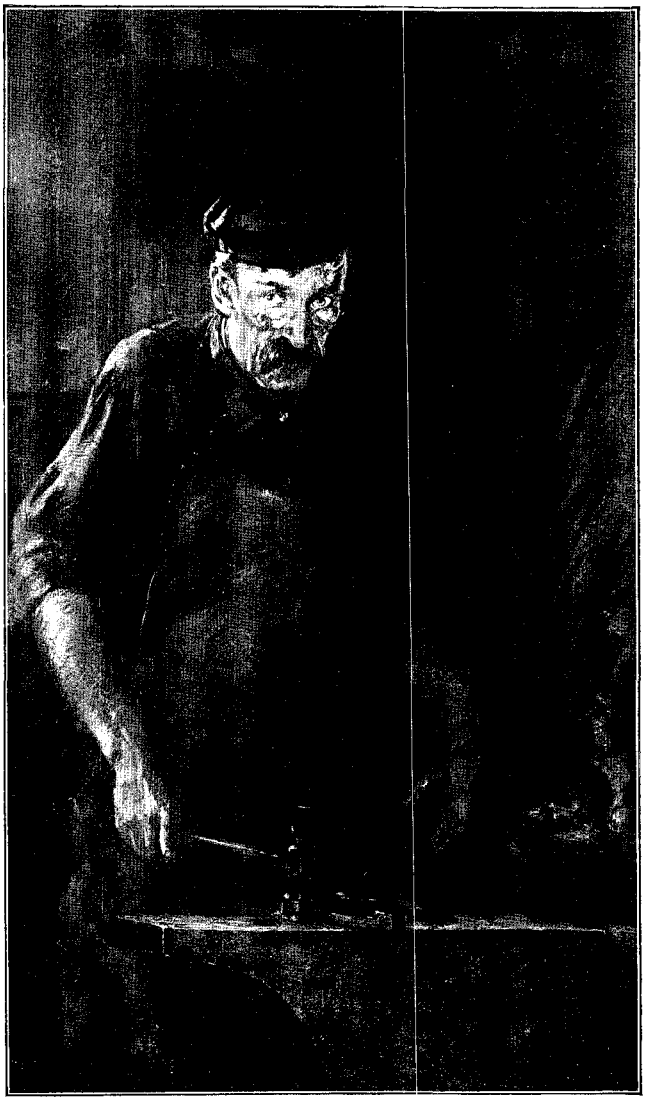
loff reading was painted at Onteora, and shown at the autumn Academy of 1909. The portrait, too, of Miss Luisita Leland, lately shown at Knoedler's Galleries, in which the broad lighting of the face and shoulders is relieved by the deep notes of the corsage and sparkling reflections from the eyes and bejewelled coiffure, is another recent and typical presentment. But it is not possible here to make anything like a complete list of the portraits and pictures done during the past thirty or more years. Whatever restrictive criticism might be invoked—and no human production has ever been spared in a final analysis—Beckwith's works have been marked by a distinction that is personal; and refinement of form, color, and expression have especially appealed to him. Refusing to follow every new fashion in painting, he has remained true to his own convictions, so that early and later works indicate a characteristic identity of aim. Basing his art on the best classical models, an exquisite taste joined to a tireless energy has certainly contributed to his success, especially



The Blacksmith.

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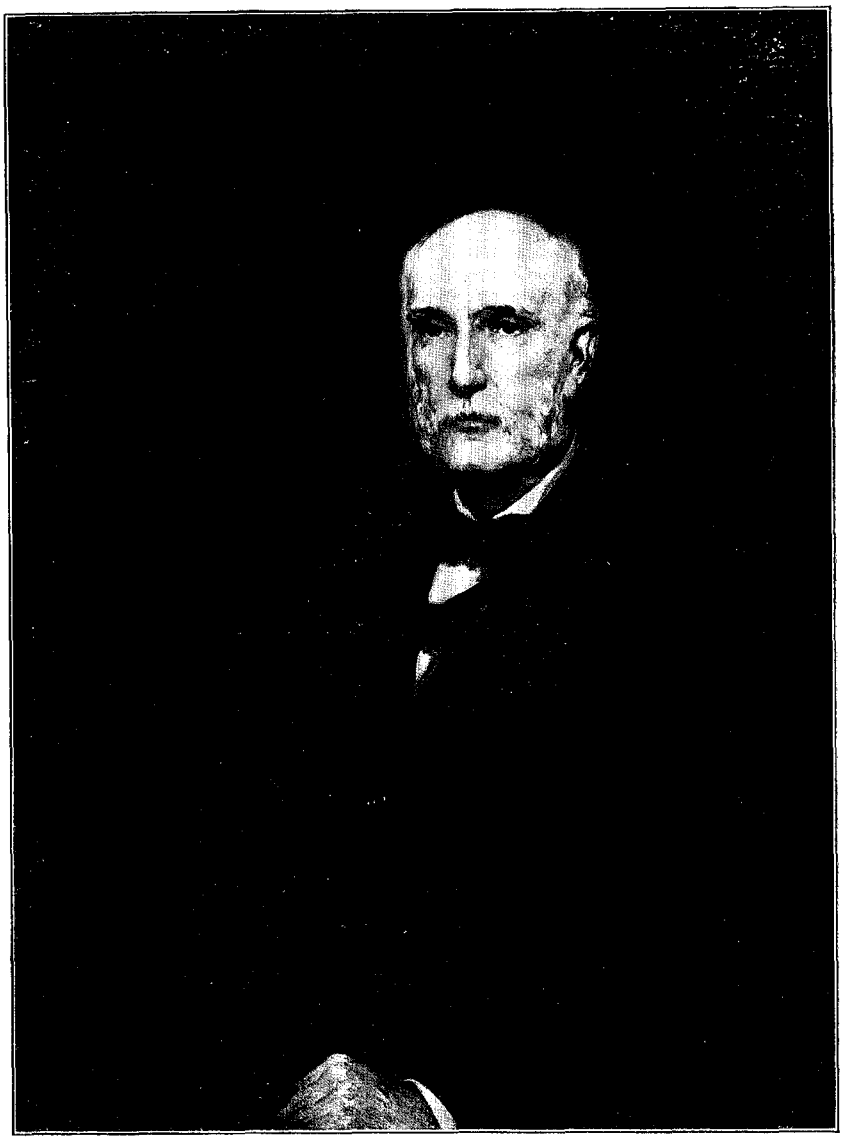

Dr. Henry Parks Wright.

in portraiture, and it has often been said that the most satisfying works of art the past has left us are portraits.

The facts of the artist's earlier life may be briefly recalled. He was born on the twenty-third of September, 1852, at Hannibal, Missouri, where his parents, originally from the East, spent some years. A return was made to Chicago, where the great fire of 1871, in altering the family fortunes, decided his father to permit him to pursue the chosen profession of art. His mother, still remembered as a woman of great charm, sympathized with these ambitions, and beginning his studies as early as 1868 in Chicago under Walter Shirlaw, he came later to New York, and worked under Professor Wilmarth at the National Academy schools till his departure for Paris in October, 1873. There, entering the famous "cours Yvon" at the Beaux-Arts, he soon took up portrait-painting under Carolus Duran, and in the atelier made the acquaintance of his fellow-student John

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Sargent. The two young artists took a studio together at 73 rue Notre Dame des Champs, where they worked during the four succeeding years. After the exposition of 1878 Beckwith returned to America, but he has made frequent summer trips to Europe for the study of his favorite masters.

He was married in 1887 to Miss Bertha Hall, daughter of a prominent New York merchant. Mrs. Beckwith's full-length portrait, in furs and bonnet, represented the artist at the Paris Exposition of 1900, and now adorns his studio.

Honors, public and private, have often been conferred upon him. He is a National Academician, and was one of the original members of the Society of American Artists. President of the Free Art League, he believes that a better-educated public and a more excellent skill are all the protection desired by the true artist. Associated with these and various clubs and organizations in New York, he has never failed to uphold the cause of art and artists with unswerving loyalty.

Though absorbed by many interests, each day sees him take up his palette and brushes with as keen an enthusiasm as attended his earliest effort. The pursuit of an ideal makes "each morrow a new morn," and certain canvases on which he is now engaged encourage the hope that the most interesting phase of his art may be yet to come.

John Murray Mitchell.

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REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

BOOK II—(Continued)

VIII

THE discrepancies of an unfortunate party caused no disturbance to the staff of Wanless Hall. Sanchia, whatever her private cares—and they seemed less than those of other people on her account—suffered nothing to interfere with her housekeeping. Ingram might rage for her in vain, Chevenix peer, or quarrel with his host and friend, Mrs. Devereux disapprove to the point of keeping her room; but Sanchia, with front serene, moved from office table to kitchen, to the gardens, to the home farm, interviewed Mrs. Benson, consulted with the stockman, pored—her head close to Glyde's—over seed-pans and melon borders, was keenly interested, judicial, reflective, pleading, coaxing by turns; seemed, in fact, not to have a perplexity in her fair head. Her health was superb, she never had an ache, nor failed of an appetite. To see her sitting in the stable-yard, on a sunny morning, her lap full of nozzling foxhound pups, was to have a vision of Artemis Eileithyia. So, it seemed, the grave mother hound, erect on haunches, with wise ears, and sidelong eyes showing the white, knew her certainly to be. Beside and over her stood Frodsham of the stables, and his underlings, firmly her friends.

She looked up, beaming. "Oh, Frodsham, aren't they sweet? One of them tries to suck my finger. What are you going to call them? I do hope you mean to keep them all."

"I doubt they're too many for the old bitch, Miss Percival. She'll not feed the lot of them. We'll be wise to duck the latest cast."

"Oh, no—please. I'll feed it—I will really. I couldn't let you drown it. Now, what are their names to be?"

"There's Melpomeen, Miss Percival, and Melody and Melchior and Melchisedek. That's for the bitches."

She quizzed him. "No, Frodsham, really that won't do. I'm not quite sure about Melchisedek; but Melchior was a man—he was a king—a king of the East. And I believe Melchisedek was an angel."

Frodsham rubbed his chin. "Maybe you are right, Miss Percival. An angel was he now? Wings to him? 'Tis a name for a bird, then. If we kept the hawks the old Squire used to love—there's a name for a peregrine. Melchisedek: a fair mouthful."

"'A priest for ever,'" mused Jacobs, a wizened elder, the kennelman, who yet bowed to the coachman in his own yard. "We may put him among the dogs, I believe. We've Proteus and Prophet, but no Priest."

Frodsham looked to Sanchia for direction, ignoring Jacobs. She flashed him a name. "Melisande, Frodsham. Call her Melisande, and save her life; and she shall be mine. I'll look after her. Please do." He owned to the spell of her eyes, of the sun upon her hair. "Melisande she shall be, Miss Percival, and your own," he said. "The missus shall rear her if the old bitch won't. She's had six of her own, and knows what it is."

Regretfully, one by one, she put the striving blind things down; then rose and went her way into the gardens above the house. Slowly through the kitchen gardens she passed. Glyde, thinning walled peach-trees, saw her, felt her go. She shed her benediction upon him—"Good-morning, Struan"—and went on. He watched her for a while, then turned fiercely to his affair. Through dense shrubberies, over drenched lawns her way was; it led her to the lily-pond, which lay hidden within rhododendron walls, with a narrow cincture of grass

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path all about it. Dark-brown, still, and translucent like an onyx it lay before her. It was her haunt of election when she was troubled as now she was, when she gave herself time to remember it.

She stood, her hands clasped before her, close to the water's brim, and looked over the shining surface. She had never yet squarely faced her difficulties. Her sceptre was slipping from her, her realm, usurped at first, hers by sufferance first, and then by love of them she ruled, could hold her but a little while more. The shadow of coming eclipse made her eyes grow sombre. Doubt of the unknown made lax her lips.

If Nevile's wife, with all her sins clotted on her, was dead, what was she going to do, or allow to be done? She had yielded to love—her first love and her last—but that had been long ago. Love, the fire, the trembling and the music in her heart; pride, the trust, the loyalty, the bliss of service; the wonder, the swooning, the glory like a sun upon her—all gone, burned out, or worked out. Why, how long had it lasted her? Her lips stretched to a bleak smile to think of it. Three months' joy in herself, three months' joy of him: then work, incessant and absorbing; and then the growth of a new pride, the pride of mind—for she found that she had a brain; and of a new love—for she found that she loved the creatures more than man. Education indeed! To draw from a child caught unawares the force and the brooding love of an earth-goddess.

In the beginning, she could have told herself (but never did), she was to be pitied, not blamed. Reticent among her free-speaking sisters, shy, what the maids call "a deep one," rarely a talker, keeping always her own counsel, she had first been moved to utter herself by the extreme carelessness of Ingram whether she did so or not. The blame—if it is to be laid—must be upon her mother when she, knowing Ingram's story of miserable marriage and separation, allowed the man to continue a friend of the house, be much with her girl, and unfold himself under her clear young eyes. What she was about—that masterful, self-absorbed woman—there's no saying. It was always supposed that, with five beautiful daughters to market, she had pushed Welbore Percival—Thomas Welbore Percival, East India merchant of the Poultry—into lavish entertainment of his friends and acquaintance. Ingram, a squire and son of squires, was perhaps a shade above her degree; she may have required him to give a tone. This, considering that wretched marriage of his—a month's engagement in defiance of head-shaking, a blazing Hanover Square wedding, a year's bickering, one month's acrimony (done by letter) and Ingram's unquenchable hatred of the woman—this, I say, you may well doubt. But I can give no other explanation. He came, he talked in his high-voiced, querulous, bitter-humored way, he saw and sought the grave young Sanchia, and he won her pitying heart directly he had engrossed her watching eyes.

She was a girl, intensely interested in a hundred dawning things, to whom love had come late. Until she was near twenty you would have thought her sexless. Senhouse, her poetical friend and teacher—her only friend, her only confidant—dubbed her Artemis; and it may well have been his adoring service of her pure flame which first turned it inward to scorch her heart. All that she learned of this scholar gypsy she poured out as balm over the stricken Ingram, who swallowed it and her together. Then the truth about him was blared upon her suddenly, and she found that he was to be pitied. Guileless victim of a hateful woman as she believed him then, she found that she held a store of balm. She pitied him deeply, she opened, she poured out her treasure. Enthusiasm for the saving work captained her thereafter; nothing would turn her from her purpose. Ingram was to be saved by love; she gave him all.

To do him justice, a young man born to possess and command, he did his best to repair what was beyond repair. He told her the truth unasked by her; he confessed that he loved her, and owned that he had no business to do it. Nearness, circumstance, brooding on that which was true to both of them and must not be uttered by either, did the rest. Upon that evening in the drawing-room when they had found themselves alone, each trembling under the god, they simply drifted together, and without effort to resist, mingled their natures through the lips. Discovery, earthquake and eclipse, her mother's chill rage, her father's tears, her sisters' dismay: all this and more she

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endured. She passioned like a young martyr. She admitted the facts without comment and accepted the consequences without a falter. They might have whelmed a greater heart than hers; turned on to the town, at two-and-twenty, a girl with the face and figure of a goddess, with fifty pounds between her and the devil. They might have sent her, at the least, weeping and trembling into Ingram's arms. But they did not. She was of finer clay. She took a lodging in Pimlico, and, to fit herself for employment, went to school. The commercial coûrse which she chose was the shortest possible, but all that she felt she could afford. "My dear young lady, we can only promise you a smattering—really no more for the money." "It must start me," said Sanchia, and began. There was a month to run when Ingram found her, and glad as she was of him, doting and doted upon, in the first flood of youth and love, she persisted in it, finished it out, and got her diploma for what it was worth, before, as he put it, she would listen to reason.

It sounded extremely reasonable to him, what he had proposed; and also to her, though Chevenix scorned its propounder. As Ingram put it to her, it attracted her new-born pride of knowledge. She was to flesh her steel, so to speak, in reality; in plainer words, she, with her smattering of accounts, was to manage a great house, an army of servants, possibly an estate. Excessively in love as she was, with all the music of it in her untried ears, she knew already in herself that her mind must have other food than her heart's rapture. I think she would have declined him altogether if he had proposed nothing more tangible to her than perpetual honeymoon. That was what Senhouse would have proposed to her—she saw that in every look of his, and read it in every line he sent her; but that had never attracted her. She had given Senhouse her confidence, but not yet her heart. Ingram's proposals, therefore, pleased her. She had not a sweet enough tooth, nor the taste for flattery which the other involved. She was entirely without vanity. Therefore, however little honorable and however much a lover of his ease Ingram may have shown himself in making them, his reasonable proposals were gratefully received. It was he who suggested, but she who took the lead. She began immediately to plan her new career; was perfectly businesslike. Ingram was to leave London at once, and go to Wanless—to his duties of the bench, his delights of the field, cares of the farm. He was to announce to his household his intention of "settling down"; and he was to announce the advent of a housekeeper. In the very outset of his bliss he must needs do as she bade him. He went, and made her ways as smooth as they could be made. Her rooms were assigned to her; her duties mapped out, the exact range of her authority. Her wages were fixed, to be paid quarterly. She would take nothing else from him—no jewellery (she wore nothing but simple things, which had been given her by her parents or sisters—amber, a string of cowries, an agate heart, a bangle or two), no frocks. She was to have two hundred a year, and throughout her time to this present she had no more, and kept herself exquisitely upon it, with a sense of what was due to him, to herself, and to her position, which was admirable, unhesitating, and never at fault. In due time she arrived and entered upon her career. That which was unlawful seemed now justified; the secret intimacy, the wedded amity, the giving which was the dearest gain she had. Discretion, on her side unsleeping, on his the more effective because he never seemed to have any, secured them. There was no scandal among the neighbors; whatever the household may have suspected, very little was said. Within a year the servants were her slaves. The rector, it is true, reproached her for not going to church. She deprecated his indignation, but didn't go.

Up to the day when we first met with her, her garden-hat in her hand, reading her telegram by the garden window, she had been eight years governor of Wanless—and for nearly two of those years alone. For the first two or three of them Ingram, revelling in his snug ease, with little to do but devise things—alterations, extensions, ventures into farming, and the like, which it was her delight to execute—never left the county, hardly cared to leave the estate. He entertained very sparingly; Chevenix came once or twice, his own brother, Maxwell Ingram; there were some dinner-parties to the countryside, hunt breakfasts, once a hunt ball. He endured these wearinesses, shrugging them away as soon as he

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could, to hasten from a dinner of dry toast and knives and forks to his room—the master's room—where supper, Sanchia, sweet intimacy awaited him. He spent thus by far the cleanliest and most sane years of his wayward life. She soothed, amused, stimulated him at once. He taught her all he knew of country lore, gave her, as they say, "the hang" of landed estate; he learned by teaching; he might have become a wholesome gentleman.

But domestic business called him to London presently. He went, and was away three months, with lawyers, fierce threatenings from Claire, intermediaries, friends of both parties and the rest of them. He was worried, flurried, put into a rage; exploded, put himself a thousand times in the wrong; finally he came back to Wanless embittered and restless. He came back to find himself welcome, but not excessively so. At least, he thought not. His extensions, suggested in that first wonderful time—a range of glass-houses, new heating apparatus, acetylene-gas installations—were well advanced. Sanchia's brows were often knit over estimates, specifications, and bills. He had to pay for novelties from which the salt had evaporated; he was never very fond of paying, and now, it seemed, he wasn't very fond of what he had to pay for. Sanchia was kind to him, but there was a difference. She was as happy as the day was long, always at work, out-doors or in, had not a moment for him (business apart) until the very end of the day, when (at eleven or so) she dressed with care and went to him at his supper. Sanchia was perfectly happy, but he was not.

He stayed six months that year—from April to September—but then went to Scotland, deer-stalking, shooting pheasants. He was back for Christmas and brought a houseful of guests—all men. Again she welcomed him, again she was kind. He was now a little blunted to the fine shades of Love, took his happiness as it happened to come, and could rub his hands over the household blessing she was. By and by, at the end of her fourth year, she took over the gardens as well as the house, was accepted by Mr. Menzies as his liege lady, and by young Glyde as much more than that. The estate management: home farm, woods, tenancies, were given up to her at the end of the fifth year, just before Ingram sailed for West Africa on a shooting expedition. By that time he had grown to depend upon her entirely for everything. She was become the faithful, well-tried wife of standing, which in a man of Ingram's bone means that nothing remained of love but entire confidence and occasional gratification. After this he left her for long periods together; for the whole of the eighth year he was abroad, "idiotically happy," as he had told her.

During all this time no intercourse with her family—except those furtive letters from her adoring old father, which were pitiful to her, because they could not be answered as he would have had them; and nothing from her friend of the Open, who had at last got himself a mate. It seemed that she had made a clean break, and that nothing of what had made her dawning life sweet and sane was to mingle with the sweetness and sanity which she had brought into Wanless. And then—after six years—she caught herself looking back. And now—here was an end of the dream.

If you are to ask me what had changed her regard for Ingram during that solitary year, so that she received him at the end of it as she did, I don't know that I can tell you all. Slowly discovery—of herself, of him—came to her, slowly combustible stuff was heaped within her; it slowly kindled, and smouldered long. No doubt he himself blew it into clear flame by his let-drop news of Claire's death. She had not known that: she never read the newspaper, having neither time for the world's affairs, nor interest in them. Suddenly, by that, she was offended; suddenly saw him as he really was, always had been, and always must be. Suddenly, also, she saw herself, as brimming with life, energy to live, and to make live, at the end of her music time. The folds fell from her eyes, she could see Ingram as a man, squalid. Nay, more: she could see him as a beast, ravening. Soon he gave her horror, so that she dared not look back upon her hours of blindness.

Perhaps he had offended her by his silence—his two letters, which she had neither invited nor answered. That can hardly account for it, since she had not written to him of her own initiative. Their parting certainly had been discrepant; the clinging and wistfulness had been hers, though she had uttered nothing of com-

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plaint or misgiving. But perhaps he had been too gay and nonchalant, a little too much the husband secure. For a week she had shivered at her loneliness; then she had plunged anew into the flood of affairs, and had come out, as from a cold bath, braced and tingling. Round went the wheels of Wanless. The house was new-papered, painted, carpeted. Every month brought new wonders to the garden; under Glyde's tuition, seeing with his eyes, watching with his tensity of vision, she had come closely into nature's arms. Perhaps she was unwise with the young man: the fact is, she never stopped to consider him. She liked him and his queer, secret, passionate ways. She took a royal line of her own. She required much of him, and if he made much of it, she didn't know it. She dreamed no harm to him or to herself. Her absorption in the business of the moment, or the needs, was so manifest that not even the maids, who saw her frequently with the youth, could have thought harm for a second. It was just Miss Percival all over—as "keen as mustard." Perhaps it was as much under Glyde's fostering as any other nurture that she came, during that year alone, to love the earth so well that she could appraise the worth of love. I don't know. It was a critical year for her.

As she was anything but a fool, there's no doubt that she came, before the end of that year, to know what was the matter with Glyde. She had had experience—of herself and another—and he was utterly incapable of concealing his. Of course she knew what was the matter with him, and was tenderly and quietly amused. She approached him gradually, let herself play elder sister, and let him play what he chose, within severe limits, never overstepped by him, never unwatched by herself. He was a passionate, sensitive, inarticulate creature, hatchet-faced, gypsy-looking, sharp-eyed, scowling and thin. He always looked cold, mostly angry, and never seemed contented, even when his plants flowered themselves to death to please him.

A woman, any woman, knowing that a man covets her possession, stores her knowledge, exults in it in secret. It is a fund, a store against lean years or wry ones. You can see it throned sedately in her eyes when she is with him, however much she may feel his absurdity or presumption. So it was with her. She was fully conscious of Struan's preposterous state, strictly the elder sister—never the patroness, for were they not bond-slaves both? She patronized nobody at Wanless, yet, with a steady eye for distances, kept a perfect length, varying with each comer. With Mr. Menzies, lord of the gardens, so far on she came; with Frodsham, master of horse and hound, so far; with the engineer so far; with Minnie nearer; nearest of all with Mrs. Benson: her attitude to the stout woman was that of favorite pupil with a family governess of immemorial service. She could wheedle Mrs. Benson, and often did. The elder sister attitude was kept for young Glyde; she admonished, scolded, preached to him high doctrine of duty and honor; there was something benignant, a sort of pitying care shed from above. To him she may have been like Cynthia, stooping to the dreamer on Latmos. Whether she knew that, she must have known a good deal. She knew, for instance, that he kept vigil; for she had met him at night, as you have been told. She knew where to find him. Nothing had ever passed between them, of course, of her relations with the master. I don't think that she was aware of his sentry-go under the windows—first under Ingram's, then under hers. I am sure she was not, or he would have heard of it in plain terms, have seen her eyes grow cruel, and her mouth stretch to bleakness. She was capable of royal rage when she was offended. But that he hated Ingram must have been plain to her.

But now, as she stood at gaze, lonely and pensive by the black pond, she saw that it was over, her busy life. She was at the end of her tether, must lose her power and the sense of it. She was to begin the world again, starting with her fifty pounds, and without that which had made it a pride before. With a little shiver of self-pity, a half sigh, and a tightening of the lips, she accepted her fate. That was her way.

She regretted nothing, asked neither for mercy nor allowance. What she had done, she had done; if it was to be done with, she could not help that: she must go her way. Never for an instant did it enter her head that she could marry Ingram. Nothing that he had urged, or Chevenix counselled, made the smallest difference to her. She did not love Nevile any more; he was hor-

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rible to her: enough of that. Whatever her fate was to be, she would accept it; she chose it so. Without reasoning it out, that was final for her. She had always had *sic volo* for her final cause. *Stet pro ratione voluntas*. Marriage, even nominal marriage, with Nevile was the accursed thing; none of it. And why? Because she chose it so.

This is very sublime. I sing, or Mr. Senhouse sings, a Goddess in her own Right. This is to be observed, or we fail. Persons have existed, and do yet exist, who are laws unto themselves, deliberate choosers of their fate, deliberate allies of Atropos with the shears; who go what seems to us, shivering on the brink of things, a bright and blood-stained way, and furrow deeply into life, because it must be so, because so they will have it. Great ones of time, a Cæsar or so, a Catherine, a Bonaparte, come handily to mind, who, wreaking countless woes, wrought evenly their own. And since greatness is a relative term, and time an abstraction of the mind, in their company, says Mr. Senhouse, was Sanchia Percival, and in her blue-clouded eyes was to be discerned seated, like a captain, foreknowledge of her own fate and the will to choose it. But as for Mr. Senhouse himself, at this time of envisaging of ways, I don't believe that he entered her head. Small blame to her either, seeing that the man, having renounced her or failed of her, as you please, had taken up with his Mrs. Germain and found her to be a Fact, as I have related.

But to do wrong or right: the prerogative of choice: she arrogated that. So, I think, if the sister of the Far-Darter had ever stepped aside from the path of her lonely delight—as some have it she did on Latmos—she would have done it without shame. It would have been her pleasure and her choice; she would never change countenance or have to breast the flood of color. It must be hers to take up or discard an empire, or a Nevile Ingram of Wanless Hall. So, in her degree, did Sanchia Percival—of the stuff of goddesses.

IX

Mrs. Devereux having departed as impressively as might be expected of a lady with a sense of injury, there was little for Chevenix to do but to follow her; for whereas Mrs. Devereux considered herself badly treated by both parties in the house, the young man had to own that he had quarrelled with his host. "I laid for Nevile," he told Sanchia, "and he don't let me forget it, either. He don't like commentators on his text—never did. So he's making Wanless too hot to hold me."

Sanchia, with rueful eyes, feared that this was her fault. "I'm very sorry," she said. "On all accounts I'm very sorry. I shall miss you. It was nice to see you again."

"See me again," cried Chevenix, "as soon as you please; but not here—unless you feel you can make up your mind to settle down, as we call it."

She shook her head. "I don't think I can. I think it might be wicked—as things are."

Chevenix raised his eyebrows. "That's you all over, my dear. Other people's right is your wrong. Why question the decrees of the police? They tell you that you may do what you please when you're married; but not before. But you won't have that. Of course, if you can't swallow Nevile, you can't—and there's an end of it. Only," he added, "there must be an end of it. You're in a false position—now."

"According to you I always was," said the candid young lady, and made him change countenance. She shirked nothing.

"I did think so once; we all did, you know. Even your barefooted friend, What's-his-name——"

"Mr. Senhouse."

"Beg your pardon. Mr. Senhouse, of course. Well, he didn't take it sitting down, so to speak. Did he now?"

She considered. Her eyes grew gentle over the remembrances which this name called up. "He knew that I was right. Oh, yes. I'm sure of that. But he was frightened. He lost his nerve because——"

"Because it was you, my dear," said Chevenix briskly. She owned to that.

"I shall see your people when I get to town," he told her. "I shall make a point of seeing Vicky, and your governor. And if I could drop in upon Senhouse, by George, I'd risk it. You don't know where he is just now, I suppose?"

"He was in the Black Forest when I last heard from him," she said, "and was going to the Caucasus—to collect plants. That was a long time ago. Three years, I should

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think. He doesn't write now. He's married, you know."

"Married?" he repeated, with open eyes. "I never knew that."

"He married a Mrs. Germain—a widow."

Chevenix stared, then slapped his leg. "Then that accounts for it. Didn't I tell you I met him when I went out to Brindisi to see Nevile off?—met him on a steamer, with a pretty woman. That was Mrs. G.—*his* pretty woman. Good Lord, how rum!" He laughed, staring. Then, "What on earth did he do that for? She's not his sort. And I gave myself away—confoundedly—to each of 'em in turn. That's rather a bore. I was counting on him, you know. I thought you might want him."

Sanchia made no reply. About the corners of her mouth there lurked the hint of a smile, which her wistful eyes belied. Chevenix watched her, but could make nothing of it.

"He was a rum 'un," he continued. "The first time I saw him after you came up here was when I ran against him by chance in Norfolk somewhere. Spread abroad he was—in flannels—all his things strewn about. He had a little fire going, and a little pot on it. Doing a job of tinkering, he said, to oblige a lady. There was the lady, too, if you please, sitting on a bank, smoking a clay. She had a beard, and an old wide-awake on her head. Senhouse introduced me, I remember. He told me he was on his way north—Wastwater, I think. A planting job up there—or something. Rum chap, that! Oh, one of the very rummest! He asked me a lot about you. I didn't know how much he knew, so I went very pussy. The chap was as sharp as a needle. Spotted me. He said, 'My dear sir, I don't ask you what she is doing or where she is. I ask you if she is well.' Then I told him a lot—about you and Nevile, and all this business. I let out, I tell you. I was fairly deep in the thing—you know that I felt pretty badly, because it was my fault that you ever knew Nevile at all. Don't you suppose I've ever forgiven myself that, Sancie; never you suppose it. No, no."

He was much moved. She, by a sudden impulse, put out her hand to him. He wrung it, and said, "Thanks, Sancie; thanks, my dear."

After a wrestling bout, he went on. "Do you know what that fellow said to me? I should like you to know it. Mind you, he was yours, body and soul, then—whatever he may be now. I think he's yours still, for that matter—but *then!* He never concealed it—so far as I know—from anybody. Now, listen to me. He heard me out, never said anything till I'd done. Then he looked out over the marshes into the weather, and he said, 'No harm ever came to a good woman. I shall see her again, crowned.' Now, what do you say to that? Queer, isn't it?"

Sanchia blushed deeply and bent her head. Chevenix marked her confusion, and varied his tone to suit the case. He became practical. "Now what'll he say about this new state of affairs, do you suppose?"

She lifted her head. "He will think me in the right."

Chevenix shrugged. "There's going to be trouble," he believed. "There's bound to be, just on that account. Nevile can be a brute when he's in the wrong, and knows it."

Sanchia squared her jaw for the trouble.

"He wants you back, you know, awfully—because you won't come. And the more he wants you the less he'll say so. That's the pride of the cobbler's dog. If he's uncomfortable, he'll scratch until he's comfortable again. And he says, 'If you can't get the best, take the next best,' and runs about with Mrs. Wilmot at his heels, and is bored all the time. That's Nevile all over." His eyes grew rounder. "You'll have to go, you know."

She admitted that. "Yes, I must." Then she sighed. "I don't want to go. There's such a lot to be done here."

"Yes, yes, my dear," said Chevenix with some irritation. "No doubt there is. But you can't afford it."

He stammered out his next. "I should like to say, Sancie, that there's nobody on earth I respect—for whom I have more respect than for you. I don't understand your point of view—don't pretend to. But I know a fine thing when I see it. I'm not much of a chap, I know—no brains, and all that—simple, rotten chap, I know; but if we're not going to be friends I shall be unhappy."

"We are, I hope," she said, smiling kindly at him. She gave him her hand.

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"Right, Sancie. Look here," he said sternly. "I'll punch Nevile's head for you, if you like."

"I shouldn't like it at all," she assured him.

"We're old acquaintances, you know. He'd take it from me, better than from any one else—like Senhouse."

"Mr. Senhouse would never touch him," she was sure. He dropped in Chevenix's estimation immediately.

"Quaker, eh? I didn't know that."

Sanchia explained. "He can't be changed in those sort of things. He would only use force against wild beasts."

"Well," cried Chevenix, "what do you think Nevile's going to be? My advice to you is to get out as soon as you can. And when you're in town, command me." They parted firm friends.

Mrs. Wilmot remained, against her inmost judgment, against her maid Purcell's clear advice, for one more day. The night of Chevenix's departure she was there, and on the morrow was to be conveyed to the Trenchards', across the county. Wanless had her steadily in its score pair of eyes for twenty-four hours, as Purcell, her maid, had foreseen. "You are doing a strange thing, ma'am, permit me to say." Purcell was an elderly spinster, who only required her own permission to say what she pleased. "You will be watched, and reported. I suppose I am not in the servants' hall for nothing." Mrs. Wilmot said feebly that she supposed she was there for meals. Purcell stiffened her wiry neck. "Meals, ma'am! In the best houses there's a second table. The butler may be there, and perhaps the valet. The lady's maid, of course. But where there's no lady, one may put up with the cook, though the cook in such houses is rarely a female. But the housekeeper here! A Miss Percival! Dines alone—or is said to—and the cook sits at the head of the table. This is no house for you, ma'am."

The lady gave a little cry and hoisted a white shoulder. "Oh, Purcell, you are hurting me dreadfully. Do be more gentle with me. You are tearing my hair out by handfuls. What can it matter to you where Miss—where the housekeeper dines?"

"Ho," said Purcell, "little or nothing—to me, ma'am. I cannot help my thoughts. But I keep them to myself. Not one word in this house—down-stairs—of Miss Percival. Not one word. They keep their mouths shut, I promise you. And their eyes open. But what you will, you will. As for Mr. Ingram, the less I say the better."

"Much the better," said Mrs. Wilmot, fretfully wriggling under the comb.

That fine afternoon—April budding into May—she listened to Ingram in the garden. Of all sounds in the world the sweetest music for her ear was made by a man's voice embroidering the theme—"*You are lovely, you are cruel, I die.*" Ingram's descant on the golden theme was querulous, after his manner. He took his lover's smarts, as one must suppose them, hardly. As thus: *You are lovely*—but what's that to me, if I can't touch you? You sting my eyes, you inflame, you wound—or I think you do: here am I, tied by the leg to a dead woman—for dead to me she is, the she-cat Sanchia—looking at you because I can't help myself. You are soft and lax, you purr when I stroke you; I could make a pet of you. Was ever a man of property and station in such a case?

You are cruel—because, though I could put out my hand and take you, yet you expect me to do it. That's all over, for me. I've done that sort of thing—Sanchia knows. Now I must trouble you to advance. I'm sick of life on these terms: you could make life worth living. I must really trouble you; sorry to seem languid, but I *am* languid. You, with your fine sensibilities, ought to be the first to feel that; but no: you wait, looking exquisite, with eyes like dark-brown water, and a mouth, a mouth like a flower. You soft gossamer beauty, I could crush you where you hover; but you won't come and be crushed. Certainly, you are cruel.

I die. He avoided that. It was absurd. She thought for one moment that he hinted it when he said, shrugging off his ranges of hot-house: "Good of their kind, I fancy. But what good are they to me—a solitary beggar? I never go into 'em, you know. I thought I should take an interest, when I had 'em put up. It looked like it. But now! who cares whether I go into 'em or not? Who cares whether I live or die?" There had been a pathetic ring there.

She had murmured a gentle rebuke; her

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eyes had brimmed, reproaching him. It was then that he had taken her hand, at the going-out from the fig-house. "Ruth," he had said, "my kind, pretty Ruth." Then he stooped his head and kissed her. Through three pairs of doors Glyde, in the peach-house, had seen the act, and paused in his spraying. It was over in a minute. The pair strolled away and passed out of the walled garden. Glyde, who had turned very white, compressed his lips and went back to his work—like a machine. Presently a light step made him start, look guardedly up, watch and wait. Sanchia, bare-headed, fresh and debonair, came in, like a stream of west wind. Her eyes beamed her health and pleasure. "Oh, Struan," she said, "do come and see the *Susianas*. They are on the very point of opening. Do come. There's nobody about. They've gone down to the river."

He could not face her, knowing what he knew. But he could not resist her either. "I'll come," he said, and followed her.

She went gayly and eagerly. "You've never done so well with them as this year. I counted a dozen. Huge! I felt rather miserable this morning—I've been worried rather. I thought I would just see what they would do for me. They made me feel ashamed of myself. Their strength, their contentedness—just to grow, and be strong and well! Nothing more. What else ought we to want? Food—the sun—strength to grow! Isn't that enough?"

Out of the warm brown soil, sheltered by the eaves, the iris clump made a brave show. Its leaves like gray scymitars, its great flower-stems like spears. Stiffly they reared, erect, smooth, well-rounded; and each was crowned with the swollen bud of promise. She displayed them proudly, she counted them, made him check her counting. She glowed over them, fascinated by their virile pride. Struan watched her more than her treasures. He was pale still, and bit his lip; had nothing to say.

She knelt and took one of the great stalks tenderly in her hand. A kind of rapture was upon her, a mystic's ecstasy. She passed her closed hand up and down, feeling the stiff smoothness; she clasped and pressed the bursting bud. "Feel it, Struan, feel it," she said. "It's alive." He turned, shaking, away.

"They say," she went on, caressing the bud, "that this is really the Lily of the Annunciation. It's a symbol, I've read. Gabriel held one in his hand when he stood before Our Lady. Did you know that?"

Glyde broke out. "Don't. Don't. Come away. I must speak to you—quickly—if I dare. Come away from here."

He spoke fiercely, meaning what he said. Grave, sobered, she arose and followed him. He drew her after him to the yew-tree walk, to the enclosure at its end, where the leaden Faun capered and grinned. There he faced her.

"You must leave this place," he said shortly. She looked to the ground.

"I know," she replied in a low voice.

"Every moment you stop here insults you, puts shame upon you. Shame! And on you! It's not bearable. It's not to be suffered. I'll not suffer it, for one."

At this she lifted her head, and reproved him by a look. It was mild, queenly mild, but not weak. It said, "I can't hear you."

He understood it so. "Who says I may not speak to you? Who else is to speak to you, if I don't? How can you bear yourself, and speak nothing? Is it natural?" He seemed on the point of angry tears; with a gesture infinitely kind she bore with him. Her hand just touched his arm.

"Dear Struan," she said, "I know how nice you mean to be to me; I am very grateful to you. Of course I am going away. But I have been happy here—lately, and shall be most unhappy to go. I have so many friends here." Then, after looking at him, reflecting, she added, "Of course I know that you care."

"Care!" he cried out, scornfully. "Do you think that I've watched you, in and out, for three years, without caring? Do you think that I have schooled myself to put up with—with him—without caring? And when I thought that he was coming back here to—to prove himself an honorable man—I thanked the Lord. Yes, I did that. I was ready to go when I knew he was coming back for that. I told you I would go—and I meant it. I should have cut my heart out and left it here, and gone away—clean away, glorifying and praising God. But—oh, it's hideous, hideous! You are discarded—you! Cast off—you! Peerless as you are—you! Oh, my Saviour, what's this!" He broke away, and sobbed. He dashed

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his arm over his eyes, in a rage with himself. She was very gentle with him now.

She put her hand on his shoulder, and though he shook it off, put it there again. "You hurt me, Struan, really. If you are my friend, you will not talk to me about these things. Really I can't hear you. It would be wrong."

He lifted his head as at a challenge. "Nothing that you did could be wrong."

She saw that he was justifying deeper things than her mere listening or not listening. But she would not admit it to him. "Yes, it would. At any rate, we won't talk about it. I can't explain any better. I hope you see."

"Of course I see," he said. "Dog that he is. But he's insulting you. He had better have died than do as he does."

She looked steadily but gently at him, shook her head, sighed and left him. Out of hot and blinded eyes, he peered after her; then with a sob he was by her side.

He said, between his teeth, "Damn him, he shall pay for this." She shook her head, smiling rather dismally.

"He will never pay. I believe the woman always does that." The lad gasped and made a movement towards her. He could not control himself—he shook.

"Not you—never you. I'll die for you—and you know it."

X

Mrs. Wilmot stayed for the better part of a week longer than she had intended, and then, perceiving by subtle but unmistakable signs that she would wiselier go, went. To Wanless that had been a week of strain; the air was charged with trouble. One could not have pointed to anything—it was beyond the range of weathercock or glass; but everybody felt it. Sanchia, graver than she was wont to be, pushed herself sharply from duty to duty, and avoided sympathy by a dry manner. Or she was obtuse, affecting a foolish interest in trivialities. She never went into the garden, and saw nothing of young Glyde. Mrs. Benson, glooming thunder from her brows, Minnie with scare in her russet eyes turned Purcell's feasts into fasts. The wiry tire-woman, to do her justice, was as uncomfortable as any of them; but loyalty spurred her to feats of endurance undreamed of by any but servants. They, in a world of their own, where speech is rare, and skins rarer, where everything must be done by glances and hints, are perhaps more aware of themselves than any other children of men. They are forever judging their betters: how shall they escape from judgment of each other? Judge not, says the Book; but if you pry for vice, what can you be yourself but a prying ground? So Purcell agonized, and felt her very vitals under the hooks. The case was past praying for. She suffered and was dumb.

At last the delicate beauty, seeing Adonis faint in the chase—for Ingram as a lover was languid and gloomy—was helped into her lacy draperies, helped into the carriage, driven to the station; and Ingram, on horseback, rode by her side. He helped her into the train, stored her with magazines, kissed her mouth, revolted at her tears, and returned sulkily, with hard-rimmed eyes, at a foot's pace to his halls. Midway of the carriage-drive, instinctively, he tightened the rein; for Glyde stepped out of the undergrowth some ten paces ahead, and stood, waiting for him. He was dressed, not for the garden (in shirt-sleeves and baize), but in his blacks, and had a soft felt hat on his head, basin-shaped, with the brim over his eyes. "Now what the devil does that chap want, play-acting here?" was Ingram's inquiry of the universe.

Glyde, as the horse drew level, came within touch of his flank, and told Ingram that he wished to speak with him.

"Eh?" said Ingram; and then, "Oh, what a nuisance!" He felt himself injured. "Well, what is it, Glyde?"

Glyde said, "I wish to give notice, if you please." The manner of address was curt and offensive.

"Oh, do you?" Ingram said. "Well, then, you had better do it in the proper way. See Miss Percival about it, will you?" He pressed his knees in as if to continue his way.

Glyde, however, stood by the horse's head.

"I have seen Miss Percival about it, Mr. Ingram," he said. "I saw her—a week ago. And now I've got to see you about it."

Ingram looked at him sharply—a sudden stiffening of the spine: spine stiff and eyes sharp, acting together. What he saw made him the more alert.

"What on earth do you mean?" he asked.

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"I'll tell you," said Glyde. "I'm free of your service from this minute, so I'll tell you. I say that you are a damned scoundrel, and that you know it." A concentration of many grudges, kept very still, as by white heat, characterized this remarkable speech.

Ingram blenched. "By George, my man!" he said, "you'll have to make that good."

Glyde said, "And I will. You have behaved, you are behaving, like a dog in this house; and you're to take a dog's wages."

Ingram jumped in his saddle, rose in his stirrups. "By God!" he said, "by God—" but he said no more.

Glyde sprang up at him where he stood above his saddle, unseated—sprang up at him, took him by the shoulders, and then, dropping, pulled him off his horse. The freed animal, started, kicked out, shook his head, and cantered freely homeward. Glyde, having Ingram on the ground, took him by the collar of his jacket and belabored him with his open hand. He cuffed him like a schoolboy, boxed him about the ears and face, shook him well, and then cast him into the young bracken of his own avenue. "There's for you, seducer," he said; and that done, he walked steadily up the road, toward the lodge gates.

Ingram, on his feet, in a rage which was the most manly he could have suffered, went after him at a run, and caught him up. "You blackguard!" he said, and panted. "Turn and fight with me!"

Glyde stopped. "I'll not fight you, Ingram," was his measured reply, "because I've that in me which would kill you. No mercy for you there. You can do as you please; you can send me to jail or not; but you shan't get me hanged. I've something to do with my life—as much of it as you leave me; and I want it." As Ingram glared at him, crimson now, with bulging eyes and teeth at lips, the other went on: "I'm going no further to-day than my lodging. Your police will find me there when you send 'em. I shan't fight them, because I can't afford it; and I shan't fight you, dog that you are, for the same reason." Ingram cursed and sprang at him, but Glyde stiffened his arm and held it off. Master was no match for man, and felt no better for the knowledge of that. It did serve, however, to bring him to his senses. He saw that he was making an ass of himself.

"You'll hear more of this, Glyde," he said, and turned and walked rapidly back to the house.

Mortification inflamed his rage; his furious walking blew into it a sense of incurable injury. Injury, shocked pride, and animal heat, all together, made a devil of him. He went directly to his room, and rang the bell. "Send Miss Percival to me," he told Minnie, "at once."

Then he waited for her, with a face like a rat's.

XI

She might have gathered warning from Minnie's panting summons, but had been busy over her accounts and had noticed nothing amiss.

"He wants you, Miss Percival! Don't go!" She had scarcely heard. She said, "Who wants me? Mr. Ingram? I'll come"; and through the maid's stammered "I wouldn't, oh, I wouldn't!" had gone.

The face he showed her from his bureau, where he sat huddled over a litter of papers, prepared her instantly for crisis; snarling, white, and wicked, yet it had tragedy in it—as if he knew that he had himself to reckon with beyond all.

For some time he seemed not to see her, though he looked at her. He sat glooming, like a man dumb in high fever, working his lower jaw, screwing and unscrewing his hands. Afterwards she believed that he had been groping for the cruellest thing he could say, and was goaded into what he did say by the sense that he could find nothing.

"So that was your work! Your choice way! To set one of my own servants to club me."

She looked at him blankly; but her face glowed with sudden fire. "I haven't the least notion what you mean. Who has clubbed you?"

His eyes flickered. "Glyde. Your friend. You seek your champions all about, it seems. You make things snug for yourself. It's master or man with you—it's all one."

He spluttered his venom broadcast. She held up her head. "Are you insulting me?" He wheeled round full in his chair. "Is it possible to insult you?"

At that she lowered her panoply of fire,

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and grew still. "I see that you are. I can't allow that."

He foamed. "Bullies in your hire. Now I see what Bill Chevenix was after. And Glyde—faugh! who else?"

She watched him steadily, without fear or disgust. His words held no meaning for her. "I think you must be mad," she said. "It will be better if I go."

He scoffed at her. "Better! You are right." He rose in his place. "You'll go to-day."

Sanchia regarded him deeply, almost curiously, as if he had been a plant, interesting for its rarity.

"Naturally," she said, and left him in his staring fit.

The ordered little realm of Wanless went on its diurnal course. Luncheon was served at two by a trembling parlor-maid; the coffee was set in the hall, the cigar-box, the spirit-flame. Frodsham came for orders, Mr. Menzies reported Glyde absent without leave. These things were done by rote: yet the whole house knew the facts. Sanchia, dining in the middle of the day, plied her knife and fork with composure. It was her way to face facts once for all, tussle with them, gain or lose, and be done with them. She had been angry with Glyde, but now could think of him as "poor Struan," Punchinello in a rustic comedy. Of Ingram, deliberately, she thought nothing. It had been necessary to survey her feelings of eight years ago, to make a sour face of disgust over them, before she could shake them out of her head. Now they were gone, and he with them: the world, with May beginning, was too sweet a place for such vermin to fester in. She had swept and ridded herself, rinsed her mouth with pure water, and now could sit to her dinner and review her plans.

But the storm burst over Wanless. At half-past four Minnie came into her room, breathless, Mrs. Benson stertorous in her traces.

Minnie wailed, "Oh, Miss! oh, Miss Sanchia! oh, dear Miss Percival! what's going to become of us? Struan's beaten the master, and the sergeant's here!"

"Apes and tigers!"—Mrs. Benson tolled like a bell—"Apes and tigers! What says the Book?"

Sanchia let them run, so the distorted tale was pieced together. At a quarter to twelve—it must have been that, because Emma heard the stable clock chime the half-hour—Struan was seen in his blacks. He came out of the wood-house, an ash plant in his hand. "Apes and tigers, apes and tigers!" from Mrs. Benson—his face was dreadful to see. Who said so? Who saw him? Not Minnie, for sure. It was Bella the laundry maid—she saw him from the window, and had a turn. The window was open. "Why, Struan!" she said—but he told her to shut mouth and eyes. "The less you see, or know," he said, "the better for you." Poor Struan, with his tragedy airs! Bella told that to Minnie, and that she would never forget it to her dying day. It turned the beer in her stomach, she said—and now she was lying down. As he went out of the yard, a cloud came over the sun, and Bella felt the chill. She had the goose-flesh all up her back. That, they say, betokens a person walking over your grave. Somewhere in England we all have our grave-ground lying green under turf. It awaits the spade and the hour. In the morning it is green and groweth up—this was Mrs. Benson's piece, but Minnie had the rest of the stage.

The saddle-horse came flinging into the yard at one o'clock—no later. That's certain, because Frodsham was at his after-dinner pipe—or should have been, instead of which he came running in after him. Just about that time, or maybe a little before, Mr. Menzies had been asking for Struan. Where was he? Did any one ever see such a wastrel? No man's account, he called him. Mrs. Benson tolled her apes and tigers all.

It was Minnie had seen the master, when the bell pealed. She had gone with her heart in her mouth—and oh, his collar and tie! His red ear! She had never seen anything like his face, and never must again on this side of the tomb. Wicked, oh, wicked! He showed his teeth. His face was as white as a clout. His voice was like a nutmeg-grater. "Miss Percival—here—at once." It was all he said. She did her bidding, for servants must—but her heart bled for Miss Percival, and she felt like fainting at any minute when she waited at luncheon. He drank brandy—jerked his head toward the sideboard when he wanted more. Never said a word. And how

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he ate, wrenching at his food! Fit to choke him. How she had lived through luncheon she didn't know at all. But that Struan, that quiet in an ordinary way, should have dared—with a stick in his violent hand! And the sergeant ready for his warrant—stiff in the hall——

"A villain has got his deserts," boomed Mrs. Benson. "My dear, you're going, it seems, and I with you. This is no place for a young lady—no, nor ever was, God be good. I know my place, to all parties; but I know that better—and now it's come upon us like a thief in the night. Well, well, well—my pretty young lady! Old women must put up with what they get, we all know—but not murders in gentlemen's seats: no, nor beastly doings in and out of doors. I shall go, my dear, when you go—ah, me! When the wicked man . . . but he's got his deserts. What! a widower—with duty and pleasure before him—combined for once, and no thanks to him!—to dally with a French doll—movable eyes and separate teeth and all—when he might have gone on his knees to a splendid young lady! And I'd have kept him there to say his prayers, which he's never done before—not since his mother died, poor old gentlewoman, worn out by the gnashings of a tiresome, God-Almighty, wicked old man, and a slip of sin whom nothing was too good for. Not in this world, no! But it will be made up to him in the next, by the unquenchable worm—as he'll find out when he tries his 'Down, dog' tricks; his 'Drop that, will you?' None of that down there in the fire. What says the Book? My dear, my dear!" and she took the girl in her arms with a fine look about her of Niobe amid arrows, "I've a bosom for your head and a roof to shelter us both, and we'll see what we shall see. There's castles and towers for the great oneyers and their minions; but mine is in the Fulham Road, my dear; my own property out of a building society that does business for the widow and the orphan—makes it their special line, as I understand, and have treated me squarely throughout—that I will say. Yes, yes, and I'll tend you fairly, will Sarah Benson, widowed mother of a graceless son, who can feel for her poor dead mistress, mother of a worse. My lamb, you shall want for nothing."

Fast in a good pair of arms, Sanchia snuggled and smiled. She patted Mrs. Benson's cheek, and put up her lips to her. Minnie, like a thawing ice-pack, ran rivers of water.

"You *are* good to me," she said; "you *are* sweet to me. I don't mind anything when I can be sure of such friends. But you mustn't leave, you know. Really, you ought not. I shan't forget you, be sure of that, whether you stay or go."

Mrs. Benson crooned over her. "Oh, you're not one that forgets, my precious, with your golden heart. And there's more than me will find it out." She wiped her spectacles, breathing on the glasses, and Sanchia shook out her plumage, escaped from the nest. Ingram, without knocking, came into the room.

His rage was now cold and keen. He took in conspiracy with one glance at the three.

He spoke to Minnie. "I have been ringing for twenty minutes. The brandy in my room, and some soda-water. At once." Scared Minnie fled. Then he turned half to Sanchia, but didn't look at her.

"I understood that you were leaving this afternoon. You had better order a fly. There's the telephone." He held out an envelope. "I think that you will find this correct."

Sanchia was at her bureau. "Put it on the table, please," she said, without turning; and while Ingram hovered, Mrs. Benson, heaving like the sea, gathered into a combing wave and, breaking, swallowed him up.

"Money—ah! You come with money to a lady of the land! Offer me money, Mr. Ingram, if you dare. Your bread I've eaten, having baked it, and your father's bread, and not choked yet, though each mouthful might be my last. By every word out of the mouth of God, says the Book; and what shall he say of you? I've watched for this, I've seen it coming. You keep long accounts, but there's One keeps longer—and in his head, as we read. To breaking mother's heart so much, to scandal of matrimony so much—and to perjury and dirty devices—wicked dalliance—so much. When she came here—this fine young lady, so fresh and sweet—I waited. I shook my fist at you, Mr. Ingram; 'I know what this means,' I said, 'a false tongue and a young heart.' And I waited, I tell you—for I could do nothing else. She could have come to me at any hour of any day and welcome;

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and I'd have told her, 'He's bad—he's rotten at the heart. He'll tire of you—neglect you—trick you—and cast you out.' But she was too proud for that, she bore it all, and not a word. And she did your work as never before, not in your time, nor your father's time; and made friends of the poor, and kept her place—sweetly and smoothly it was done. And you on your travels: with foreign women——"

Ingram now emerged from the flood. "Are you mad?" he said. A dreadful calm came over Mrs. Benson, succeeding the tempest.

"'I am not mad, most noble Festus,'" she said; "but I am mother of a graceless son, and will not be cook to another. I leave your service from this hour. Your dinner is a-making, and Emma is a steady worker." She turned to Sanchia. "The best vegetable hand I ever had under me, Miss Percival, and I've had a score." One further cut at Ingram she allowed herself. "I would not take a penny piece of your money now, not to save my darling from the lions."

"You won't get it, you know," said Ingram. "But you've had lots of 'em." She braved that truth.

"And earned them, Mr. Ingram, as you know, better than I do."

Ingram, ignoring her, observed quietly to Sanchia, "The sooner the better, I think."

That was the manner of his farewell.

It was not the way she would have chosen to leave; but she reasoned with herself, as she packed her belongings, that it was probably the best way. There was no time and little inclination for sentiment. Now, it is almost certain that had a term been ahead of her, whose end could be felt nearing, there would have been good-bys, last interviews, and last interviews but one, which are apt to be more poignant than those of the last moment of all. Even as it was there were threatenings of emotion. Wanless was stirred deeply. Mr. Menzies brought in a nosegay, and grasped her hand. "You will be sorely missed here, Miss Percival, sorely missed. Less said's the sooner mended; but you're a true young lady, greatly to be deplored."

"Good-by, Mr. Menzies," she had said, "and thank you a thousand times for——"

"They are from my own plot of ground," said the grizzled gardener, and looked away. She had his tulips in her hand, and now buried her face in them.

"Then I love them all the better," she told him; and put in a word for Struan. "Be kind to him when you see him again—please do."

Mr. Menzies became far-sighted. He had very blue eyes. "Ahem!" he said, in his Scotch fashion. "He'll not be here again, I doubt. He'll be away, the headstrong young man." But he warmed to it. "Ay," he said, "ay, Miss Percival. For your sake, I'll listen to what he has to tell me." She felt that she must be content with that. Each servant in degree must be dealt with, and Minnie comforted in her place. She was all for going that night; but had a mother and four sisters in Doncaster—all at home. Would Miss Sanchia forgive her, and accept of this prayer-book? Miss Sanchia would; kissed her and did.

In the carriage-drive she told Mrs. Benson of her immediate intention. "I must say good-by to Struan. We will stop at his cottage on the way. There's plenty of time."

Mrs. Benson was strongly against it, but rather showed her mind than declared it. Mischief enough had been done through that youth—and in him, she doubted. Better let him alone. Are you to countenance violent hands? Raised against them in authority? Then where's authority? Where are Principalities and Powers? Much as she contemned Ingram, she was on his side against Struan any day. On the other hand, Sanchia was, in a manner, her guest, and could not be spoken to plainly about it. She could only shake her head.

"He's better alone, Miss Percival, alone with his devil. While the fit's on him, let 'em fight it out. And what can he be—to the likes of you?"

"He's always been a friend of mine," she said. "He's been very foolish, very wicked; he had no business whatever to do as he did—to put me in the wrong. I'm angry with him, and he will see that I am. But—" Mrs. Benson knew the force of that "but." It had brought the young lady to Wanless.

Yet Mrs. Benson might have triumphed if she would. Sanchia, at the cottage door, was met by the anxious tenant of it, with whom Struan lodged. "He's not here,

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Miss," she was told, and then, "Oh, Miss, they've took him away. The sergeant's come for him and took him. And we hear—" There had been no stopping her, but by Sanchia's way.

She walked into the cottage and put up her veil. She showed a pale, sad face. "How dreadful! I must write a note. Will you let me write here, and leave it with you —to give him when he comes?"

She wrote in pencil: "My dear Struan, I am very sorry. You made me angry, but I am sorry now. I came to say good-by, as I am going away. Mrs. Benson is with me. See Mr. Menzies when you can. He has promised to help you, and, of course, I will too, if I can. Yours always, S. P." With the fold of the envelope to her tongue she paused, reflective. Then she took the note out again, read it over, and ran her pencil through the last letter of her signature. And, taking two Parma violets from the knot at her breast—a recent gift from Wanless—she put them within the paper. This she did deliberately—as the Fates would have her. Addressing "Mr. S. Glyde, by Mrs. Broughton," she gave her letter in charge. "Be sure to give it him when he comes back," she said. Then she and her protector were driven to the station.

XII

As Chevenix, once his friend, had said often, Nevile, when his back was up, shrank from nothing. Even while the Hall was in tempest, the sergeant had visited Glyde as he sat at his tea. They nodded to each other, while the officer stood powerfully in the doorway.

Glyde's strong teeth bit through a crust. "I know your errand," he said.

Sergeant Weeks replied, "I can't doubt it." Impassivity became him; he figured the law as the everlasting hills.

Glyde, in his way, was impressive. Between long draughts from his tea-cup he asked, "Where's your warrant?"

The sergeant produced his folded paper, opened and scanned it, to see that all was in order, before he passed it into the room. "Here 'tis for you, made out by Sir Trevor Gell. Why, man!" he broke out, humanely indignant, "what in thunder were you about?" A flaxen-haired child, nursing a doll, edged herself through a door ajar, and gazed blue-eyed upon the pair. Glyde saw her.

"That's my business," he said. "Run away, Flo. I'll tell, or I'll not tell, in my time and place—which aren't here, saving your presence." He got up and put his hand on the child's poll. "Well, I'm your man," he added.

The sergeant blinked. "Nay, nay, you can finish your tea. I'll just step in and smoke my pipe with you. 'Tisn't often I get the chance, in the daylight."

"Right," said Glyde, and poured off the rest of his brew. Flo's finger went into her mouth. The sergeant lit, the sergeant puffed. A remark seemed proper. "Seemingly," he said, "there's a storm about. 'Tis like to be the end of our spell of fair."

Glyde laughed; but there had been no side-thrust. A police officer is not gnomic. Safety, for him, lies in smooth running. Thus, every man is a potential criminal; but every criminal, once taken, is a fellow-man. Nobody could have been more tactful than he while Glyde made his preparations to depart. Mrs. Broughton was in tears, Flo sobbed in her mother's apron; but Glyde spoke plain words of comfort.

"Don't take on, Mrs. Broughton; this is a small matter to what's been done. You'll see to my things, I know. The papers here may be valuable—who knows? A deal of candle has gone up in smoke over them—rivers of ink! I'll ask them of you when I come back." He took with him his *Virgil* and Sanchia's *Dante*—nothing else. At the lodge gates he mounted the cart, the sergeant after him, and by six of the evening was lodged in Felsboro' jail. There he lay for a week, awaiting Petty Sessions.

There was a full bench, a crowded court when the accused was brought in. The hush that preceded him and the buzz when he stood up made Ingram set his teeth. The reporters, with racing pen, cleared the ground. Thus the world might read of "The Squire of Wanless, every inch a soldier," in one journal, and of "Nevile Ingram Esquire of Wanless Hall" in another. There are no politics in police-reports; but broadcloth is respectable. The prisoner was described as "Struan Glyde, twenty-three, a sickly looking young man, who exhibited symptoms of nervousness." It was allowed that he spoke "firmly

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but respectfully to the Bench," but, on the other hand, "to the complainant he showed considerable animosity, and more than once had to be reproved by the chairman." The proceedings were short. "At the close there was a demonstration, which was immediately checked by the police."

Glyde, in fact, was revealed as a hatchet-faced young man, slim as a Hindu, and olive-complexioned, having light, intent eyes and very long eyelashes. Nervous he undoubtedly was; he twitched, he blinked, he swallowed. He looked effeminate to one judge; another said of him to his neighbor, "As hardy as a hawk." A newspaper called him "puny," a rival "as tough as whip-cord." It depended upon your reading of him—whether by externals or not. He had a quiet, fierce way with him, a glare, the look of a bird of prey. He was very self-possessed. All the papers observed it.

Ingram, playing his privilege to the last ounce, told his tale to his brother magistrates, shortly, but with considerable effect. He had had occasion to dismiss a servant, and the prisoner had taken upon himself to resent it. Yes—in answer to a question—a female servant. Prisoner had attacked him in his own carriage-drive, had pulled him out of the saddle before he knew what he was about, and had beaten him while on the ground. He had no witnesses. There had been none. His voice, as he chopped out his phrases, was dry, his tone impartial. He took no sides, stated the facts. He spoke to the chairman—even when he replied to the question, which made him, for a moment, take breath; and he never once looked at the accused.

The Bench consulted together. Old Mr. Bazalguet, the chairman, leaned far back in his chair and gazed at the ceiling, while two younger justices whispered to each other across his portly person, peering sideways at Ingram, who showed them his smooth head and folded arms. Colonel Vero was drawing angels on his blotting paper. Then they settled themselves, one of them with a shrug, and Sergeant Weeks told of the arrest. Accused had declined to make a statement, but had spoken certain words to his landlady, one Mrs. Broughton, to the effect that what was to come was "nothing" to what had been done. He had left in her charge papers, which the sergeant had afterwards examined, and now had in his care. This had led to a brief interlude.

Mr. Bazalguet had caught the word. "Papers? What papers?" he asked. "Newspapers?"

"No, sir," said Sergeant Weeks. "They were writings. Poetry and the like—and foreign tongues." The Bench sat up, and now Glyde had the hawk look in his light eyes. Ingram stifled a yawn and impressed the Bench.

Mr. Bazalguet, inclining his head to either side, inquired only with his eyebrows. Did we want these papers? Should we, perhaps, for form's sake, examine them? Mr. Max Fortnaby was of opinion that we should. As they were handed up, the prisoner, who had been wetting his lips, said plainly, "There's nothing in them about this business," and was reproved by Sergeant Weeks.

A formidable pile of MS. was passed up by the clerk, whose deprecating glances were not lost upon the chairman. But Mr. Max Fortnaby cut open the budget in the midst, and peered in.

"*Janua vel domina penitus crudelior ipsa*"—he read. It was a footnote. He lifted his eyebrows—then his eyes upon the accused.

"Propertius? You know Latin?"

"I know some, sir."

He returned to the MS., then again to Glyde.

"You are a bit of a poet, I see."

"Yes, sir. I hope so."

"If it leads you to battery, my young friend—" was his private comment. To Mr. Bazalguet he whispered, "The fellow's got scholarship. We might give these back, I think." Mr. Bazalguet was only too happy, and Glyde saw his offspring returned. Sergeant Weeks, safe in Mr. Fortnaby's good opinion, scrupulously wrapped and tied them. Mr. Fortnaby said, "Let them go back to his landlady," and caught the prisoner's eye.

It was now time to ask him whether he had anything to say. Glyde, perfectly master of himself, said that he pleaded guilty, but would like to put a few questions. The chairman, biting the tips of his fingers, nodded, and Mr. Fortnaby watched him.

Facing Ingram, who looked always to the chairman, Glyde asked, "Did you dismiss your servant, as you put it, before I met

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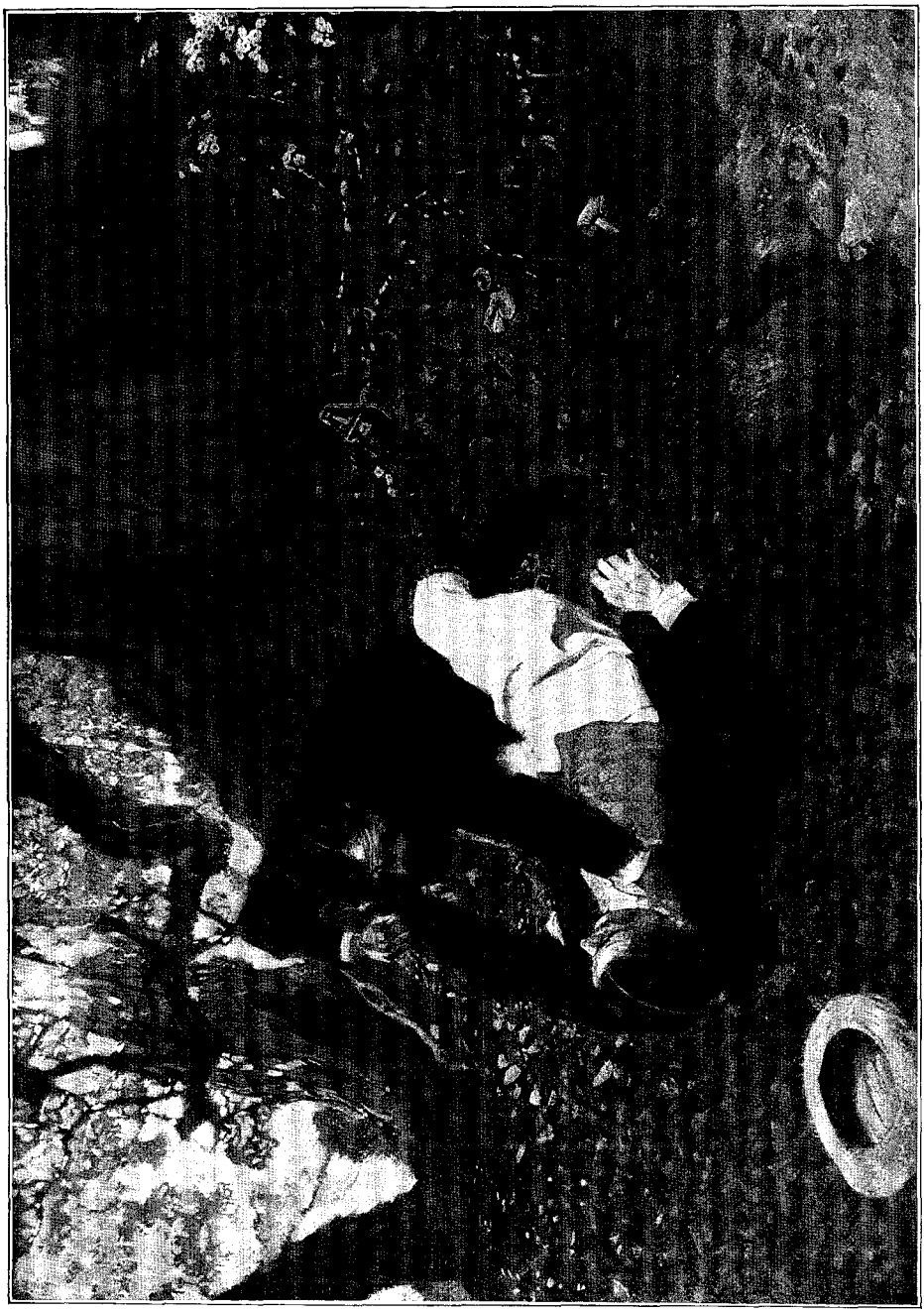

Drawn by Frank Craig. The struggle.—Page 471.

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you, or afterwards?" All eyes flew from Glyde to Ingram.

"Actually, afterwards," it was explained. "But the thing was understood before."

"By whom?"

"By me," said Ingram, "and—" He stopped there. A very interesting struggle, momentary and done in silence, took place. Glyde was daring Ingram to bring in Sanchia's name, and Ingram could not do it.

"And—" said Glyde. "And by whom?"

Ingram paused, biting his lips. He was pale. He took a long breath, and then said, "And by you, I have no doubt."

"Thank you," Glyde said. Then he began again. "Did you ask me to fight with you?"

"I believe I did."

"And I refused?"

"Yes," said Ingram; "you did."

"Did I say that I didn't fight with dogs?"

Ingram smiled at the chairman. "You did not."

"I say so now," said Glyde, and stirred the court. Mr. Bazalguet interfered. "You mustn't talk like that, Glyde. We can't have it, you know." Colonel Vero added, "Certainly not," and stretched his long legs out.

Glyde recovered himself, and begged pardon. He was told that he might go on, in reason, but declined. "Thank you, sir. I think I'll leave it so. I own to what I did."

He was told that he could be dealt with summarily, or sent for trial. "I'll take it from you, gentlemen," he said, and settled himself reposefully. The Bench drew together, with the clerk intervening.

Mr. Bazalguet, double-chinned and comfortable squire, was disturbed by this case. What troubled him was that Ingram had not been straightforward. What was this dismissal of a servant? He knew, and therefore he asked the question. Fortnaby knew also, but didn't intend to say. Everybody, indeed, knew. Romance appeals to us all in divers ways; and it was actually romance which settled Glyde's romantic affair.

Fortnaby, Maximilian Fortnaby, had been a school-master, had succeeded to an estate at forty, and retired. He, with his keen face and trim whiskers, leaning his head on his hand, thus spoke in undertones, and carried the day: "The case is clear. The young man's taught himself tongues, and has poetry. He's been taught other things, too, and has got some of them wrongly. One thing he ought to learn is that to relieve your feelings is not the way to help the oppressed. He's set himself up for a champion, and tongues have got to work. I should give him three months." Mr. Bazalguet looked at the clerk, who said it was a bad case. Mr. Ingram was a magistrate and—the maximum was two years. The third magistrate saw his way to impressing himself; "Make it six months," he said. The chairman agreed with him, until Colonel Vero said, "I should give him a year." That shocked him. "It'll take a long time for it to blow over, you know," he whispered to Fortnaby, who smiled and shrugged. "I don't suppose six will hurt him. He'll be able to write after a bit." "Ingram will go abroad, you know," said Mr. Bazalguet. "Did you happen to know the—party?" Fortnaby looked up quickly. "I? Oh, dear no! But I gather that the less we say the better. It was not an ordinary servant." Mr. Weir, the third magistrate, said, "A lady, I hear," but his colleagues ignored him. Then they all sat up, and the clerk sank into the well.

"Glyde," said Mr. Bazalguet, "you will have to go to prison for three months, with hard labor. I hope this will be a warning to you. I do indeed."

The prisoner was removed amid murmurs. There was some cheering outside the court—at which Ingram grimly smiled. But he was very pale, and did not leave the Sessions house until late in the afternoon. Old Mr. Bazalguet was very cool with him after the court. He grunted when they met in the hall. "You go abroad?" he asked him. Ingram said, it was probable.

(To be continued)

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THE GODDESS

By Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

THE day was still young and fresh. There was even a note of coolness in the breeze blowing in from the Gulf. Halliwell, sitting on his back piazza in a direct line with the open door and sipping his morning coffee, enjoyed it to the full.

"Felt many a hotter morning in New York—the tropics and the devil don't get their due," he thought with a flicker of amusement on the thin lips beneath the close-cut iron-gray mustache.

He shifted himself in the comfortable wicker chair and looked out to where the waves came tumbling in over the bar, white and cool. The curtain of the bedroom window at his back stirred in the breeze, and a gaudy parrot, swinging giddily on the front piazza, screamed out profane greetings in the Mexican vernacular to a passing acquaintance.

Presently a Chinese servant noiselessly removed the breakfast things, leaving a box of "Porfirio Diaz" on the table at Halliwell's elbow. He struck a match and, leaning forward on the wooden balustrade, continued to stare out over the water while he smoked. Gradually a look of content dawned in his tired eyes and, stretching out his long limbs, clad in the inevitable white linen, he gazed about him appreciatively.

"It isn't so bad—might be a lot worse," he confided to himself with a sort of defiant cheerfulness.

If Halliwell referred to his surroundings, they might obviously have been much worse. His house—it had been his for five years—was the last one of a row of comfortable frame cottages, perched on a bluff that declined abruptly to the sandy shore and stood invitingly open to what cooling Gulf breezes a beneficent Providence might send. Big mangoes and a fiery flamboyant tree flourished in the garden. From the back piazza there was an admirable view of the broad Coatzacoalcos River where it emptied into the Gulf. Halliwell found it amazingly pleasant to sit there and watch the big ocean-going steamers or little coastwise tramps creep up and down the shore and turn in at the open waterway, sailing majestically over the bar, or scrambling and panting over it, and at length tying up, breathless and buffeted, at the straggling wharf.

Perhaps it was the constant sight of those messengers from the outside world that kept Halliwell quiet. He couldn't feel quite like a prisoner if he could walk down the street and take a steamer for Havre or New York.

"One doesn't mind being locked in a room if one has the key," he told himself, and although he knew he would never unlock the door, the illusion of liberty was immensely soothing.

At any rate it was infinitely better than those five horrible years passed in hiding himself sedulously inland—steering clear of ports and ships for fear of meeting people he knew. His forehead contracted with a spasm of pain at the mere thought of the infernal, sun-blistered places he had skulked in.

After five years he had taken his courage in his hands, had quit the Equator, and gone up the Mexican coast to Coatzacoalcos. He was really very comfortably fixed, and not a soul had he seen in the five years he had lived on the coast who had ever known him. What a fool he had been, he reflected with a laugh. He had never been such a distinguished person that he need have feared detection. He had not been distinguished even in his—errors. He chose the word carefully. They had lacked scope and distinction—had almost lacked a name. There were times when he had to vividly recall facts to believe in them himself.

On mornings such as this he sometimes wondered if he had not been a fool to bolt. With the requisite expensive litigation he might have proved away everything, might have "arranged matters," as, he learned,

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Leaning his elbows on the table, stared at the picture.—Page 481.

had been done later by his people. Why, in Heaven's name, then, had he let go, or, having gone conceivably, why did he never return, once it was possible?

In the morning with a cool wind blowing in from the Gulf and a coast-wise steamer going out over the bar on her way up to Vera Cruz, it was hard to say why. It was only at night, in the dark hours just before dawn, when he had a miserable fashion of waking, that his moral myopia vanished and the outlines of his indiscretions became sharp and poignant. The answer was easy then, and it was always the same.

Halliwell stirred and then stood up, leaning against a post of the *corridor*. His tall, spare figure showed to advantage in the immaculate white suit and canvas shoes. Youth was still there in line and poise. He could not have been over thirty-five or six, but the grizzling hair and mustache—Halliwell had not worn a mustache in the old

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days—and the lined face and anxious eyes claimed forty-five.

His uneasy glance swept around to the open window, where he could see the soft-footed Chinaman deftly putting to rights his bedroom. Through the open door he caught a glimpse of his well-ordered sitting-room, the comfortable wicker chairs, the big fans scattered prodigally about, and the low table laden with books and periodicals. At the table his eye stopped. In the centre of it was a large photograph in an elaborate silver frame.

With a sudden impulse he stepped inside the door, picked up the photograph, and, carrying it out, propped it against the box of cigars. Then he sat down again and, leaning his elbows on the table, stared at the picture.

It was the photograph of a young girl. The face was distinguished, not so much by positive beauty as by an entrancing expression of innocence and nobility. The luminous blue eyes held a compelling look of purity, and the masses of fair hair were piled above a marvellously candid brow.

At this vision Halliwell gazed for a long while, and gradually the look of content which the morning had brought to him faded, giving place to the expression of poignant, reminiscent regret which the waking hours of the night always evoked.

With this girl's face before him the reason of his flight was very clear to him. He had not hesitated at the time, and even after ten years no other course had ever seemed possible. He had known her too well to have ever had any illusion as to the figure his financial escapade would cut in her clear eyes. And he had been man enough to accept his fate, to make no plea and no outcry. He congratulated himself anew as he had congratulated himself every day for ten years, that he had gone away without a word and that he had had the courage to stay away. He had realized to the full and without bitterness that there could be no appeal from her high standard of purity, and he rejoiced in the fact. In the moral upheaval which had in a moment destroyed the rather elaborate edifice of his professional honor, that was the one unshakable conviction left to him. And his indestructible belief in that high sense of honor which had condemned him had come to be the one constant and precious thing in his life, the North Star of his stormy existence by which he guided his shifting fortunes.

He could recall with fidelity every detail of their last evening together. It was at the opera—he remembered that they sang "Le Nozze di Figaro," with an incomparable cast—but he had no eyes or ears for the arch Susanna and the fickle Almaviva disporting themselves on the stage. He sat in the back of her box and watched her throughout the evening. She had worn a cloudy white dress with some pearls at her throat. He remembered how they rose and fell as she breathed, and how exquisite she was in her vaporous white gown, and how desperately in love he was! She was passionately fond of music, and as he watched her he had thought that if all went well they would have their own box when they were married.

If all went well! By morning his house of life had tumbled about his ears—things had leaked out, been sold to the newspapers, when, by whom, he never knew—never cared to know—exactly. Night saw him a voluntary exile for whom there was no return. Time and the pliant technicalities of the law made it possible, but rehabilitation by the world meant nothing to him since he knew that in her eyes he could never be rehabilitated. He took a vicarious, exultant pride in her young, unyielding code of justice and honor. Whatever he was—had become in a moment of weakness—he had the exquisitely renovating conviction that the woman he loved was morally an *intransigeante*. It was as though he had saved his soul and honor alive in her.

Whatever he had dreamed in those early days she might be to him, was as nothing compared to what she had become during the long years of renunciation and separation. Even the thought that she might have come to be all in all to some other man—there had been plenty hanging around to take his place, he reflected half humorously—did not trouble him. There had been exquisite, unforgettable things between them. But he wondered anew if she had ever married. With all channels of information closed to him for so long he had never been able to learn whether or not she had yielded to those solicitations of which he knew only too well she had been the object. It was likely that she had yielded,

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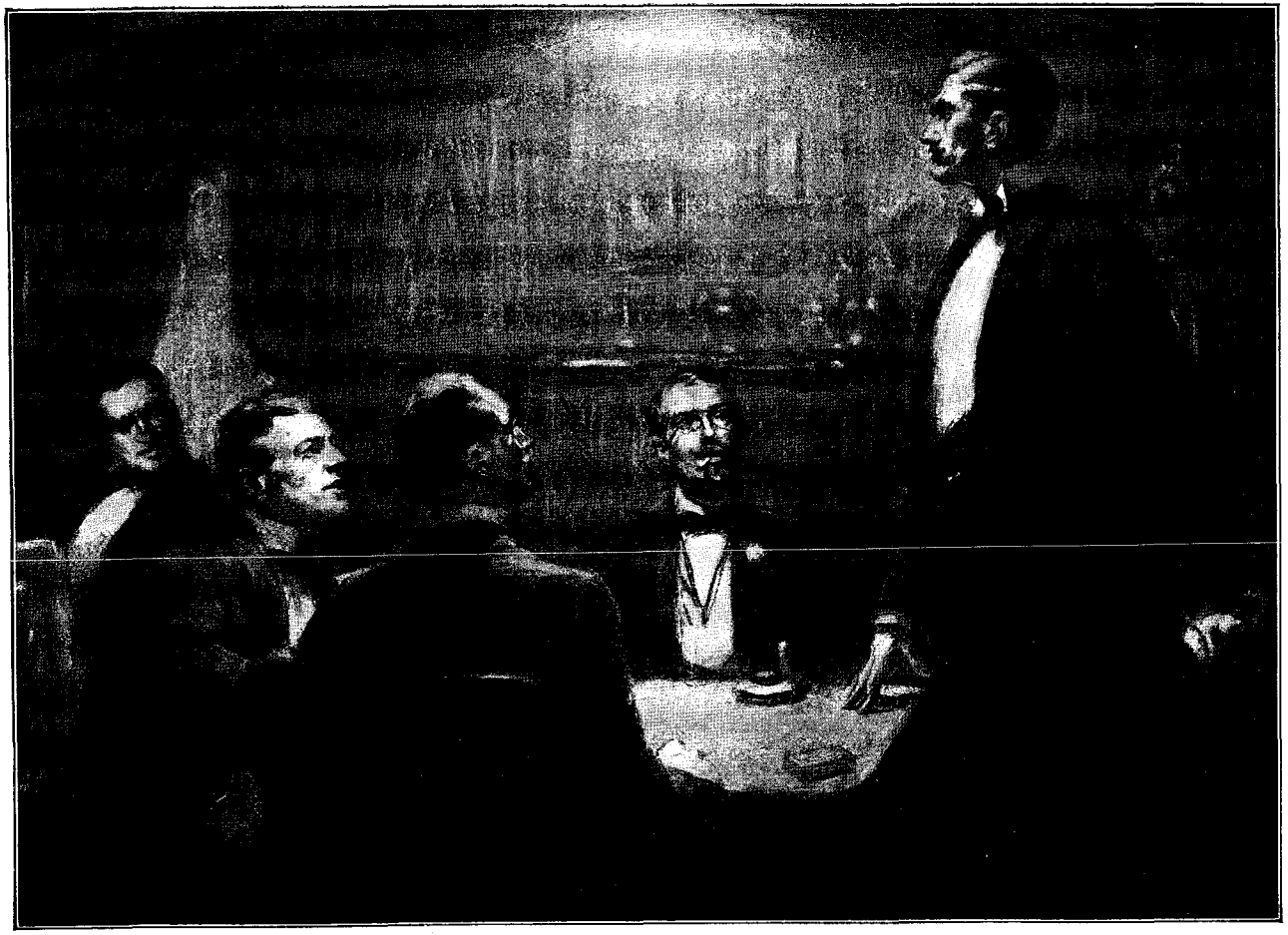

Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

He stood up, his face white now.—Page 487.

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he argued—she was very beautiful, there had been nothing definite between them, and ten years is a perilous test of the most faithful memory. . . .

The Chinaman shuffled softly to the door with a marine glass in his hand.

"Señol!" he murmured liquidly, and pointed out to sea.

Halliwell looked up, his mental gaze still full of the girlish picture before him. For a few minutes he could see nothing, and then up the coast a bit he made out the white bulk of a steam yacht ploughing rapidly along, her nose pointed landward.

Halliwell held out his hand for the glass and gave a look at the incoming craft.

"By Jove, at the rate she's going she ought to be over the bar and docked in an hour!" he thought, glancing at his watch and pleasantly exhilarated by the sight of the fast-coming vessel.

The day had passed when Halliwell feared the arrival of ships. In the five years he had lived in sight of the little seaport, so many thousands had come and gone without consequences of any sort to himself that he had ended by freely indulging that impersonal but lively interest in them that is seemingly never dulled in the breast of the landsman.

He indulged it now, leaning on the railing of the balustrade, and glancing now and then through the glass at the slim white sides and red funnels of the fast-coming vessel. Its arrival was the one touch needed to make the cool morning entirely pleasant. Ships of all sorts were common enough, tramps, fruit steamers, coastwise Spanish liners; but sea-going yachts were more or less rare—a sort of nautical *bonne bouche*. Halliwell savored its approach with pleasurable feelings and a mild curiosity as to its owner. He had always been rather keen about yachts. In the old days he had meant to own one himself.

When *The Gulnare* slid gracefully up to the wharf, Halliwell verified his guess of her speed by a glance at his watch. It had been just fifty-eight minutes since he had first caught sight of her.

"She's what enthusiastic reporters up in New York call 'an ocean greyhound,'" he thought humorously to himself, and he leaned far over the balustrade to try to get a better look at her. All he could see as she lay at anchor was the tops of her red funnels. He knew, however, that he would get a good view of her on his way to the Club, and taking his hat and cane from the waiting Celestial he strolled down the rocky street to the main thoroughfare.

It had been Halliwell's habit for years to spend an hour or so in the morning at the little Anglo-American club that had its quarters on the first floor of the one hotel in the town. It would have been difficult for simplicity to go farther in either "club" or "hotel." Nevertheless Halliwell enjoyed his morning smoke and chat—he never drank—and the companionship of the young engineers and planters who rather looked up to him and invested him with a phantom importance that helped to give a touch of substantiality to his existence. He did not have to play the sneak with them, for they were not the kind to ask questions. In out-of-the-way places curiosity is frowned upon by the majority for multifarious reasons, and Halliwell had never been called upon to give an explanation of his prolonged stay in so modest and retired a seashore resort as Coatzacoalcos.

At the foot of the hill he made a slight détour, passing around by the wharf where the yacht lay. Long years of safety had made him over confident, or perhaps he had grown a thicker skin during his exile. At any rate, he made no effort to avoid a possible meeting with *The Gulnare's* guests, and at a turn in the rocky street he came full upon them, strolling up to the town.

If Halliwell had ever deceived himself into thinking that he had lost sight of his old life and become an integral part of his new makeshift existence, he must have been enlightened in that moment of meeting with his former friends. So constantly had they been in his thoughts that it was with a hardly perceptible thrill of surprise he saw advancing toward him Curtis Burnett, with whom, in the old days, he had shared rooms in a fashionable bachelor establishment, and beside him, chatting gayly, Alice Ware, the woman who had come to be the pivotal fact of his existence.

It was largely because of this absence of surprise on Halliwell's part that his two friends found themselves at ease, and their greetings and his presentation to the others of *The Gulnare's* party, who came up, were accomplished with an astonishing lack of embarrassment.

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Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

"It's wonderful—I'm glad we came!"—Page 488.

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But if in the first moment of meeting there had been no room for any emotion so trivial as surprise, there was ample opportunity, in the pause which quickly succeeded greetings and introductions, for a rush of memories sufficiently overwhelming and painful to reduce Halliwell to silence as he walked up the street beside Miss Ware.

She, too, was silent. The most innocent comment, the most commonplace question seemed barbed with hidden meaning. She rejected tumultuously, one after another, every remark that occurred to her, and it was finally in sheer desperation that she took refuge in the banal interrogation:

"Have you been well?"

Halliwell justified her conversational effort by the gravity with which he met her question.

"Entirely. And you?"

"Quite—although our chaperon, the dearest and most tactless of creatures, tells me I am looking fagged!"

"Chaperon—?" he hazarded.

Miss Ware turned an amused eye upon him.

"*Vous n'en voyez pas la necessité?*" she asked lightly. "Let me tell you that I am still unmarried—I am still Alice Ware!"

"Ah!" said Halliwell helplessly, and he stared at Burnett's back vanishing up the street. "He is a very attractive fellow!" he murmured in apology.

Miss Ware followed his gaze.

"I appreciate the vicarious compliment," she said gayly. "But—we are simply the best of friends."

Halliwell looked at her. An immense rush of gladness flooded his whole being. He had had no idea that he would care so much.

"You see I will make mistakes," he ventured humbly at length. "I have ten whole years to make up!"

Miss Ware stopped in her slow walk. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes were tender with sympathy.

"Ah, let me help you!" she cried impulsively, and she stretched out a slim white hand to him.

II

In the ten days that followed, Halliwell came into his own again. The old life which he had lived over in imagination during his exile became a reality once more.

His friends—Halliwell found that the party on board *The Gulnare*, with the exception of Randolph King, her owner, the oil magnate from Pittsburg, Mrs. Ellsworth, the intensely frank chaperon, and Von Graffenried, an attaché of the Austrian Legation, whom they had enticed from his official duties in Mexico City, were all old friends—welcomed him with unaffected cordiality. It was astonishingly simple. They just ignored things. Across the chasm of ten years which had elapsed since he had been one of them, they quickly built a "practicable" bridge, over which they stepped gayly, with but now and then a look downward at the abyss.

No one was as surprised as Halliwell himself at the astounding ease with which this renewal of relations had been effected, and in the waking hours of the night he was given to speculating about it uneasily. But during the day he was for the most part too happy and too busily occupied to be conscious of anything but the pleasantness of his new life.

His mornings were usually spent going about with King; that gentleman, having invested heavily in oil properties in Mexico, was astutely combining business with pleasure, and had invited the party to cruise with him in Mexican waters that he might have the opportunity of selecting the site for a big oil refinery near Coatzacoalcos. In this search Halliwell was, of course, of immense help and gave prodigally of his time and knowledge of the surrounding country. The afternoons and evenings he passed with Miss Ware and the others, making little excursions up the river in the yacht's naphtha launch or idling under the awnings on *The Gulnare's* deck.

It was during these hours of social intercourse that Halliwell stood most in need of the help which Miss Ware had so warmly proffered. In spite of care he sometimes stumbled, in spite of the heroic efforts of his friends there were awkward pauses, perilous lapses. These had been harrowingly frequent at first, but as the days passed their intercourse settled down into a normal groove.

Curiously enough, as Halliwell's friends became more and more at ease with him, Halliwell himself began to feel a constraint, a restlessness in their society; they were too

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easy, he told himself—took things too confoundedly for granted. He was sick of the pretence, the false assumptions, the hourly evasions he was put to in their company. At the Club it had been different. He had not had to pretend, because no one knew anything about him. But these people knew. Good heavens! didn't they have any decency? It would have been hard to stand their pity; it was insufferable to have to put up with this social jugglery they were forever palming off on him!

Or was it all pretence? No! Halliwell told himself with a growing contempt that they acted that way because they didn't really care a hang what he had done, what he had been. All, that is, but Alice Ware. He realized, of course, that it was only pity that made her accept him again, even provisionally and under exceptional circumstances, as a friend. He knew that beneath her kind exterior there lurked an ineradicable contempt for him, and he pressed the knowledge to his breast with a sort of joyful pain, much as some martyr might press the spiked cross into his penitent flesh. Between them, if there was silence, there was at least no subterfuge, no compromise. Had kindly pity not sealed her lips, he knew only too well what she would say. In her company he had not the illusion of a blameless past—the illusion the men tried to create—but the purifying sensation of doing penance for remembered sins.

It seemed to Halliwell that he could not see enough of her. As often as possible he took her away—into the country to some lovely, flowery spot; up the river to some old Indian town; anywhere to be alone in her healing presence and away from the others. There were afternoon horseback rides into the interior to some sugar or rubber hacienda, or, best of all, long moonlight flights up the broad Coatzacoalcos in the naphtha launch while the rest were playing bridge in *The Gulnare's* cabin. The fact that the hours, the minutes he could have with her were so few and short made them the more precious. King had announced the stay was to be but for ten days. Halliwell refused to allow his mind to travel beyond that limit—he would enjoy the intermission to the full, he told himself. The first act had been insufferably long and dull, the remaining ones were likely to be still duller, with an inevitable tiresome *finale*, but in the mean time the lights were up and the music was playing.

By a miracle of good fortune Halliwell was able to study the woman he loved without disappointment. She had become just what he was sure she would become, he told himself exultantly. If the fair hair was a trifle less abundant, the brow beneath it was still as serenely candid, the eyes as luminously blue. With all her innocence she had never been the *ingênue*, and if her simplicity had now something of the same worldly cut and expensive air as her imported gown, Halliwell assured himself that it was but the natural and desirable maturing of her girlish characteristics.

As for the men, Halliwell sickened at their callousness. They made him savage. "The only thing genuine about them," he told himself contemptuously, "is their genuine indifference to what I have done—to what I am." He longed to tell them what he thought of them. In his bitterness he failed to see the humor of the situation. If they thought that he put any fictitious value on their misdirected kindnesses, if they dreamed for an instant that he didn't thoroughly realize his position, he would show them!

III

His opportunity for "showing" them presented itself in the smoking-room of *The Gulnare* on their last evening together. It was late and the women had gone to bed, leaving the men to a final rubber of bridge. King was shuffling and puffing luxuriously at his cigar. The soft night wind swept aside the thin curtains at the windows. From the shore near by came the sound of a *jarana*, and the melody of a Mexican love song trilled out in a sufficiently mellow tenor.

King laid the cards on the table to be cut.

"By Jove, I like this Mañana-land down here!" he declared pleasantly. "Wish I could stay longer."

"So do I. What's the hour for starting?" inquired Burnett.

"Enrique says the tide will serve about five in the afternoon." King was dealing slowly. As he dropped a card before Halliwell he looked up a little consciously. "I say, Halliwell, if you aren't too enamoured of this country down here, won't you go

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back with us? There's an empty cabin, you know. Hamilton was to have come, but his mother's illness kept him at the last minute."

Halliwell sorted his cards while a flush mounted to his forehead.

"Thank you," he said quietly after an instant's silence, "but you all know well enough why I stay and why I must continue to stay here."

Burnett ran his cards together with a rattle. "Oh, confound it, Frank," he growled, "don't be an idiot! It was never actionable, and you've paid for it all with the ten best years of your life. Let the dead past bury its dead, I say!"

Allenby moved uneasily. "My dear Halliwell," he murmured, "surely you are supersensitive!"

Wilcox—Halliwell remembered with a thrill of disgust Wilcox's reputation in the old days—leaned far back in his chair at the next table and stared in undisguised amazement.

"You're mad—absolutely mad, my dear fellow! You don't mean to say you are still worrying over that affair! Why people have forgotten all about it——"

"Then by ——, *I* haven't!" cried Halliwell. He stood up, his face white now and his eyes blazing. "I've done wrong, but thank God, my soul's still alive—I've not forgotten it! Do you take me for a knave clear through, or are you knaves yourselves to think you can wipe out my past by simply ignoring it as you have been doing? Do you think I have misunderstood this interlude in the life I have deliberately chosen as the only possible form of existence left for me? Do you think I can go back to the old life as if nothing had ever happened—sneak in, shielded by my friends' convenient memories; share in its pleasures, its responsibilities, through the generosity of the indifferently forgetful; measure myself again with men who have been growing all these ten years I've been standing still? Perhaps *you* could do it—I'll be damned if I can! I'd have to have a thicker skin, duller brains than I have to do *that!*" He let his cards drop in a heap on the table and turned away. At the door he stopped awkwardly. "You fellows have doubtless meant it for a kindness, but I have my own notions as to the only expiation I can make."

When the door had closed upon him, King picked up the scattered cards.

"Whew!" he said under his breath. "It's gone to his head, poor devil!"

"Not a bit of it! Every mother's son of us knows he's right about it," objected Burnett aggressively. "What in thunder made you ask him to go back?"

"Well, there were several reasons. One of them was, I thought he'd be glad of the chance."

Von Graffenried looked up with a disagreeable smile on his lips.

"There will be one of the party disappointed if Monsieur Halliwell does not return with us," he said.

"If you mean Miss Ware, why don't you say so?" growled Burnett, frowning.

"There was something between her and Halliwell, wasn't there?" demanded Wilcox. "It's a pity—she's getting into the sere and yellow, and it's my belief she realizes it, and isn't any too happy in consequence."

"By Jove, if you had been a woman you'd have been a cat, Wilcox," flung out Burnett obscurely.

"It's always a pity when a beautiful woman misses the mark," murmured Von Graffenried.

Out in the dark Halliwell was walking quickly up the rocky street, chewing viciously at the unlighted cigar that hung on his lower lip. Amid the turbulence of his thoughts there gradually shaped itself the comforting reflection that he had told these men what he thought of them; that he had clearly defined his attitude. He was glad he had done it, even though he doubted whether they would understand. He told himself that he need look for comprehension but from one quarter—from Alice Ware. She who had never condoned his fault would rejoice that he did not either. With her approval he was a thousandfold content. They were to have a last morning together, and he meant to break the silence they had maintained and show her what she had done for him, what she had made of him, in spite of his mistakes.

IV

"It's perfect," declared Miss Ware, sinking down on the rug Halliwell had spread for her and gazing around.

"I thought you'd like it—it's far and

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away the prettiest spot for miles around. And just look at the view!"

"It's wonderful—I'm glad we came!"

From the high hill on which they stood, crowned with great mangoes and bewildering masses of gardenias, they could see below them the picturesque old Mexican town of Minititlan basking in the brilliant morning sunlight, and beyond it the broad Coatzacoalcos flowing down to the Gulf. They had started, before the others were astir, in the naphtha launch, alone save for Enrique, the *maquinista;* and as they swung lightly up the river there was a freshness in the air like the freshness of that morning two weeks before when *The Gulnare* had slid gracefully over the bar and dropped anchor at the old wharf.

"You see I saved the best for the last. I wanted this to be your last remembrance of the Isthmus—and of me." He moved over to a big gardenia bush weighted down with waxlike flowers and gathered a handful. Flinging them in Alice's lap, he sank down beside her.

She lifted one of the blooms to her lips. "What do you mean by that?" she asked quickly. "Aren't you going back in *The Gulnare?*"

"No."

She turned sharply around to Halliwell. "But didn't King invite you? He promised he would!"

"Yes—but, of course, you know I wouldn't—couldn't accept."

She leaned forward and a provocative little smile gathered around her lips. "Not even if I asked you?" she said.

Halliwell stared ahead of him with troubled eyes. "But you of all people will never ask me," he declared, after an instant's pause, in a low voice.

The girl opened wide her luminous blue eyes. "I? Why not? But I do!"

"But that is impossible!" he protested. "You—you of all people know why—know why I can never go back," he stammered.

She looked at him with narrowed lids for an instant.

"Ah, you are thinking of that old trouble," she said at length; "you must not—it is forgotten——"

"But you—you!" he cried.

"Yes—I know," she stopped him hastily. "I was very hard on you—the hardest of all perhaps—but I was very young and very lofty-minded. The young have such impossibly high standards!" she laughed a little. "I have often wondered if you ever forgave me my sternly virtuous attitude! I fear I was a creature of exalted ideals in those days. My moral vision was deficient, I could only see black and white. Now I can distinguish the most delicate *nuances* between right and wrong. I know life better—I know it is made up of compromises and that one of its most useful teachings is, 'there's no use crying over spilt milk.' Believe me, Frank, I wouldn't be so hard on you again." She turned to him with a lift of the eyes Halliwell knew so well. "It was a misfortune, an indiscretion, a grave error, if you like, but it's over and done with! What's the use of punishing yourself any more? I want you to be a reasonable being and come back with us, because—well, because, you see, I care so much!" She blushed brightly as she spoke and, smiling, held out both her white hands to him.

Halliwell rose dizzily to his feet. He felt spent and weak—as though he had been hit by a ball and his life blood was flowing from some severed artery. For the life of him he couldn't so much as lift a hand to touch hers. Something seemed to have snapped within him, leaving him inert, helpless. His illusions crashed about his ears in an almost audible confusion. He looked at her with troubled eyes, and suddenly she seemed quite different to him. The youth with which she had always seemed invested had fallen from her; the calm, luminous eyes had turned brightly hard; the serene brow, smoothly deceptive; the tender smile, merely provocative. With a groan he turned from her.

At his glance and movement she sprang to her feet. They stood thus for an instant, she, puzzled, expectant; he, with averted, miserable eyes, and then, without a word, they started down the hill. . . .

V

It was six o'clock, and the Chinaman came to the piazza door with the marine glass in his hand, proffering it to Halliwell, who sat in his accustomed place staring out to sea.

"Señol!" he murmured and pointed

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downward to *The Gulnare* making her way gracefully over the bar.

Halliwell glanced up, but when he saw the glasses he shook his head. He had no need of glasses—he could see only too well! He leaned forward with folded arms on the balustrade and, in the gathering darkness, stared for the last time at the slim white sides and red funnels of the yacht manœuvring her speedy way to the open sea.

THE PROCESSION

By Sarah N. Cleghorn

No witch's brew, or midnight incantation
Brings them to walk the rafters of my garret;
But a fresh wind, that blows from far the music
Of falling water:

Then do they come, the cavaliers of Raleigh,
Or Pilgrims landing on their frozen headland,
(And playing fearless in the wolfish forest,
The Pilgrim children!)

Sometimes alone, sometimes by moonlight courting,
I see their grave and lily-slender daughters;
Sometimes I hear their stalwart sons rough-riding
To join the muster.

Out of the dark rolls forth the Conestoga:
Westward forever billows its great mainsail:—
Fording at last the fabled Mississippi,
Bound for the Rockies!

Through the green valley of the Old Dominion
Marches the South behind her mighty Captain;
But hark! I hear a hundred thousand voices
Sing "Father Abraham."

Last in the shadowy concourse of my people,
I see the civil soldiers of the future,
Welcomed with ringing of the bells and salvoes
In every township;

Who, where they come, increase, not burn, the harvest:
About whose camp are children safely playing:
And harmless beasts their fathers shot for pastime
Creep near, and trust them.

I am well rested, though with little sleeping:
The mists are rolling seaward from my country;
The morning touches with a golden finger
Schoolhouse and steeple.

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THE DRAMATIST AS MAN OF LETTERS

THE CASE OF CLYDE FITCH

By Walter Prichard Eaton

TO take Clyde Fitch seriously always surprised many serious people. To take the theatre seriously always surprises many serious people, for that matter—the theatre, that is, not of the printed page, not of the so-called "literary drama," but the actual playhouse, where farces and musical comedies, vaudeville and moving pictures, trivialities of all sorts, jostle with Shakespeare and Ibsen in the long effort to amuse. Now, Clyde Fitch was a man of that actual playhouse; his plays, though several of them have found their way into type, were designed for the foot-lights with no thought of type in mind. They were almost as much "produced" as written, for Mr. Fitch was his own alert stage manager and shaped his pieces in rehearsal. They were, most of them, frankly wrought to amuse, to entertain an audience in the playhouse, to bring the immediate returns of popularity and patronage. They were neither conceived nor considered as literature in the conventional sense. Mr. Fitch was perfectly willing to be a dramatic tailor, to cut a part to the measure of a star, to adapt from the French or German, to "dramatize" novels. Mostly, he may fairly be said to have been concerned not so much with weaving a fabric as cutting a garment, mostly he wrought, it seemed to his critics, not so much from a central idea, from an impulse of self-expression, as from a purely theatrical impulse to "shape up" an entertaining story. He belonged to Broadway, not the library or the class room. How, then, shall he be considered seriously, in the formal sense, and his work regarded as of literary importance?

It cannot be so regarded unless the critic is willing to make certain concessions. But neither can the stage work of men much more highly esteemed in literary circles than Clyde Fitch, the work, even, of some acknowledged masters of literary form. "Peter Pan," by J. M. Barrie, would make a poor showing in print. Yet is it less worthy work than "The Little White Bird," his prose fantasy between covers, out of which it grew? A literary critic recently wrote of John Galsworthy's "Plays":

"While we are all aware that plays frequently get themselves printed in book form, we have very generally come to regard this as a mysterious and purely conventional activity of the publishers. But—and the fact is of some moment—Mr. Galsworthy's plays are actually readable. They are not of the stage, stagey. They have literary form, fictional interest, and human appeal. . . . It would almost seem as though Mr. Galsworthy had rediscovered the underground passage between literature and the stage."

This paragraph is more or less typical of the literary critic's attitude toward the drama regarded as literature. It shows clearly the concession which must be made, not only in the case of Mr. Fitch's work, but in that of many another dramatist. The critic applies to the printed play the same tests he applies to the novel or story, and finds "the underground passage between literature and the stage" only when the dialogue is sufficiently embellished, the characters reduced to cold type sufficiently plausible, the situations sufficiently interesting or poignant, robbed of the living pulse of interpretation by actors and actresses. Now, the novel or story is written to be read, and what it does in type is all it can do. The drama is not even written; it is constructed. And it is constructed to be acted in a theatre by living men and women, with illusive scenery, artificial lights manipulated at will, the tang of actuality about it, and the mood of it created for the spectator by a thousand aids which have no connection with the printed page, which can and do escape the reckoning of the literary critic. Its characters, impersonated by good actors, may conceivably say things of stinging hu-

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mor or pathos which in cold type will look trivial and mean. Its situations, which may conceivably seem stiff and formal on the printed page by their very formality, may rise steadily to a thrilling climax in the theatre, where the interest of the audience is held by the eye and the ear and led on from one moment to the next, step by step, so that a formal, mathematical precision of incident is frequently an aid, not a blemish.

Unless it is drama written frankly for literary effect, as modern blank verse drama always is, its dialogue is the more effective the closer it approximates the inelegant speech of daily life, the closer it fits the characters who speak it, not as we visualize and exalt them in type, but as they walk before us in concrete form. No small part of the charm, the literary distinction of Maurice Hewlett's "Open Country," is in the rhapsodic outpourings of Senhouse, which, on the printed page, carry you irresistibly along. But in an acted drama one dreads to think of their fate, unless they were condensed, made more colloquial, robbed, in short, of what is now their grace of style. Again, addressed as the drama is so much to the eye, its finest passages are often impossible of reproduction in type. Can you get into print the final moments of "Shore Acres," when old Nat Berry, played so beautifully by James A. Herne, climbs the stairs with his candle, and then the empty kitchen glows silently in the fire-light, like a benediction, before the curtain glides down? Can you, indeed, reproduce a thousand and one poignant dramatic situations, carefully planned by the dramatist, when pantomime and silence get the mood and meaning across the foot-lights?

It is obvious, then, that what is most effective in the theatre need not be most effective in type, and what is the literature of the proscenium frame need not be the literature of the printed page. That a great many fine dramas are literature, in the formal sense, when printed—Sophocles, Shakespeare, Molière, Sheridan, Ibsen—does not prove that a great many fine dramas are not. At best, it proves, perhaps, that the finest dramas transcend the theatre. And even they are never quite satisfactory till played, never quite the same things, at any rate. For ordinary purposes, what is or is not literature in drama should in fairness be determined by the play's effectiveness and truth in actual presentation on the stage. The concession which the critic must make is this—he must learn to visualize the printed play as he reads, and judge it as literature by its stage value. He must understand that it is but the skeleton he has before him. To do this is difficult, but not impossible, the more as most printed plays have been acted. The critic of music would not dream of judging a symphony by the printed score, unless he had the technical ability to read it into sound.

If we apply this test to the work of Clyde Fitch, it is impossible to deny it a place, and an important place, in the stage literature of America. His plays were never concerned with large personages nor profound passions. His comments on the pageant of social life which he depicted were never deep. His preoccupation with the idea of successful "entertainment" was a blemish on much of his work. Nevertheless, that work at its best caught truthfully the surface of the life depicted and occasionally, with a kind of smiling irony, plunged down below the crust; it was made fascinating by a boundless observation and individual by the touches of its author's sprightly fancy. Never stirring profoundly the beholder, and not infrequently annoying him by its petty devices of villainy to bring a situation about, it was yet work which gave much pleasure at the moment, was freshly and vitally contemporaneous, and has counted steadily as influence in the American theatre. The stage literature of to-day in this country is more truthful, more carefully observed, closer to life and more consistently a comment upon it (for merely to observe truthfully is to comment) than it was before Mr. Fitch began to write. In this development his work played a large and important part. It could not have done so had it not been truthful work, had it not been dramatic literature. And one is tempted to add it could not have done so had it been written with the printed page in mind. It is the men of the theatre who do its real work.

That the better of Mr. Fitch's plays were a comment upon life, a truthful comment, and hence literature, although in the main they were designed for purposes of theatrical entertainment, was due to the fact that his instinctive respect for the theatre was

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greater than that of the mere theatrical artificer on the one hand—Sardou, for instance, or perhaps Henri Bernstein or W. Somerset Maugham—and greater, on the other hand, than that of the usual "literary dramatist," self-styled, whom Mr. Fitch probably held in considerable contempt. His respect for the theatre was so great that he saw men and women in the world about him, heard conversations in his daily rambles, observed incidents and characters, in the light of possible stage material. It was not in him to divorce this daily reality from the theatre. If it was good enough for life, it was not too good for the drama nor too mean. This, when you come to think of it, is a high respect. And his respect for the theatre, also, was such that his wish was to appeal to its habitual audiences, to catch their ear and win their favor. For the dramatic cults, the associated "high brows," as they are known on Broadway, he cared not at all. That, at bottom, the desire for pecuniary gain had anything to do with this, all who knew Mr. Fitch can stoutly deny. It was an instinct with him. It led him, no doubt, into excesses of caricature or "comic relief" which marred even his best plays, as "The Truth." But, on the other hand, it kept his work immediately and practically effective and enabled him to exert his influence along the only lines that were for him potential. Because he respected the actual theatre too much to give it less than reality, so far as he could, and because he respected the actual theatre too much to withdraw contemptuously from its verdicts, he made the actual theatre a better place within his own too brief lifetime, he helped to increase critical respect for it, and to refine popular appreciation.

When Mr. Fitch began to get a hearing in the theatre, in 1890, he was but four years out of Amherst College. He came on with the new generation who had been born too late for the blank verse heroics of the Victorian era or its silly farces, sentimentalities, and endless adaptations from the French of the school of Scribe. It was incumbent upon the newer dramatists to bend the prose drama into either a convincing substitute for poetical heroics and romance, or a sufficiently truthful picture of men and manners to answer an intellectual need. Unconsciously, perhaps, they chose the latter course. Silly plays, tawdry arrangements of artificial situations, and shop-worn theatrical "passions" still flourished—and still flourish. Doubtless they always will. But at the time Mr. Fitch began to write, in Germany, France, England, and even in America, there were signs of better things. Ibsen's "Ghosts" was produced in Berlin at the Freie Bühne in 1889, at the Théâtre Libre in Paris in 1890, by the Independent Theatre in London in 1891, and at the Berkeley Lyceum in New York in 1894. Ibsen's "A Doll's House" was first played in England, however, in 1889. This performance almost immediately followed the production of Pinero's "The Profligate," his first serious drama. Ibsen's effect thereafter on Jones and Pinero was considerable, even if they had got on the track of what Mr. Jones sententiously called "the great realities of modern life" before the Norwegian was heard in English. What William Archer calls "a declaration of independence from French adaptations" ensued in Great Britain. In America, more remote from the whirlpool of controversy, the declaration of independence was slower in coming. But looking back over the last decade of the nineteenth century, we remember sharply James A. Herne's realistic dramas, "Shore Acres," "Sag Harbor," and "Griffith Davenport," the Civil War melodramas of Bronson Howard, Belasco, and Gillette, the "state" plays of Augustus Thomas, and Clyde Fitch's "Nathan Hale and "Barbara Frietchie." These stand out as vividly national against the Zenda romances then raging. They did seriously and more or less consciously what Harrigan and Hart and Charles Hoyt were doing unconsciously and farcically—using American material, truthfully observed, for purposes of drama.

But so far only one of these men, James A. Herne, had gone much beyond obvious material. Probably he alone was fully conscious of the stream of tendency which he was alike guiding and guided by. Mr. Herne died, Mr. Howard ceased to write, Mr. Gillette faded into a more or less innocuous adapter of foreign work. Mr. Thomas has only in the past few years come to a full realization of what the drama means to him. But Clyde Fitch, man of the theatre though he was, cutter of garments to the order of any star, adapter and collaborator when the call came, in his numerically huge output continued to furnish a steady proportion of

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American dramas, truthfully observed, with an increasing purpose behind them and an increasing wealth of significant and satirical detail. His example did more than any other single influence in the American Theatre to keep the on-coming dramatists lined up to the new standard and the new ideal. His name is writ large as a signer of the American drama's declaration of independence.

In the score of years during which he wrote for the stage, Mr. Fitch produced thirty-three original plays, counting as two plays each shorter dramas later rewritten, and twenty-three "dramatizations" of novels or adaptations of foreign works. He left behind at his death three additional original manuscripts and two adaptations. It has been for years the supposition that if he had written less he would have written better. Probably, however, this is not true. He had a "bottled lightning" mind and little power of reflection. Moreover, invention, the greatest difficulty of play writing, was easy for him, the labor of constructing a plot and situations less than for most men. He wrote as his nature directed; and it is rather foolish to quarrel with any artist's method of composition. The process of adapting a play, though Mr. Fitch, as in "Girls," for instance, often transformed the original into a new thing by his wealth of characteristic detail, is not a severe mental strain. Thirty-six original plays in twenty years of ardent and unceasing toil is not, perhaps, an inordinate number, certainly not a record number. Shakespeare, indeed, wrote almost as many.

And of these original plays all but one of them written since 1900 (and that one, "The Toast of the Town," was made over from an earlier piece) dealt with American subjects, almost all with contemporary American subjects, often in a fresh, vivid, and interesting manner. With increasing sureness the majority of them gained their chief interest not from the old tricks of plot nor the old virtuosity of the actors, so common on our stage a generation before, but from the essential truth of their observation of contemporaneous life and manners.

In 1901 Miss Amelia Bingham produced "The Climbers," after nearly every manager in New York had rejected it because, they said, "the public would never stand for the funeral stuff in the first act." How little the managers understood what was coming to be vital in drama was shown by the result. The public "stood for" the first act, quite literally, three deep behind the last row of seats, because they recognized its deliciously ironic observation. A shallow social climber and her daughters, in funeral mourning for a father just lost, bargained with two other women for the sale of their now useless wardrobes. The scene was wickedly acid, for all its humor, and written with such observation of feminine trickery and the manners of a certain class of society that it was irresistible. The play went on to develop the tragedy of a Wall Street plunger and his socially aspiring family—a sordid tragedy of rather sordid and trivial people. But it was theatrically effective and proved anew that a popular play could be made without going back of yesterday or beyond New York for the material. And by the salient satire of its surface details, it showed how valuable a thing for the dramatist is the observant eye, the eye which is not shut as soon as the author quits the playhouse, but is then most open, gathering material not from the musty store-room of stage tradition but from the streets and drawing-rooms.

In "Barbara Frietchie," produced by Miss Marlowe in 1899 with great success, Mr. Fitch had shown in the minor detail of stage setting what can be achieved by good taste, solidity and truthfulness of setting, how in the contemporary prose drama sharply framed by a proscenium arch the illusion can be heightened by attention to the "production." Mr. Belasco, among others, was already working on the same tack. But Mr. Belasco's attention to the "production" sometimes results in a swamping of more essential things. With Mr. Fitch the setting was always one detail of a scheme of realism which reached as far as his plots, and only there broke down. In "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" (played by Miss Ethel Barrymore in 1901) not only the stage replica of the old Hotel Brevoort in New York during its palmy days and the enormous skirts worn by the ladies gave the proper atmosphere, but the rehearsal of the old-fashioned ballet dance, the old ballet master himself, the pervading sense of a smaller New York of the early 70's gone mad over a pretty singer, after the fashion of our fathers, created an illusion historically truthful.

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In "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" (written for Miss Mary Mannering in 1902) not only was the illusion of a pitching steamer created by the stage carpenter—a simple trick of no importance—but the scene on the deck was filled with such countless delightful strokes of observation, both of character and incident, that no printed sketch of an ocean voyage could have caught so vividly its humors. A gentle ridicule pervaded this scene, but ridicule which resided entirely in the aptness of the characters themselves and of what they did. "The Girl with the Green Eyes" (produced by Mrs. Bloodgood in 1902) was a play of more serious mettle. Here Mr. Fitch set earnestly to work at last to study a character. But he could not forego his detail, he could not keep out of his play those strokes of observation. That was one of his weaknesses; he abused his virtues by overworking them. The scene showing the Cook's Tourists before the Apollo Belvidere was capital fun, but hardly belonged in this serious drama of jealousy any more than did the young man who was incessantly taking pills.

"Her Own Way" and "Her Great Match," written in 1903 and 1905 for Miss Maxine Elliott (cut to order, as it were), on the other hand justified the "Fitchian detail"—already this close and sprightly observation of the surface of life had come to be accepted as a sort of standard. One was willing to pause and watch the minor characters and the intimate details of the story which were so vivid a part of the charm. In "Glad of It" (a failure) Mr. Fitch endeavored to dramatize a department store, which was at least daring. In "Girls," an adaptation from the German (1908), he shaped the original so much into his own manner that it became practically his play; and here his vivid observation of surface detail was seen at its best. The life of three bachelor girls in a New York flat—the rattling of water in the steam radiator, the singing of a "vocalist" across the air-shaft, the washing of handkerchiefs in a bowl, later spread to dry on the window pane, the suppers of éclairs and chocolate, the rows with the janitor—that was its substance, and that was caught with such smiling assurance, such deft truth, that it had the tang of actuality which the story of the play quite missed, and, slight and unimportant as the little piece was, it made you dissatisfied with many a more ambitious drama, dissatisfied because the more ambitious drama lacked this surface reality, this sense of scenes and persons lifted out of life and set down upon the stage. A truthful surface texture, indeed, was with Mr. Fitch a matter of style, and almost as much an instinct as personal cleanliness.

It is no criticism of his truth as an artist to say that his people, even in the most ambitious of his plays, were generally small people, engaged in somewhat trivial affairs and moving in a shallow and trivial social world. It made many good people angry when, in "Her Own Way," a family were plunged in tragic gloom because they had lost all their fortune save a paltry $600,000. Yet, for these shallow little millionaires, that was tragic. So long as Mr. Fitch remained true to the types he chose to depict, and among whom, it must be confessed, he seemed to move with the most pleasure, his art might be limited, but it could not be called false. He set out deliberately to study these types in serious drama, at least twice, to put aside except for the mere purposes of background the adroit surface detail, the array of amusing minor personages, the satirical or comic little interludes which he knew so well how to transfer from the avenue to the stage, and to track down the deeper spiritual truths of character. These plays were "The Girl with the Green Eyes" and "The Truth." In both of them he failed of complete success. In both of them he did demonstrate that he was not fully an artist, not, however, because he chose trivial types—that was his right—but because be could not remain consistently true to his task of tracking them down.

The trouble in "The Girl with the Green Eyes" was the plot, the chain of circumstances which revealed the character of Jinny, the jealous wife. Those circumstances were largely external to her character, arbitrary and artificial, Jinny remains true to herself in this play, to be sure, but it is not the fate of most of us to have unmitigated cads for younger brothers, as Jinny had, and it is only on the stage, perhaps, that a husband would risk his domestic happiness and the love of his wife by concealing the truth about her abominable brother under the mistaken notion that his

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"honor" compelled him to keep a promise to that young gentleman. In other words, Mr. Fitch employed not the simple expedients which are, after all, sufficient to bring jealousy to a head and set it gnawing at character and happiness, but a highly colored and artificial—and rather needlessly unpleasant—set of circumstances. To create a play that should excite, he depended in reality more on plot than on character, and his study of character suffered accordingly. It seemed less typical, because its setting was not typical at all, did not spring from the character but the arbitrary will of the dramatist. This is, of course, to admit that Mr. Fitch was here too much a man of the theatre, and not free from the lingering Scribe conventions. But it in no wise proves that he was not an artist because the jealous Jinny, instead of being a regal figure, a modern Cleopatra, perhaps, was a frail, trivial, commonplace, every-day sort of female.

"The Truth," unsuccessful in America, where it was produced by Mrs. Bloodgood in October, 1906, successful in London where Miss Marie Tempest played it in April, 1907, and later taking a place in the repertoire of several Continental theatres, comes the nearest to being a completely satisfactory drama of all Mr. Fitch's works. For two acts, indeed, it has hardly a flaw. His preoccupation with amusing detail for its own sake has vanished. Engaged seriously in the study of a woman who, paradoxically, was both true at heart and a petty liar with her tongue, involving herself in webs of deceit, Mr. Fitch lays his preparation for the final inevitable blow to her husband's love with quiet ease, steady progression, and convincing naturalness. Printed, these acts are almost as engrossing and plausible as on the stage. They must satisfy even the "literary" critic!

And then once more Mr. Fitch is beset by his virtues. Enter Becky's father, a gambling, degenerate old rake, and the serio-comic landlady from Baltimore with whom he lives. The scene is transferred to their establishment, and though the father at least may claim some positive dramatic value, by explaining Becky's inherited proclivities to prevaricate (the playwrights would be hard put without the good old law of heredity!), the key of the drama is appreciably changed, a mood perilously close to farce creeps in. Mr. Fitch always claimed living originals for these characters. But that does not strengthen his case in the least. Comic characters, however true, distract from the mood of tragedy or of serious character study, divert the attention, and so are false to the higher purpose of the play. One suspects that in Europe these two characters in the presentation were "toned down," and naturally in Europe it was not their comic element of truthful caricature which stood out, but their occasional emotional appeal. That may explain the greater success of the play abroad. Being superficially less realistic there, it was at bottom more so.

Mr. Fitch's faults in these two serious character studies of his, then, were the faults of his virtues—his preoccupation with the desire to make a story for his play that should interest the large general public, and his gift of sprightly, more or less satiric, observation, which he could not quite keep within bounds, even in a drama of grave import. He was too often as one who jested in a sermon. In "The Girl with the Green Eyes" he missed his mark because his plot was artificial and did not fuse with the simple reality of his character study. The plot exposed the character, the character did not condition the plot. In "The Truth" he missed his mark because he could not keep to the one mood of gravity, and lost his hold on the emotions of his audience by losing himself in the comic depiction of exaggerated types quite aside from his main issue. In "The City," Mr. Fitch's last play, posthumously produced in November, 1909, and plainly lacking his guiding and reshaping hand at rehearsal, he created what he himself is said to have regarded as his finest work. It is, at any rate, his most masculine work, for once putting forth a man as the chief personage and seriously studying him. But here again occurs the paradox—his virtue is his fault. His play fails of his higher purpose because plot and purpose do not comport.

"The City" is, supposedly, an exposition of the idea that New York, or, for that matter, any large city "shows up" a man in his true colors, brings to the surface his keenest ambitions and largest interests, so that if those ambitions and interests are unworthy, the man comes to know it, and the

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world comes to know it also. The people from the little town of Middleberg in Mr. Fitch's play were moral hypocrites, as their father had been before them. It was not till they satisfied their longings and got into the thick of affairs in New York that they were brought to realize the fact, however. This is a fresh and perhaps a just view of urban influence. But the play fails of making it clear and convincing, because Mr Fitch, too concerned with his theatrical story, brought about the revelation of hypocrisy to the hero not by the influence of the city, but by the plotting of a single character, the degenerate and illegitimate offspring of the country father. For the working out of that long, lurid, and theatrically exciting second act, the scene of the story need really never have left Middleberg. Mr. Fitch, too intent on his plot, forgot his purpose. His instinct was right. It was a virtue. He lacked the genius, however, to fuse his story with the exposition of character and the development of an intellectual idea. Not his preoccupation with petty people was his artistic weakness—though it may have been his moral weakness—but his lack of a balanced intellectual judgment on his own work, of a sufficient power of concentration on one mood or one idea.

Admitting these, his limitations, his half failures and incomplete realizations, we must at the same time admit his positive merits and, striking the balance, judge him as one whose contributions to stage literature possessed considerable truth and value of themselves, and have been of even more significance as influence and example. In the long array of his plays, stretching over a period of almost twenty years, will be found a varied record of the foibles and fashions of the hour, the turns of speech which characterized the fleeting seasons, our little local ways of looking at little things, the popular songs we were singing, the topics which were uppermost in our social chat, our taste in decoration, our amusements, the deeper interests, even, of our leisured classes; and always a portrait gallery of vividly drawn minor characters of great historic interest. Supplement the texts and stage directions of Mr. Fitch's plays with a collection of flash-light photographs of the original productions, to picture the costumes and settings (a collection of such stage photographs would be of great value to any historical library), and they will afford twenty, fifty, a hundred years hence a more authentic and vivid record of our American life from 1890 to 1910, so far as it was lived in the gayer parts of town, than any other documents, whether the files of the newspapers or the fiction of the hour. The minute and faithful gift of observation which was his gave Mr. Fitch's plays at once their most immediate appeal and their most lasting value. Ruskin long ago pointed out that the only "historical painting" which will have value for our descendants is our record of our own times. The same is true of drama. Our descendants will not care what we thought of the French Revolution or even of the Civil War. But what we thought of our own immediate surroundings will be to them of historic interest and worth. They, at least, will be glad that the best of Mr. Fitch's plays have been preserved in print.

And because his appeal was so immediate, because his success, due to his keen and sprightly observation, was so great, his influence on other dramatists, consciously or not, was far-reaching and for good. He encouraged a more subtle and painstaking stage-management—a reform that in America still has a long way to go. He taught the value of a seemly setting for a play, of accuracy and solidity of scenery. He encouraged by his success the choice of American subjects and the stage illustration of American manners. When he began to write, the percentage of native American dramas in a single season was very small, and the characters in them were often native only in name. To-day the percentage of native dramas produced in a given year far exceeds the percentage of foreign plays, and most of them are now concerned with contemporary themes and people with characters recognizably American. It is impossible, of course, to estimate Mr. Fitch's share in this result, but that it was considerably more than that of any other single man, no one familiar with American theatrical conditions can doubt.

A man of the actual theatre, with the failings as well as the virtues of a man of the theatre, without the consciousness of a prophet's call or the intellectual assurance of a self-appointed leader, Clyde Fitch led by his practical success as a maker of popular plays, which were also truthful plays.

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That those plays obeyed the tendency of the times and led the theatre still farther from poetry and true romance, there is no question. The pendulum had to swing. It is still swinging. The mission of the theatre to-day is to give reflective realism a full and fair trial. So far as he could, Mr. Fitch instinctively made his plays realistic, he commented upon the life about him by showing it on the stage as he saw it, often through the glass of a kindly irony. Because truth always makes its way when it is not dully presented, he was popularly successful above most other playwrights. They studied the secrets of his success and wrote better plays themselves. The public —which never studies—felt the secrets of his success and demanded better plays. A man who has done this for the theatre need not fear that the theatre will forget him. But to deserve so well of the theatre, to have contributed so much to stage literature, is not yet, in popular estimation, to have become a man of letters. One is only left to speculate whether, after all, some acknowledged men of letters deserve so well of fame for any contributions they have made to vital truth in art.

LA BONNE COMÉDIE

By Austin Dobson

Les Précieuses ridicules allèrent aux nues dès le premier jour. Un vieillard s'écria du milieu du parterre: "Courage, Molière! voilà de la bonne comédie!" (*Notice sur Molière.*)

TRUE Comedy *circum præcordia ludit*,—
It cheers the heart's cockles. 'Twas thus that he viewed it,—
That simple old critic, who smote on his knee,
And named it no more than he knew it to be.

"True Comedy!"—ah! there is this thing about it,
If it makes the House merry, you never need doubt it:
It lashes the vicious, it laughs at the fool,
And it brings all the prigs and pretenders to school.

To the poor it is kind; to the plain it is gentle;
It is neither too tragic nor too sentimental;
Its thrust, like a rapier's, though cutting, is clean,
And it pricks Affectation all over the scene.

Its rules are the rules Aristotle has taught us;
Its ways have not altered since Terence and Plautus;
Its mission is neither to praise nor to blame;
Its weapon is Ridicule; Folly, its game.

"True Comedy!"—such as our Poquelin made it!
"True Comedy!"—such as our Coquelin played it!
It clears out the cobwebs, it freshens the air;
And it treads in the steps of its master, MOLIÈRE!

*** Written for Brander Matthews's "Molière."

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ON RESPONSIBILITY

By John Grier Hibben

THERE is much loose and confused thinking about the nature of responsibility. Not only are there innumerable instances of persons holding positions of trust who are evading evident responsibilities, but also of those who would seek to justify themselves in such a course. The latter are like the figures in Nast's famous cartoon of the Tweed Ring, who are all standing in a circle, and each one pointing aside with his thumb to his neighbor as the responsible person. It is the old story of the other man. There are many circumstances in life where it is convenient to shift the responsibility upon some one else; and whenever one sets himself to defend a convenient course of action, he cannot always see straight and think clear. Even though he may succeed in convincing himself, nevertheless if in this process there is any element of self-deception, he is perilously near the danger line.

There are no fallacies so subtle as those which insinuate themselves into our reasonings at a time when our interests are involved. Therefore when we seek to free ourselves of the burden of responsibility in any situation, we must be peculiarly on guard, that we do not allow ourselves to become ensnared in the toils of those artificial distinctions and plausible explanations, which when stripped of their verbal dress appear in their nakedness as contemptible subterfuges.

One of these convenient ideas which serve as a kind of natural anæsthetic to conscience is the belief that any responsibility which is divided is thereby lessened. The director of a corporation may content himself with the comforting thought that where many are jointly responsible, his share of the common obligation after all cannot be regarded as very serious. And it is in this idea that a very fundamental error lies. For responsibility is by its nature something intensive and not extensive. It can be divided among many, but it is not thereby diminished in degree. On the other hand, when by the ordinary processes of arithmetical division one number is divided by another, the result is only a small part of the original amount. It is always a lessening process. But the idea of responsibility cannot be expressed in any such quantitative terms. Dividends can be divided into separate parts, but responsibility cannot. Responsibility can never be conceived in the light of a magnitude. It belongs to the class of things which, when divided, each part is equal to the whole.

Responsibility in this respect is like pleasure which, when shared, is not lessened, but the rather increased, as Bacon long ago pointed out. The same quality we find in the rewards of honor, or of fame it may be, which come to the many who have served in a common cause and rejoice in a common victory. Thus the glory of the whole is each one's share. It can be divided among many without loss. So, also, the appreciation of beauty in nature or in art shows no diminishing returns, although the number who experience the joy of it may be increased without limit. This, also, is the characteristic feature of responsibility. Parents share the responsibility of their child, but the complete responsibility and no half measure of it rests upon each. The director of a bank or an insurance company shares the responsbiility of his position with his colleagues on the same board; but the shared responsibility is not a per capitum portion, but the whole.

This is not a new doctrine; it comes to us with an immemorial sanction. But it seems to have been forgotten in recent years. "My share of the responsibility is but slight," is a common phrase which may be heard on all sides at the present day. If one would thus seek to minimize his sense of obligation as regards that which may be placed in his keeping as a trust, he should not forget that his share of responsibility is not a part, but the whole, undiminished and untransferable. He may have others associated with him, it is true, but his individual responsibility cannot be shifted upon them. He must meet it in the full rigor of its demands, and regard

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himself as though alone in the discharge of his duties.

There is also the fallacy of the delegated responsibility. It is impossible for one at the head of large business interests, for instance, to give his personal attention to every minute detail. He finds himself naturally compelled to delegate much of the work of supervision and of administration to others who act in the capacity of his deputies. Otherwise the business of life would be impossible. This is indeed a commonplace of every-day business routine. But because some one else may assume the responsibility, he is not wholly relieved of it. He passes on the duty of actually performing some specific work, and yet the obligation still rests with him not to do the task, it is true, but at least to see that it is done. We cannot afford to ignore the customary judgment that the act of the agent is the act of the principal. We cannot take it for granted that the mere transfer of responsibility to another assures a satisfactory discharge of all the duties which it involves. We do not dare to shut our eyes to the fact as to whether such duties are fulfilled or not, on the ground that the responsibility now rests upon another and not upon ourselves. It is his responsibility, but it is also ours. A person who is at the head of a large business enterprise cannot be omnipresent or omniscient; but he is responsible for the kind of men who are his partners in responsibility, and also for the atmosphere which pervades his business, for the general morale of the service, for the discipline that is enforced, for the prevailing policy and method pursued, and for the spirit and tone which characterize all departments, however various they may be. Division of labor is not a dissipation of responsibility. He who is responsible for a particular task is relieved of that responsibility only when there is evidence that the given work has been done. The head of a corporation should devise certain methods by which such evidence can be regularly forthcoming, so that when any cog in any wheel may chance to slip, the fact may be at once apparent at the central seat of responsibility.

There is, of course, such a thing as a serial responsibility, as I would style it, that is, where a number of persons in turn assume the responsibility for a certain task, each contributing his share to its accomplishment, and then pass on the full responsibility to some other. This is illustrated in the sending of a registered package. Each one in the series does his part in the process of forwarding it, and receives a signed acknowledgment that another has relieved him of his particular duty and of all responsibility connected with it. The ordinary business of life, however, cannot always be so nicely adjusted. Responsibility appears more often in an indefinite and diffused form, in which many persons are involved, and no one at any time carries the full burden alone. There is no way of escaping responsibility of this kind as long as we remain within the area of its pervading power. We dare not hang about the outer edge of this region, hoping to reap the possible rewards, and yet think to evade all blame or loss in the event of untoward results. There are many who thus endeavor to hold their course along some such imaginary line, so that they may shrewdly keep within it to share the honor or dividends which may accrue, and yet be able to swerve to the other side of it whenever the area within may become the storm centre of indignant protest and recrimination.

There is another fallacy which many fall into of securing freedom from responsibility by the assumption of a convenient ignorance. A candidate, for instance, may not choose to know the detail of method and of policy pursued by a campaign committee in charge of his interests. The members of the committee in turn deem it wise to have him kept in ignorance. It is generally understood that whatever happens, he is to know nothing about it. The comforting theory is that no responsibility can attach to a person concerning an act of which he is ignorant. This is doubtless true, provided he is not purposely ignorant. A person may not be held responsible for failure to see some obvious circumstance when his eyes are shut; but he is responsible for his eyes being shut when they ought to be open.

There are men who know that certain results could not possibly be accomplished without certain definite means being used; and yet consent weakly to profit by these results on the ground that they do not know

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explicitly the character of the means used to attain them. It is a lame excuse. We are responsible not only for that which we see and hear, but also for that which may be implied in the things seen and heard, and which we are compelled to recognize as the necessary consequence of them. It is not merely the actual situation in which we find ourselves, but also the logic of such situation that must be interpreted and judged by us as to the measure of our responsibility for them. It must be remembered that the very ground of our responsibility is the presupposition that we are in complete possession of our reason. How absurd therefore to narrow the range of responsibility by excluding the obvious inferences which the reason of any man of ordinary intelligence must surely recognize. If a campaign committee, for instance, expends large sums of money, it stands to reason that the one in whose interests it has been raised must know that revenues are not created by magic. Merely to choose not to know, is to ignore a definite responsibility and thereby assume an indefinite one. It is like signing a blank check to an unknown order and for an unknown amount. The man who would rather not know what his friends are doing in his behalf should be held to strict account for his voluntary ignorance. No one can afford to have things done for him which he would scorn to do or be afraid to do himself.

There is also a very common feeling that any one can repudiate all responsibility in a given situation, if he will only declare forcibly and loudly enough that he does not regard himself as in the least responsible for the same. He may insist that he will wash his hands of the whole matter; but there are certain stains that cannot be thus removed. The hands may be washed; but they may not be made clean by the process. How often do men justify themselves when feebly yielding to the prevailing opinion of the many associated with them in some position of trust, by the ready excuse, that after all the majority must rule. It is true that the majority must rule; but it is equally true that the minority must often fight. A mere verbal protest followed by a quiet acquiescence is not sufficient when honor or honesty is the issue. An uncompromising attitude of opposition may have to be maintained until the court of last appeal is reached; that court may be a board of directors, or the stockholders, or public opinion, or in the regular course of legal procedure even the Supreme Court of the United States itself. Responsibility often means a fight to the finish.

We are responsible for our silence, for our inertia, for our ignorance, for our indifference—in short for all those negative qualities which commonly constitute the "dummy" directors,—those inconsequent personages who would enjoy the honor and the perquisites of their office without allowing themselves to be unduly burdened with its duties and cares. The president of a corporation or a superintendent does not assume the responsibility vested in its board of directors; he merely represents that responsibility. And when they would implicitly assign all sense of their personal obligations to his keeping, they not only put themselves in a position to be easily fooled, but actually offer a ready temptation to such an one to fool them. They are thus doubly reprehensible; for the neglect of duty on the one hand and on the other for actually extending a virtual invitation for some one to use them as tools for unlawful ends. Not only the wreck of a business, but the wreck of a human being must be laid at their door, who by a splendid capacity for negligence do thus expose another to the play of the most subtle temptations which can be conceived.

There is also the mistaken notion that we may escape certain responsibilities by simply not assuming them. There are some obligations, however, which we do not dare to refuse, and which indeed it is not possible to refuse. We have no choice in the matter. We cannot say in truth that we have no responsibility, for instance, for the general decency and good order of the community in which we live, merely because we have chosen to keep out of the village politics, and therefore, not being on the borough council or the board of health, it is none of our business if the laws of nature, of man, or of God are violated. It must be remembered that responsibilities of such a kind are not assumed by definite choice, but belong to us whether we will or not. Certain responsibilities we do not choose; they the rather choose us. If at times they seem to us vague and in-

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definite, it becomes our duty then to make them definite through some effort on our part. We are held to account not merely for doing the obvious duty that circumstance may urge upon us, but also for creating the circumstance which may give rise to a wholly new set of duties. We are not only responsible for lending our service to the cause which has a rightful claim upon us, but also we may be responsible for the establishing of a cause to serve.

There are those who imagine that in certain relations of life there can be devised some natural substitute for the sense of responsibility. It is possible, of course, to establish a set of automatic checks upon an employee's activities, of such a nature as to reduce his personal responsibility to a minimum. Any failure in the performance of his duties is at once mechanically discovered by the various systems of time clocks, bell punches, cash registers, and the like. This is very well in all cases where the labor is that of simple routine. Mechanical activity can be checked by a mechanical device. Not so, however, as regards those duties which demand a higher order of capacity—such as that of sound judgment, a fine sense of discrimination, and the power of resourceful initiative. In all such matters there can be no substitute for the responsible personality. Man is a responsible being because of this very element of free activity in his nature which no mechanical contrivance, however ingenious, can ever gauge. We are all so dependent upon the integrity, fidelity, and efficiency of man in the more complex relations of life that we must at times, and often the most critical, trust him implicitly. We do not proceed far in any undertaking without being aware that we are holding another responsible, or that some one is holding us responsible for those inevitable duties which arise out of the relations of man to man the world over. If a man would escape all responsibility he must place himself wholly outside of the relations of life; for life is responsibility. As we have seen, responsibility remains with us even though we may ask others to assume it; we share it with others, but our portion is the same; when we turn our backs upon it, we find it still facing us; we flee from it, and, however far it may be, we see it waiting for us at the journey's end.

THE EVOLUTION OF COLLEGE BASE-BALL

By H. S. Pritchett

President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching

DEAL has been said in print of late years concerning college games. I have been interested to see that these discussions have in the main been carried on by men who never played the games themselves and who, in nearly all cases, lacked any sympathetic knowledge of what it means to let one's self go in the keen excitement of a foot-ball or base-ball match.

While such criticism from the outside is to be welcomed, I have some doubt whether any man can criticise a game from the best stand-point unless he himself has taken part in it, and not only taken part in it, but has entered into it with such zest and enthusiasm that he has found his greatest joy and pleasure in it.

It is from some such consideration as this that I venture a few words concerning the development of college base-ball for the last forty years, during which I have been closely associated with the game, first as a player, secondly as a coach of my boys, and lastly as an observer. My recollections of base-ball go back to the time when in the small Western town in which I lived base-ball was just beginning to displace town-ball. I remember with great distinctness the struggle between the two games and how quickly the better game displaced the less skilful and more poorly organized game. In the small institution which I attended I played steadily for four years, and at the end of that period was offered a modest salary in a professional team. I have sometimes imagined that had I ac-

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cepted this opening I might have reached real fame.

To one who has known the game in this way, who remembers the early heroes whose names were on the lips of every college boy, who has seen the game developed until it has become truly a national game, the story of its primacy over other American games and of its development is extremely interesting.

That base-ball is our real national game, so far as that term can be given to an organized sport, is, I think, beyond question, and the reasons for it are not far to seek. To become such a sport a game must first of all present a large opportunity for skill in various directions; it must afford a field for organization and co-operation; and finally it must be a good game for the looker-on.

Base-ball possesses more completely than any other of our organized sports all these qualifications. It calls for skill of a high order in throwing, running, batting, and in that quick co-ordination of eye and hand which goes to make up skill. Its co-operative feature affords play for the best kind of organization. It shares with cricket the great advantage of offering all these opportunities for skill and for organized play without that temptation to irritation which comes from the personal contact of foot-ball, and it excels cricket in the quickness of the play and the number of thrilling and interesting moments which the ordinary match will develop. Take it by and large, there is no question in my mind that it presents the most wholesome and, on the whole, the best game for developing the manly qualities of youth which has been brought into our college life.

To one who has known the game almost from its beginning, it is interesting to see that while there has been a gradual evolution in certain points, it is to-day essentially the same game it was a generation ago. No great modification has been made since the days of the early seventies, when pitching was replaced by throwing. Up to that time the batter faced a ball pitched by a motion of the arm which never allowed the hand to rise above the elbow. When that form of delivering the ball was replaced by the thrown ball, the day of swift balls came in. Outside of this great change the general features of the game remain the same.

To the old-time player who looks back over this interval the main technical changes which have taken place have arisen out of the development of the thrown ball and of the gradually increasing rôle which the pitcher has played thereby. With throwing allowed, the balls became far swifter; the curved ball was gradually developed; and the game has therefore tended to become more and more a pitcher's game, with less and less batting. This tendency has probably gone further than it ought to go for the best interest of the game, but it has not materially modified the need for good base-running and throwing and fielding and batting. It has simply magnified the pitcher's importance and tended to make the game more and more a duel between pitchers, assuming the other players to be fairly well trained in their places.

Another development of the game which the old-timer is quickly aware of when he watches a present-day match is the development of a complex organization. Signals began to be used almost as early as the game itself came to be well played, but at the beginning they were restricted to a few simple ones. For example, the pitcher and catcher had a set of signals, and later on, as the signals were extended, they always originated from one of the players, usually from the catcher, who is in a position facing the pitcher, the basemen, and the short-stop, the men who have most need for signals. To-day the use of signals has been so highly developed that it covers all sorts of operations and the player, instead of being under the control of the captain, is in a great number of cases commanded from the bench by the manager. While the development of signals has unquestionably made the game more scientific, this has also, as it seems to me, been developed beyond the point where it exercises its best influence. I am inclined to believe that such signals as are used should be entirely under the management of some man in the game, and that they should be restricted to such as are quickly and easily recognized and which do not require a complicated set of manœuvres in order to make them known.

The college game has always reflected the tendencies of the professional game. Forty years ago the college players of that day read with thrills of excitement the accounts of the professional games and knew in great detail the records of the base-ball

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heroes of that prehistoric time, just as the college boy of to-day can tell you the points of each of the noted professional players of 1909. Any improvement in the professional game has been quickly reflected in the college game, so that the college game to-day, so far as its technique is concerned, is almost completely a reproduction of the professional game. In many ways this has been a good thing, for it lends to the college game the snap and quickness and skill which the professional handling has developed.

In other ways, however, the imitation of professional base-ball in the college has been a loss, not a gain. Perhaps the most harmful feature of the professional game which the college boys have adopted is the continual chorus of cries on the part of the players as soon as the pitcher takes the ball in hand and gets ready to deliver it to the batter. Every player on the nine gives tongue, and the spectators are treated to one continual shower of puerile and silly cries. The professionals do this partly with the idea of rattling their opponents, but chiefly with the purpose of covering up a complicated set of signals. Even in the professional games the practice is wholly inexcusable and takes away from the pleasure and the fairness of the game, but when introduced into the college games, it is vulgar beyond expression. Such games as, for example, the last Harvard-Princeton matches are enough to disgust the ordinary man with the whole game of base-ball. Not only is the audience subjected to a continual chorus of yells from the players, but the audience itself is encouraged to take a hand in the game by concerted cheering and calls. The result is that the visiting nine not only has to play against the home nine, but it has to play also against the home audience. This whole process is absolutely unfair. It is vulgar in the last extreme and college men ought to stop it. The college games of the old day, when each man did his work without screaming, were infinitely superior to the games of to-day in that respect, and they offered just as good an opportunity for team-play as can be had by this indiscriminate yelping.

Most of the abuses and vulgarity of the college base-ball of to-day have come from the importation during the last twenty years into the college of the professional coach. Sometimes he is a professional from the outside; sometimes he is an alumnus, who is called by a stretch of courtesy an amateur; but generally these two breeds of coach do not greatly differ. The methods of both are thoroughly professional, and not only base-ball but other college sports suffer from their presence and pay dearly for the meagre gains which their coaching brings. Any father who will go out to the coaching exercises on one of the practice days and listen to the talk which these men visit upon their young charges, would not willingly have his son live long under such tuition. The college game has little to lose in skill and everything to gain in fairness and decency by returning to the plan of leaving the direction of the game entirely to the students and by eliminating the professional coach. The colleges should go out of base-ball as a business and take it up once more as a game.

To the old-timer who played base-ball in college thirty-five years ago one of the most striking differences of the base-ball of to-day is to be found in its enormous cost as compared with the cost then. Like foot-ball, base-ball has come to be conducted in the larger institutions as a business. The young fellow who plays upon a team, instead of buying his own suit, as we did a generation ago, and chipping in a certain modest sum to purchase bats and balls, finds everything bought for him. Boys who have come from modest homes suddenly find themselves living at a rate which they never before imagined. From the ample receipts of the athletic committee, expensive suits and sweaters are furnished in profusion. The nine is carried about the country in Pullman cars at the expense of the college athletic association and lead a life as college athletes so far beyond their means in luxury and in expense as to prove thoroughly demoralizing to many.

Of all the affectations which this business has brought in, there is nothing which seems to us old-timers so absurd as the fad of the college training-table. The idea that a young fellow of eighteen to twenty-two who is leading a decent, clean life, eating wholesome food, and dividing his time between work and play, must be provided with a special table in order that he may play good foot-ball or base-ball, is an affectation so extreme that it is difficult to treat it seriously. It belongs to that régime of ex-

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travagance which has come in with big gate receipts and expensive coaches and free base-ball suits. The quicker it is dropped, the greater respect men will have for the college conduct of athletics.

How wide-spread the demoralization is which comes from the use of these large sums, few fathers realize unless their attention is called especially to the matter. In this respect the military schools—for example, West Point—have set a better example. It allows no gate receipts. It takes its students off on no expensive trips, and runs its athletic expenses on a modest scale. Not only is this true, but it does not diminish in any respect the scholarly demands upon its players on account of their athletic participation; and yet West Point puts up a game of base-ball very nearly comparable with those college teams which are practically professional.

Two years ago I went up to West Point to see a game between the cadets and Harvard. It was amongst the earliest games of the season. I had a particular interest in it, because I had one boy on the West Point team and another playing as a substitute on the Harvard team. The Harvard team had returned from a ten days' or two weeks' absence in the South, where, at an expense of some three thousand dollars, they had been kept at a good hotel and had been coached daily by a professional. The cadets had had no coaching except what could be had in connection with their regular studies and in the intervals of their ordinary work, and yet the two nines played so nearly the same game that the difference between the two was very small. The gain in skill which is secured from these expensive trips and from this enormous outlay of money is meagre in the extreme and quite out of proportion to the demoralization and extravagance which the custom carries with it.

We old-timers also cannot help regretting that the hospitality and simplicity of the old matches have in large measure passed away. In the old simple days when two college teams played and when the boys went into their own pockets to pay their fares, the players were received by the home club as guests. Generally each fellow on the nine took some visitor to his home for the night or for dinner, and the two teams mingled on the basis of wholesome and friendly social intercourse. To-day all this is changed. The college team drives to the field exactly like a professional base-ball aggregation; its players take up their work in exactly the same way that the professionals take up theirs; and nearly all the old-time hospitality and sociability has been squeezed out by the professional organization. It may be that a sharper game is played in certain minute technical ways, but I doubt whether it is worth the sacrifice of intercollege comradeship and friendly association.

Those of us who knew the game in its early days, who believe in it as the best game for American college boys, would like to see it go back into the hands of the boys themselves. We should be glad to have the gate receipts and the professional coach abolished and to see the game once more managed by college boys in their own way along college ideals and with something of the hospitality and the sociability which came from the mingling of educated men who, while they may be for the moment competitors in athletics, are nevertheless friends and comrades. Personally I do not believe that the game will ever be what it ought to be until our colleges have the courage to take this action. Yale and Harvard publish each year statements showing the enormous receipts of the year for athletics, receipts so great that their very expenditure almost necessarily involves demoralizing consequences. It would be altogether to the honor and the dignity of these two great colleges to eliminate this feature of their college life and to introduce an athletic régime which shall stand first of all for the skill which may legitimately lie within student efforts rather than for the skill which may be reached by putting the sport upon a professional basis of such character as to demand enormous expenditures and complicated organization.

Looking back over the history of the game for a generation, the player who started with it feels that it remains to-day essentially a sound and wholesome game for American youth. It possesses perhaps greater possibilities for team-play and for individual skill than any other of our games, and it needs only to be separated from professionalism and from the vulgarity and extravagance which professionalism brings to restore not only its old-time prestige, but also its old-time hospitality.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

A Sabbatical Year

I SOMETIMES wonder, in my leisure moments—and they are all leisure moments now—how the story of the Garden would have run if it had been the other way about,—if our first parents, instead of being driven out of Eden, had been ordered in. Sitting here with my windows open to the sky of Greece; the Parthenon, beyond the flat roofs of the city, standing against the blue; all the wonder and glory of the ancient world drifting dimly about the long ridge of Hymettus to the east, and the mountains of Argolis to the south, I fall to thinking, first of that far-away den where so many hours of my life have been ground out, with its grim desk of many pigeon-holes, its shelves of books, its severe ink-bottle, and its relentless pens, and then, unaccountably enough, I begin to think of Adam and Eve. Suppose they had been created of earth outside the Garden; imagine them some evening sitting at the door of their wattled hut, tired of the long day's work at the wooden plough,—I doubt not that it would take both of them to manage it, as it does to-day on the uplands of Greece. One can see the tired donkey browsing on the slightly browned grass, the sheep and goats lying about under the guardianship of the dog, the chickens slowly finding their way to their roost in the olive tree, the red rim of sunset in the west, and Adam, taking a draught of water, rare and precious in this dry land, out of one of those gourd-shaped jars that antedate human history. One can hear Eve—the kerchief that has protected her head from the burning sun all day folded about baby Cain to keep out the evening damp—one can hear tired Eve crooning her first-born to sleep, and then——

Suppose that an angel, beautiful and blinding, had swept toward earth's first poor home, frightening the sheep and the donkey, who would take to their heels over dry acanthus and withered grass, scaring the chickens until they fluttered squawking from the olive tree, waking baby Cain to his first roar of defiance against divine command,—suppose that this terrible angel, I say, instead of barring them from Paradise, had commanded them to go in.

One can almost share the anxious hours of planning in the dark, the wonderment about what to take, Adam's uncertainty as to the need of his sheep-skin coat, Eve's decision against her distaff, the whole bewildered debating that attends any packing, that would attend most of all this august preparation for Paradise. One can imagine the broken sleep, those glory-haunted dreams that verge on nightmare, and that waking, in the clear golden dawn, to grief at parting with dog and donkey, and to fear that wolf and jackal would spoil the little herd. One can follow that slow journey eastward to the flaming gate, eyes shaded by the hand to make its glory bearable, eyes shaded by the hand to catch the last glimpse of the hut that was home.

And then—but I have no way of picturing the splendor of Paradise; have I ever been there? Certain long-past moments of vivid life might perhaps give a suggestion of the awe and wonder it would rouse: that first glimpse of Italy, for instance, years and years ago, with southern sunshine on brown hill and cypress, or the glory of white Alps at sunrise. Dimly one can realize the awful joy of those first moments, broken suddenly by a grating sound as the angel shuts the gate.

And then, the greenness, the witchery of strange paths, the glamour of it all. Set with trees of all kinds, its loveliness was assured; cedars of Lebanon, tall fronded palms, cypresses; and surely writ, if not holy writ, assures us that the silver birch is there:

> "And by the gates of Paradise
> The birk grew fair enough."

That, of course, may mean inside, and should; no tree is fitter. One can imagine—inadequately of course, if one could imagine anything adequately it would not be imagining,—the innumerable, many-colored, feathered things among the bewildering branches, and the delight in watching their strange manœuvres. One can share Eve's surprise and delight in finding little Cain no longer heavy to carry, for one is not allowed to imagine burdens in Eden. Stream by stream they would wander, exploring the four rivers; tree by tree

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would lead them on; and many an innocent fruit, even unforbidden apple, would they test, Cain doubtless struggling vainly for his share. One can dimly see the undiscovered flowers, tall, white lilies, saffron roses, and a million many-tinted, fragrant things. One can be glad for that lightness of the heart in relief from old troubles, the sense of the illimitable riches of idleness, the joy of endless sunshine and endless leisure.

And yet it is easy to see how, after a little, the hands of these two honest toilers would begin, unconsciously, to reach out toward the old plough handle, drawing quickly back in shame; how Eve would begin to worry about the lightness of Cain upon her back, longing for the pressure of the old sweet burden. One can understand the sidelong glances with which their eyes would wander past the bird of paradise, in search of those familiar feathered things of home. After all, could one spend eternity at the Zoo? With the "honey-dew" of Paradise on their lips they would think wistfully of the humble noon-day meal of old days, taken as they sat cross-legged under the olive trees. With their first misgivings how they would begin to entertain each other! How they would point out effects of line and of color! One can hear their increasing assurances to each other of how delightful it all was; but, in the silences, all the old hard things would come trooping back in memory: the death of their first donkey, the hunger of that first year of tilling the soil before the crops were ripe, and remembered anguish would be twice as hard to bear as any day's brave facing of present hardships. So, shade by shade, one becomes aware of the misery of their splendid loneliness as they sit under alien palms, their anguish of heart when the day's sight-seeing is over, and evening comes, the time for the folding of the sheep. How Eve would long to set to rights the wattled hut, but oh, the goats might already have eaten the wattled hut! Alas, for the pointlessness of Paradise: no spot more sacred than another, in all this magnificent expanse, no centre called home. Where is the old preciousness of water, with water everywhere? Where the sense of the divine right of well-earned rest? For some reason the story seems far sadder than that of the expulsion from the Garden. One has not the heart to follow these poor exiles in Eden, doomed to endless holiday, through more than one day; how then shall one endure a year, a Sabbatical year? But I must stop lest I blaspheme; and see, the sun is going down in golden glory behind the Parthenon, with promise of a fine day for sight-seeing to-morrow. It is not for one of unimpeachable Presbyterian descent to minimize the primal curse of toil.

Frugal Hospitality

THERE is no commoner topic among the philosophers, from Solomon and Horace even unto this day, than the melancholy waste of human life involved in the endeavor to do as other people do, specifically to spend as other people spend. From the mad and maddening pretension of the earthen pots to swim with the brass pots, to keep up with the procession, one's daily newspaper daily assures him that there ensue countless physical and mental and moral wrecks. Men are going to jail or to the "sanatorium" every day for no other reason than that they have felt it incumbent upon them to adopt the same scale and style of living as their possibly better-to-do neighbors. It is not that they acknowledge any benefit to themselves from this increased strain of expenditure. Contrariwise, the male partner of an extravagant household is commonly free to acknowledge that, for his part, he gets no good whatever from the excessive outgo, that he would be more comfortable if it were reduced to the measure of his real requirements. But for the chivalry which still more or less survives, he would openly blame "the woman whom thou gavest to be with me." In spite of the chivalry, the circumstances so often indict "the woman" in the crimes or the disasters which attend the attempt either to live beyond one's means or to increase them with inattention to moral or legal conditions.

As to this aspect of the problem, which is the prevailing modern aspect, neither of the two philosophers we have named does the modern patient any good at all. There were so many of Mrs. Solomon! And there was no Mrs. Horace at all! "What did they know about it?" is tempted to inquire the heavy-laden twentieth centurion when you put their adages to him. He knows them already, poor man. If to be a Solomonian or a Horatian philosopher would make his wife one, he would cheerfully addict himself to Hebrew and Latin. But the wife of his bosom finds no consolation in these trite dicta, in presence of the glaring fact that her neighbor has had two new suits, or two new hats, since she has had one.

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It is in the article of dress, doubtless, that the heavy-laden husband oftenest finds himself so oppressed as to seek relief at the peril of the Bedlam or the jail. But there are other articles. Take the common case of hospitality. The British middle-class dinner-party is an inexhaustible theme for the British satirist, the ill-made made-dishes which one must have because everybody has them, the "pastrycook's men" for the waiters, which every guest knows the family does not maintain, and so forth, and so forth. Listen to that impeccable authority, Anthony Trollope:

"People are getting to be so luxurious that one can't live up to them at all," said Mrs. Toogood. "We dined out here with some new-comers in the Square only last week. We had asked them before, and they came quite in a quiet way,—just like this; and when we got there we found they'd four kinds of ices after dinner!"

"And not a morsel of food on the table fit to eat," said Toogood. "I never was so poisoned in my life. As for soup,—it was just the washings of the pastrycook's kettle next door."

"And how is one to live with such people, Mr. Walker?" continued Mrs. Toogood. "Of course we can't ask them back again. We can't give them four kinds of ices."

"But would that be necessary? Perhaps they haven't got twelve children."

"They haven't got any," said Toogood, triumphing; "not a chick belonging to them. But you see one must do as other people do."

The American husband, husband of a certain kind of wife, is falling into the same sordid subjection into which his British brother fell long ago. He is confronted with the painful dilemma, either we must do as other people do, and spend more money on entertainment than we can afford, or else we must fail to reciprocate the hospitality we receive. This is a dilemma which every husband of what we may (with the highest respect) describe as a Philistine wife finds himself at some time, and probably many times, called to confront.

Happily, it is not really a dilemma at all. The "pastrycook's man" is happily not yet a factor in ordinary American entertainments. It is a question of things good to eat only and of things decently served. And this is a question of the skill of the hostess. There are delightful interchanges of hospitality, for example, at army posts, where the convives are all poor together, and where everybody knows accurately what every other body's income is. Likewise in colleges under like conditions. It is here only a question of housewifely skill whose entertainments are most acceptable and welcome. But what the Philistine housewife overlooks is that what appreciative guests crave and value is not what they get everywhere else but, precisely, what they get nowhere else. Following a multitude to do evil is by no means the way to make yourself popular by means of little dinners and little suppers. "I advised Mrs. Thrale," observed Dr. Johnson, with his usual "massive sagacity," "who has no card-parties at her house, to give sweetmeats, and such good things in an evening, as are not commonly given, and she would find company enough come to her." And who can possibly have forgotten, in Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," the dinner which the frugal but humorous Gray gave to the locuplete Goldmore, who was at first appalled by the evidence of "utter destitution," but who, when he was finally appealed to by his host with "Haven't you had a good dinner?" had to answer, "'Pon my word—now you say so—I have really had a monsous good dinner, monsous good, upon my word."

A friend of mine declares that, well within living memory, he and his wife made a marked social success, in a considerable town in the State of New York, by serving, when it came their turn to entertain a certain social club at supper, a concoction of sweetbreads, which were not only unfamiliar to most of the guests, but for which the very butcher declined to make a charge upon the ground that he was in the habit of throwing them away! And I who speak to you have enjoyed the experience in a Connecticut village, hard by the confines of New York, of having the local butcher refuse to charge for ox-tails, and eke for calves' brains, seeing that they were both "offal." The late John Sutherland, whom many gastronomers of Manhattan fondly remember, used to say, with some plausibility, that he could move into any village of New England and live better than any of the inhabitants thereof on what the other inhabitants threw away. Those Arcadian days may be past. But the moral of them remains. And the moral is that acceptable hospitality consists, not in doing as other people do, but as other people do not do; that it is an affair, not primarily of the expenditure of money, but of the expenditure of care and skill. If these few lines shall meet the eye of my admired friend, Phyllis of Philistia, and shall induce her to withhold her much-enduring husband yet a while longer from the state's prison or the sanatorium, they will not have been written in vain.

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I AM at the moment using a writing-chair which has been in constant service for at least half a century. It is not of very pleasing design, but it is exceedingly comfortable and convenient, and has the attractiveness and dignity of robust old age. It has none of the marks which the arts-and-crafts people of our day like to insist on as indispensable in well-made furniture. I suspect that its joints are dowelled, though none of them has ever opened its walnut lips sufficiently to disclose the secret of its construction. I fear it is not wholly hand-made, but was in considerable part the product of such machinery as was available at the time of its origin. It certainly was not costly, but was purchased by one of my forebears of an English manufacturer who had, I have been told, a reputation for solid workmanship. It sustains that reputation, for there is no apparent reason why it should not be as strong and usable threescore years hence as it has been during the twoscore that I have owned it.

Ex Cathedra

Now if I were in need of such a chair, I should not know where to go to be sure of getting one having the same solidity and endurance. Doubtless they can be had; but, whereas I have been assured that when this chair was bought there were in the interior city of some hundred thousand inhabitants in which its purchaser resided, three or four shops in which furniture as trustworthy could be got, there is not known to me in the far larger town from which I write a single shop in which I could have as implicit confidence. In the procession of purchased furniture that has taken its course through my own home since this chair came in, there has been no article that bids fair to stand so well the test of steady use. I have come to feel that furniture bills are a sort of lottery tickets, the greater number of which, in the nature of things, do not draw prizes. And I may say that my experience is much the same in the purchase of other necessaries of family life, hangings, floor coverings (except Oriental rugs), raiment for either sex, and so on. In short the sense of confidence in buying and of responsibility in making and selling seems distinctly to have lessened under the conditions of modern American life.

I suppose that the fact may be attributed to the greater scale of production, to the wider markets and to the more elaborate organization of business separating the manufacturer from the consumer and making it more difficult for the latter to hold the former to any definite and practical accountability. The dependence to be placed on the shop where my chair was made was known probably to pretty nearly every head of a family in the town, not by advertisement, but by experience, or by direct report of the experience of others. Such knowledge is no longer attainable. The chairs offered to me in my town may be, and generally are, made a thousand miles away, and a hundred stores draw their supplies from the same or like sources. Moreover, while the sale of my chair at its modest price was a matter of appreciable consequence to the maker, I should to-day in most shops be but one of a host of purchasers, and any content or disappointment of mine would be a negligible quantity. I should, indeed, probably make my purchase in a "department," one of a score in a big, highly organized concern, the profits of which depend chiefly on the quantities sold and are not intimately affected by the quality of the wares dealt in.

Of course, the system has its advantages and some of them are important. The cost of many staple commodities of a quality that does not greatly vary, for which the demand is large and relatively steady, has diminished. In this class of commodities the competition is mainly concentrated on cheapness, while the quality is fairly "standardized," as the phrase goes in the trading world. I think, though one cannot be sure, that the tendency is to include in this process a gradually increasing number of things and to make the expense of living, as far as these things go, less for the mass than otherwise it would be. That obviously is desirable. But I am not exactly one of the mass. I have a strong liking for comfortable and enduring furniture, fitted to sustain the continuous use of successive owners; furniture that may have come down from former generations or such as will pass to my children's children, with a certain accumulation of pleasant associations, and I could afford, within limits, to indulge that fondness. That I cannot do so with the ease and security enjoyed by the ancestor in whose seat I am writing is to me a matter of real regret and annoyance.

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THE FIELD OF ART

The Nun.

MONOTYPES

IT is but natural that the artistic temperament should tire, now and then, of the more conventional and formal methods of expression, and find both recreation and pleasure in experimenting in new fields. Delightful personal and characteristic achievements are to be found in what may be called the by-paths of art. It is indeed here, where all restraint has been removed, that self-revelation is more apt to take place; it is here that the true spirit of creation often resides and the individual really expresses himself. Art such as this, modest as it is, can speak for itself. The drawings of Leonardo, the sanguines of Watteau, the faintly rubbed lithographs of

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The Old Mother.

Whistler, or the sketches of Auguste Rodin tell a story of zest and joy in the doing which would be found difficult to equal in the work of these men in other channels. There is no minimizing the general value of such a legacy. In order to understand the broader message and meaning of art one must turn the pages of portfolios as well as stand before gilt frames, for it is in the print-room of gallery or museum as well as in the crowded Salon Carré that the secrets of art are to be surprised.

A new nation, and somewhat self-conscious and jealous of our position in the world of taste, we have exhibited a tendency to ignore everything save the approved and crystallized forms of expression. Any one who devoted his energies to etching or lithographing, for instance, was looked upon somewhat as a trifler and a person devoid of serious aim. The graphic arts have led rather a precarious existence with us, and it is only comparatively recently that they have enlisted reasonable attention. Of late years, however, the situation has improved, and such enlightenment has been mainly due to the returning from Continental art school and atelier of young men who have absorbed abroad valuable lessons of æsthetic freedom and independence. Though their work occasionally achieves academic acceptance, much of it is done privately for their own delectation. They meet, as a rule, for youth is gregarious, in the studio of some fellow-worker. They sketch one season, they etch another, and certain of them, as well as some of the older men within recent years, have found a charming means of expression in the monotype.

The literature of the monotype is singularly scant. The art has been practised by few and at widely scattered intervals, and its history, such as it is, still remains unwritten. Although the process has long been known to professional craftsmen, it is to Mr. Charles A. Walker, of Boston, that we are chiefly indebted for the present revival of the monotype, as he it is who has substantially rescued its delightful possibilities from oblivion. Not the least important feature of the monotype is that it is a medium which possesses particular appeal for the painter as distinguished from the engraver or the purely graphic draughtsman. In point of fact it can only be mastered by one versed in the technique of painting, and was thus not long in finding early champions in the ranks of the artists, notable among whom, in America, were William M. Chase, Charles Warren Eaton, Professor Rufus Sheldon, who has made some remarkable monotypes in colors, Joseph Jefferson, who was an enthusiastic maker of monotypes, and Sir Hubert von Herkomer abroad. The actual production of a monotype is simplicity itself. In

La Liseuse.

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A Study.

essentials it consists in nothing more or less than painting in black or in colors upon a zinc or copper plate and running such a plate through the press, the resultant print being a monotype. Unlike etching or engraving, it is strictly planographic art, there being no marks or incisions whatever from needle, acid, or graver upon the surface of the plate. In the very directness of the process, however, lie both its possibilities and its pitfalls, and, for the sake of the uninitiated, some of these will be briefly considered.

The first step consists in covering the plate with an even ground tone, and then sketching in the composition with free, rapid strokes, bearing constantly in mind the fact that the lights are secured by rubbing or smudging away the pigment, a perfectly clean surface giving absolute white. Great care must be taken not to have the paint too thick, or to use overmuch oil in the mixing, or the effect will be utterly ruined. To obtain an impression the printing must be done while the pigment is still wet. In printing, the paper must first be moistened, and just the proper amount of pressure used that the finer qualities of the design may be preserved. The whole programme must be carried forward rapidly and with such

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deftness and tact that the monotype easily takes rank as one of the most attractive of media for the production of rapid, spirited sketches in portraiture, genre, or landscape. One may use either brushes, a bit of rag, the thumb, or anything one likes in outlining the composition, or in dexterous feats of modelling. The smoothness of the surface makes it possible to work the paint about in any direction, and the most enticing effects are secured by the slenderest means. Yet it is in the printing of these rapid-fire impressions that success or failure, of course, lies. The ideal paper to use is Japanese paper, and it is not until the paint is fundamentally incorporated with these fine, semi-transparent sheets by means of pressure that the ultimate result is achieved. For mere experimental work excellent results may also be obtained by using ordinary blotting-paper. The charm of the monotype, as a whole, resides in its utter freedom. A painter may employ any sort of technique, and, if the printing be carefully done, the result will give a charming fineness of tone, richness of texture, and the subdued brilliance of the lights and shadows. The element of chance also plays a piquant rôle, sometimes working for and sometimes against the desired result. And, finally, it must be always borne in mind that monotyping is not, as are etchings and lithography, a reproductive art. Each of these prints is an original; the same effect cannot be attained again no matter what amount of care and effort may be expended toward such an end.

It is not surprising that a process at once so flexible and so full of fascination should appeal to artists. Quite unknown to the public at large, there was formed, some several years since in New York city, a Monotype Club. The club was composed of men who had studied at Julien's, in Paris, and who sought by this means to keep alive the comradeship and pleasant associations of former days. They used to meet once a month under the presidency of Mr. Leslie Cauldwell, and among the more active members were such men as Albert Sterner, Ernest Peixotto, and the late Louis Loeb. Some were already familiar with the process, while to others it was wholly new, yet all worked with enthusiasm, now sketching from models, and now improvising their compositions. A member who displayed great interest in the medium, and who has since devoted more of his time than the rest to studying its possibilities, is Mr. Albert Sterner, a number of whose monotypes are herewith reproduced.

Mr. Sterner recognizes few limitations in his handling of this particular process. The simpler range of black-and-white he employs with force and vigor, but what he loves most is to paint in full colors upon the smooth surface of the plate, and produce prints of great variety and brilliancy of tone. He employs, as he may see fit, his customary painter's palette of five or six colors, and with brush, bit of cloth, or fingers sketches and models with his habitual rapidity and energy. Though he has thus far succeeded best with Rembrandtesque character studies, such as "The Old Mother," or pensive bits of domestic genre, such as "La Liseuse," his range is wide. He has executed numerous portraits, has essayed beach scenes with boats riding at anchor in the vein of Whistler's nocturnes, and in "The Nymph" invades with success that kingdom of fancy and sentiment which traces its origin to Rubens and achieves its apogee with Boucher and Fragonard.

Mr. Sterner's monotypes already number upward of fifty more or less formal subjects, besides innumerable experimental studies. They add a novel and stimulating page to the chapter devoted to this branch of art. Both by temperament and by training Mr. Sterner is one to whom the particular characteristics of the process are exceptionally suited. His work has never, indeed, shown that elaborate finish which is incompatible with the swift rendition which constitutes the very spirit of the medium under consideration. To master the monotype one must be flexible and impressionistic; ready to make instant use of every possible advantage, for, once the print is made, no alteration is possible. There is no medium which offers more facility in impromptu sketching, and none better adapted for making characteristic copies of one's larger finished work. An engraving or an etching after a painting is clearly an anomaly, whereas a monotype done by the artist himself preserves all the essentials, and is often superior to the original in spirit and freedom.

Whistler it was, and no one was ever more essentially American than he, who raised the lithograph from the slough of commercialism and made it a thing of exquisite and subtle beauty, and it now remains for others to place the monotype where it belongs in the category of art. The start has already been made, and it is to be hoped that the work may be continued along these same promising lines.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON.

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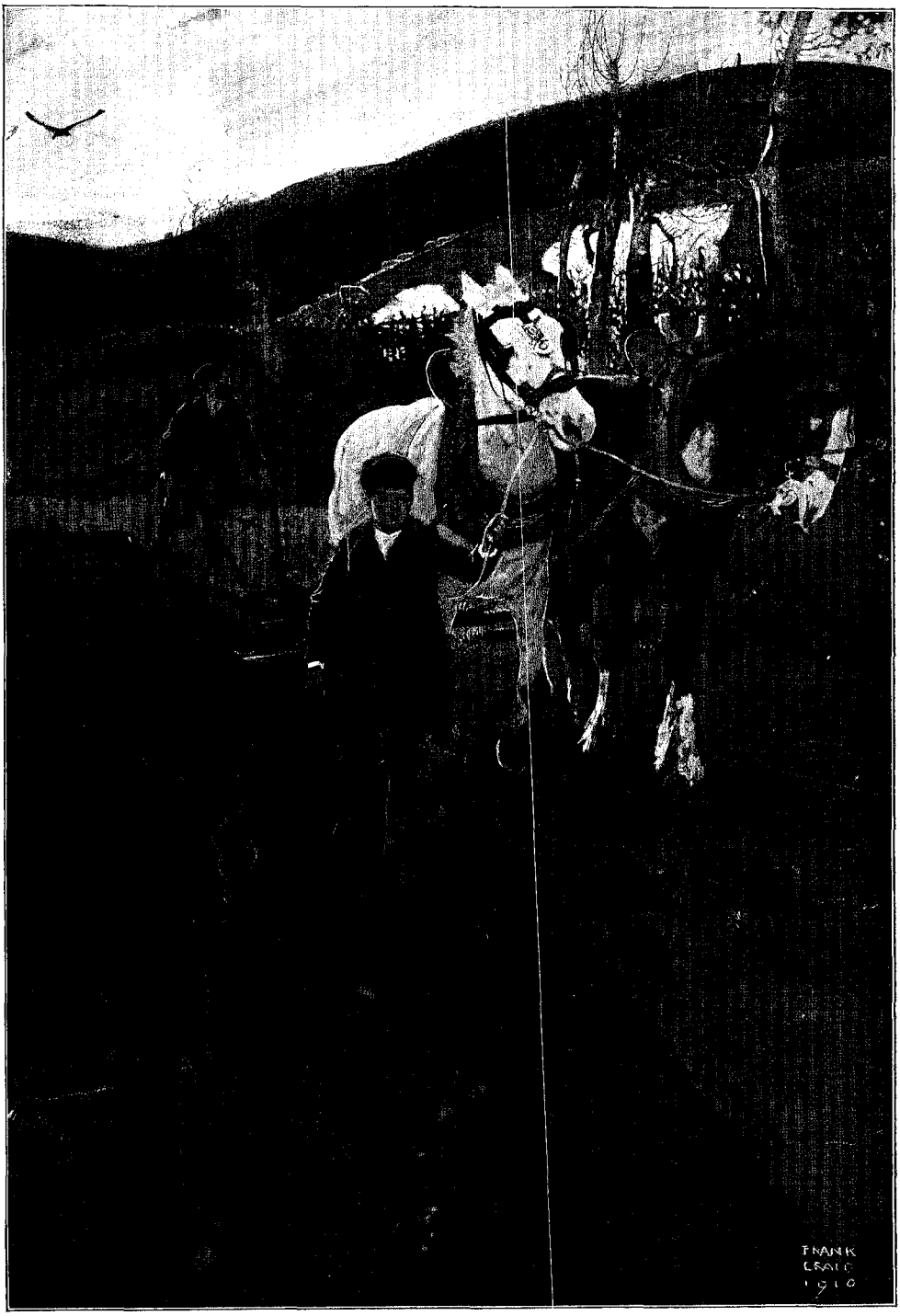

Drawn by Frank Craig.

PLOUGHMEN IN THE VALES WOULD SOMETIMES SEE HIS GAUNT FIGURE ON THE SKY-LINE.

—"Rest Harrow."—Page 589.

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